

THE JOURNAL

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JUDGE MUNLY

IT IS apparent that Mr. Simon is to be the beneficiary of a divided opposition. The effort for his defeat has to be made in disorganization and by three leaders in widely separated camps. The revolt against him is widespread and the demand for his defeat clamorous, but the elements of this revolt cannot find a common road to travel.

thing in the world to be considered. Something more vital than mere party or mere man is involved. The issue is Simonism, and Simonism, as this city, county and state know to their sorrow, is something from which to flee as from contagion. Judge Munly is the complete antithesis of Simonism. His moral standard is beyond suspicion or challenge. His mental horizon is broad and comprehensive. His record as a lawyer, a jurist and a citizen is above reproach.

\$2,000,000,000 per annum. It is a gift to them annually of a sum of money equal to one twentieth of all the wealth that France or Germany has accumulated in all time and one fiftieth of all the wealth amassed by the United States from the day of its settlement up to the present moment.

Running Shots

Written for The Journal by Fred C. Denton. The celebrated Spokane case seems to be one of those affairs where everybody seems to have an opinion, and the commentators pay the cost.

Extend your sympathies to the British land owners for the tax gatherer will be after them to such an extent in a few months that it will be impossible for them to get out of the country.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Raffles baffles. Watch the roses. We're sorry for Africa. Can't we forget the tariff. Aldrich will die after a while. Joe Cannon can not live forever. Jim Hill is an optimist. Hurray! There's wealth in eggs, or mules. O, we'll have plenty of roses, all right. "Thumbs up," is the slogan of the campaign. We heard that Raffles went down to Scappoose, foot. Senator Beveridge is also among the insurgents. He has learned. Welcome, welcome, newcomers, to the fairest, richest land on earth. Speak to 'em—the immigrant; say howdy, or good morning. It costs nothing. There is one thing certain; Portland will grow and prosper whoever is elected mayor. Our "contemporary" seems to be worried. Good thing; it seems to have a journalistic conscience, after all. Those horrible burdocks; their leaves are always spreading over thousands of feet of sidewalks in the residence districts.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"Joan of Arc"—By Archbishop Ireland

(Delivered May 8, 1899, in the cathedral at Orleans, France, during the celebration in honor of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, born at Domremy, January 12, 1412.) There are on the pages of humanity's story stories so sublime that all peoples see them; inspirations so potent that all peoples thrill from them.

GETTING TOGETHER

THERE WAS flow of soul and warmth of blood at last night's gathering at the Commercial club. Portland business men who recently swung around the circle in Washington spoke in a generous language of their northern neighbors. If there was rivalry with the business men of the north it was the chivalrous, broadminded and generous rivalry of gentlemen with gentlemen, and neighbors with neighbors.

PROTECTION AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

THE ASTONISHING fact—with some elements of tragedy in it—goes on in the senate. A noted and in many respects an admirable newspaper, the Philadelphia North American, in the course of a long editorial, says: There is in Washington a Republican president, a Republican majority in the senate, a Republican majority in the house of representatives.

STEARING WATER POWERS

IT WOULD be mighty interesting to know the exact facts back of a Washington dispatch printed recently, which announces a disagreement between Chief Forester Pinchot and Secretary Ballinger. The dispatch refers briefly to the secretary's attitude with reference to water powers in forest reserves as the occasion of the differences, which are described as acute. The secretary is reported as holding that there is no warrant of law for the policy of Pinchot and Roosevelt with reference to water powers, and that the vigorous defense of these water powers from being gobbled up by interests and syndicates is not to be pursued by Ballinger.

GIVE THE ROSES A FIT SETTING

PORTLAND to be arrayed in attire befitting the occasion? Will the residences, business houses and public buildings of the city be so decorated as to form a proper setting for the Rose Festival? There will be a pageant of floats, roses, allegorical representations and marching school children that in beauty will transcend anything yet seen on the coast.

THE PRIMARY LAW WILL STAND.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian. The Portland morning paper chuckles because it believes the election of Simon will be a step towards the undoing of the direct primary law. That the forces backing Simon are opposed to the direct primary seems plain, but even should they succeed in electing him they will fall in their main purpose if it is the overthrow of the primary law.

THE ANTI-FLY MOVEMENT.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. If warnings and the pleading of health authorities count for anything this ought to be a poor summer for the house fly. There is a nation-wide movement aimed at the elimination of the pest, and, staggering as such a task may appear, it probably could reach approximately its goal.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY.

1780—Johnston, N. Y., burned by the Tories. 1840—House of representatives passed the McKinley tariff bill. 1852—First so-called Democratic convention met in Baltimore and nominated Andrew Johnson for president. 1855—Ship canal completed around the falls of St. Mary's river, Michigan. 1861—Tennessee seceded from the Union. 1874—Marriage of Nellie Grant and Algonquin Sartoris took place in the White House. 1884—Suspension bridge across the Ohio river at Portsmouth fell. 1895—The monitor Monterey ordered to Manila to reinforce Admiral Dewey. 1895—Coroner's inquest at Portland for a monument to Lewis and Clark. The Serene Scourcher. From the Washington Star. "So the policeman held you up again?" "Yes," answered Mr. Churgina. "I think it's one of those professional jealousy. He's annoyed because my automobile can go faster than his bicycle."

MOSES E. CLAPP'S BIRTHDAY.

Moses E. Clapp, United States senator from Minnesota, was born May 21, 1851, in Delphi, Ind. In 1857 his parents removed to Hudson, Wis., and after a common school education young Clapp graduated from the law school of the University of Wisconsin in 1872. In 1878 Senator Clapp was elected county attorney of St. Croix county, Wis. Three years later he was elected to Congress from Minnesota, and in 1891 he took up his abode in St. Paul, where he soon established a reputation as one of the leading lawyers of Minnesota. He was made attorney general of Minnesota in 1897 and served three terms. He was first elected to the United States senate in 1901, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Cushman K. Davis. He was re-elected for the full term of six years.

The REALM FEMININE

Educating Our Girls. CERTAIN critics of modern education—and we are pretty much all of us that, now-a-days—profess to be much disturbed because our girls are being educated like our boys, without making allowance for the different phases of life which each will have to meet. They say that the woman's knowledge that is of supreme importance in her education is not well equipped citizens for the world and the training in the useful domestic arts is entirely neglected. In most of our school systems, and but partially recognized in any.

SILVER THREADS

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous author of "The Silver Threads Among the Gold.") Sing a song of long ago, now the weary day is done, and the breeze is sighing low dirges for the vanished sun; sing a song of other days, ere our hearts were tired and old; sing the sweetest of old lays: "Silver Threads Among the Gold." We who feebly hold the track in the gloaming of life's day, love the songs that take us back to life's upland, far away, when our hope had airy wings, and our hearts were strong and bold, and at eve we used to sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Then our hair no silver knew, and these eyes, that shrunken seem, were the bright brown of boys, and old age was but a dream; but the years have taken flight, and life's evening bells are tolled; so, my children, sing tonight, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." (Copyright, 1908, by George Matthew Adams.)