

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (except Sunday) and every Friday morning at the Journal Building, 225 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. DAILY. One year, \$5.00. One month, \$0.50. SUNDAY. One year, \$3.00. One month, \$0.30. DAILY AND SUNDAY. One year, \$7.50. One month, \$0.75.

Some politicians reckon it none of The Journal's business as to whom Republicans might nominate for office. Multitudes of Republicans think otherwise. They buy and read the paper. By the score they write it encouraging letters, commending it on its independent and fearless stand on public questions.

As to what is, and what is not, The Journal's business, the paper itself is fully advised. It is an independent and constructive newspaper. Aside from serving to its readers fresh, crisp news every day in the week, its first and foremost purpose is to build for a bigger and better Oregon country.

It is with such a conception of what is its business, that The Journal looks back on the past, contemplates the present, and faces the future. Animated by that conception of its errand, and guided by that alone, the paper is pressing forward, to aid in making state history, and it cares nothing for the criticism of its critics.

It is at all events the season of renewed life, of rejuvenation, of re-creative impulses. There is in it the thought and spirit of eternal or ever-recurring youth; of youth with bloom and fragrance and freshness and purity, though of eager desire and strong-pulsing life.

It is with such a conception of what is its business, that The Journal looks back on the past, contemplates the present, and faces the future. Animated by that conception of its errand, and guided by that alone, the paper is pressing forward, to aid in making state history, and it cares nothing for the criticism of its critics.

THE EXPECTED. IT WILL NOT be out of the ordinary if no battleships are sent to Portland. In matters over which the Washington bureaucrats preside, it is difficult to get Portland and Oregon on the map.

THE GOVERNMENT'S first crop report of the season, issued a few days ago, is very favorable, especially to winter wheat growers. It is a long time yet from a crop-raising point of view, till harvest, but unless there are unusual setbacks, a big crop will be harvested, and the present outlook is distinctly encouraging.

THE GOVERNMENT'S first crop report of the season, issued a few days ago, is very favorable, especially to winter wheat growers. It is a long time yet from a crop-raising point of view, till harvest, but unless there are unusual setbacks, a big crop will be harvested, and the present outlook is distinctly encouraging.

THE GOVERNMENT'S first crop report of the season, issued a few days ago, is very favorable, especially to winter wheat growers. It is a long time yet from a crop-raising point of view, till harvest, but unless there are unusual setbacks, a big crop will be harvested, and the present outlook is distinctly encouraging.

89.1, and the yield was 484,000,000 bushels on an acreage of 31,665,000. The acreage this year is only 30,069,000, but the present condition indicates as large if not a larger crop than last year, which was above the average in the winter wheat belt.

Everything good helps everybody. If the winter wheat-growers raise an unusually good crop, and sell it at a good price they will help everybody to prosper—and so all along the line.

OUR CLIMATE renders the advent of spring, and its birthday in the religious world, less significant, or at least less thoroughly appreciated as such, here than in eastern northern states.

But everywhere, east and west, Easter in its significance is the same. Nature, as expressed in the season, suggests, or supports and illustrates, the solemn, tremendous thought of another life, of life after death, of the resurrection. It goes no further in support or suggestion of the doctrine of eternal life in a higher state than this, however, and will serve us but a single step on our quest after immortality; for the season is not only recurrent, but in its repeated process nature makes no progress, effects no betterment.

It is under their control, and like results may be expected, through machine manipulation, throughout most of the state, and under a unit rule the whole delegation would go against Bryan, whereas there is no doubt that if it were left to the rank and file New York would be overwhelmingly for Bryan.

So in Illinois, Sullivan, the official head of the party in that state, a member and tool of the predatory interests, and some others who have partial control of the party organization, are determined to beat Bryan, although it is certain that the Democrats of the state would choose him by a very large majority.

It is such manipulation by corrupt, machine, interest-serving politicians, and the consequent misrepresentation by them of the "rank and file," to which Bryan and his supporters object. It is possible that some of these misrepresenting delegations may find themselves "outside the breastworks" at Denver.

OUR SENATOR Bourne has been discovered in his retreat in an unfrequented quarter of Washington, where, according to the account an army of clerks is grinding out third-term literature that is being distributed by the wagon-load. At best, it is an errand of doubtful advisability, even if laudable.

OUR SENATOR Bourne has been discovered in his retreat in an unfrequented quarter of Washington, where, according to the account an army of clerks is grinding out third-term literature that is being distributed by the wagon-load. At best, it is an errand of doubtful advisability, even if laudable.

OUR SENATOR Bourne has been discovered in his retreat in an unfrequented quarter of Washington, where, according to the account an army of clerks is grinding out third-term literature that is being distributed by the wagon-load. At best, it is an errand of doubtful advisability, even if laudable.

OUR SENATOR Bourne has been discovered in his retreat in an unfrequented quarter of Washington, where, according to the account an army of clerks is grinding out third-term literature that is being distributed by the wagon-load. At best, it is an errand of doubtful advisability, even if laudable.

OUR SENATOR Bourne has been discovered in his retreat in an unfrequented quarter of Washington, where, according to the account an army of clerks is grinding out third-term literature that is being distributed by the wagon-load. At best, it is an errand of doubtful advisability, even if laudable.

LESSONS OF THE PRIMARY

THE wheels of progress could not be turned back in Oregon. The people of the state could not be forced to turn backward to take up a cast-off and corrupt political system. Those who attempted it are driven beaten from the field in the first skirmish.

The effort to resuscitate that ugly deformity, driven to the wall in the present instance, will never be renewed. In nature the fittest survives, and here is evidence that it must be so in the ultimate of human affairs. To have dragged Oregon back into the mire of a rotten and discarded system at this time would have been a tragedy.

The attitude of the state press, almost unanimous for the reformed method of electing a senator, and the fact that it is a Republican measure, adopted and baptized by the Republican party, was put forth in these columns in the form of advice to Senator Fulton. But it was all in vain. The senator played his own game.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

He played it, and he lost. He lost for reasons that a schoolboy could easily foresee. These reasons were, that people are sick and tired of delegating their public acts to be done by representatives. They are sick and tired of it because the authority so delegated has been time and again debauched, and themselves betrayed.

will have to be whipped by the United States. Any congressman who indulges in this sort of mischievous talk should be retired to private life.

The cheerful heart and the clear conscience will be able to enjoy this Easter Sunday, even if it rains, and if the new bonnet or spring suit cannot be displayed to advantage.

Standard Oil stock continues to go up. Probably the corporation's attorneys have given more confident advice that the fines will never have to be paid.

Some men are born lucky; there's Representative Ellis, for instance; always has a fat office—little to do and plenty to get.

Yet the people of Multnomah county concluded that they might stand Coffey in their legislative menu.

Now let the people decide, next June, between two good, fit men for United States senator.

A Sermon for Today

Easter is hope's birthday. All else may be lost to us, but this remains, the ray of hope athwart the darkest clouds of bereavement and mourning, the confidence that grows as the years ripen, that the fullness and beauty of life is yet to be.

Earth swings around to the sun again; the flowers smile at us once more; the winter is past and gone; as surely as the seasons have gone down into their cold grave so surely have they come up again in newness of life.

Death drops a veil that we cannot lift. We ask what lies beyond, but none of all our friends return to answer that question. All the centuries has not stilled our questionings, and with faith as deep and hope as strong as earth's earliest singers we look for the light; we reach out the arms of love and believe that though we may not see their faces our affections reach them.

The inquiry as to what may lie beyond the grave is not merely an academic one; it affects most profoundly and practically this present. The life we now live is a terrible mockery if it be all the life for which we may look.

Nothing is lost, nothing strives in vain, nothing suffers death. As spring returns in their courses nor the child in his play do their part without purpose; no seed is sown but for some fruit; no suffering is vain; no faith is upon us we look for more life ad pass into the darkness believing we shall dawn the dawn.

There is not a blade of grass or a wayside flower but chords with our hearts in this hope and tells us that death cannot crush us, when its hand returns, the reason for the winter appears. Nature seems to come back to life, and every seedling, bud and sprig, leaf and stem, when it flowers, declares that death's dominion is but for a season.

There is not a blade of grass or a wayside flower but chords with our hearts in this hope and tells us that death cannot crush us, when its hand returns, the reason for the winter appears. Nature seems to come back to life, and every seedling, bud and sprig, leaf and stem, when it flowers, declares that death's dominion is but for a season.

"THE LAST OF THE SHOGUNS"

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Tokio, March 13.—Any fine afternoon in Tokio one may see an old gentleman with white hair riding a bicycle about the streets. He is Keiki, the fifteenth and last of the Tokugawa Shoguns, a dynasty of military usurpers which ruled Japan for 265 years, until the restoration of the mikado to actual power in 1868.

In recent years, however, the mikado has honored him by creating him a prince in his own right, thus giving him a seat in the house of peers. He lives quietly in Tokio, where he and his ancestors maintained their capital. He takes very little interest in the affairs of government, devoting himself for amusement to his bicycle by day and his phonograph by night.

When the fate of the Shogunate became evident and Keiki and his vassals fled to the mountains, he was crowned emperor, one of the Tokugawa feudal lords came to the Shogun and said: "We have lost the fight. There is nothing left for us to do but surrender."

The present emperor of Japan is the direct descendant of the first mikado, Jimmu Tenno, who ascended the throne 680 years before Christ. His is the oldest dynasty in the world and can claim the longest direct line of rulers for 700 or 800 years before the restoration in 1868. The mikado was crowned in the Shogun, a military captain who kept the mikado virtually imprisoned state in the hands of the Shogun.

At about the time that John Smith came to Jamestown and many of the expelling the Jesuit priests from Japan and persecuting the native Christians, of whom there were great numbers, the work of the Shogun had the advice of the Protestant Dutch traders and the Rome-hating English pilot, Will Adams, who was the first Englishman to come to Japan. To Adams lived at the court of the Shogun, taught the Japanese how to build ships, mariners and a number of other things.

In the first half of the last century some of the daimyos and many of the samurai or knights, became restive under the rule of the tyrant Shogun. Revolution was insidious and it required a long time for it to ripen, but when the time came the country was so thoroughly prepared for it that the Shogun-

who is over nice about indifferent things. You are not booked to heaven simply because you are versed in the heavenly book. The soundness of your virtue does not depend on the volume of sound you can make.

The first step toward cleaning up your neighbor's backyard is taking a hoe to your own. There is something wrong with a man's prayers when they never choke his utterance.

It is better to give your friends a little lift now than to put a lot of love all over their tombstones. Many a man is missing all the ten commandments because he is so busy manufacturing a eleven.

The heavenly prize is more likely to belong to the lame man on the road than to the athlete who is off the track. Some men never hear the bugle call of heaven because they are so occupied with listening for the trumpet of fame.

This Date in History. 1290—Robert II of Scotland, died at Dundonald Castle. 1757—Viscount Exmouth, famous English naval commander, born. Died 1833. 1775—Battle of Lexington and Concord, the beginning of the American revolution. 1824—Lord Byron, the poet, died at Missolonghi, Greece. Born in London, January 22, 1788. 1850—Clayton-Bulwer treaty signed. 1881—Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, died. Born December 21, 1804. 1907—Hollo, Island of Panay, destroyed by fire, and 20,000 people made homeless.

Hymns to Know

The Risen King. By John Bakewell. [John Bakewell (Bralford, Derbyshire, England, 1731-Greenwich, March 18, 1819) was one of the familiar characters of the Wesley movement in England. He wrote several hymns. It is probable that we have lost the original form of this one, as it seems to have suffered from attempts at improvement.] Hall, thou once despised Jesus! Hall, thou once despised Jesus! Thou didst suffer to release us; Thou didst give salvation bring; Hall, thou once despised Jesus! Thou didst give salvation bring; By thy merits we find favor; By thy merits we find favor; Life is given through thy name. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins on thee were laid; By Almighty love anointed, Thou hast full atonement made; All thy people thou hast saved; Through the virtue of thy blood; Opened is the gate of heaven; Peace is made 'twixt man and God. Jesus, hall, enthroned in glory, Here forever to abide; All the heavenly hosts adore thee, Seated at the Father's right; There thou dost our place prepare; Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear. Worship, honor, power and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive; Loudly praise thee, ever praising, Meet it for us to give; Help, ye bright angelic spirits, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Savior's merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise. Soon we shall, with those in glory, Meet in transcendent grace relate; Gladly sing the amazing story, Of his dying love so great; In that blessed contemplation, We for evermore shall dwell, Crowned with bliss and consolation, Such as none below can tell. The next three years he had charge of the department of biology at a state normal school in Pennsylvania. His work in this department attracted the attention of De Pauw university and in 1894 he was offered and accepted a professorship of biology in that institution. Dr. Baker is an active member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and other learned bodies and is the author of several scientific works that have attracted much attention.