

THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL

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THE NATION AND ITS WAR CHIEF.

HE CAME as the puissant war chief. Milk-white chargers were brought from the northern steppes...

Is it Russia or Kuropatkin? Perhaps both. Kuropatkin was held body and soul of Russian arms...

The cause, my masters, the cause? Vanity, the vanity that breeds lethargy and ignorance stands first...

While Russia slept, Japan trudged on. Ten years have been required to perfect Japanese plans of attack...

Later will be time for the historian to place blame, and tell whether Kuropatkin tried vainly to lead a disorganized, unworthy people...

Aside from the horror of slaughter, these movements of fate on the human chessboard have many melancholy scenes. We can but marvel at the emptiness of everything human when reading of the returning chief...

THE OUTRAGE AT GOLDENDALE.

THE ASSAULT at Goldendale, Wash., on Preacher Cawood a few days ago appears to have been without any provocation, and utterly inexcusable from any point of view...

The limits of religious liberty, in belief, in preaching and in acts, are very broad, and properly so, in this country, where every shade of belief and non-belief is represented in numerous good citizens...

It was not very many years ago when Salvation Army squads were insulted and assaulted on the streets, and in many cities their leaders were put in jail...

Mr. Cawood was preaching where he had a right to be, in a church, on a proper occasion, an announced series of evening meetings. Just what he said we do not know...

He had closed his series of meetings with the exception of a Sunday evening address, and shortly before this was to be delivered he was called to the door of the house where he was staying by a brother of the county attorney...

If this be the case, Goldendale should not only take a good look at itself but should try to see itself as it is viewed by decent, self-respecting communities throughout the northwest...

this region, of even one half the population of Goldendale, where such a dastardly and inexcusable crime could have been perpetrated...

Preachers and revivalists and evangelists of all denominations and descriptions have been and are active throughout all this country, and this is the first instance of this kind to occur...

THE LATEST PROFESSORIAL FREAK.

YEARS AGO some people who could think of nothing more practical or important to write about occasionally discussed the question: What will we do with our ex-presidents?

But what seems to be a rising question is: What will we do with, or to, our freakish, iconoclastic, tangent-spurting college professors—those who, one after another, startle the public with some new, strange, whimsical, outre doctrine, concept or theory?

The common explanation of these astonishing utterances is that their authors are seeking after notoriety; that tiring of the humdrum life of teaching educational commonplaces they thirst for public attention...

Professor Lord adduces arguments in favor of teaching gambling in schools and colleges, and to shallow minds makes quite a plausible argument—says surely all that can be said in its favor...

Professors Lord and Kirby are the latest to gain a day's not very enviable notoriety and may have by this time a scrap-book full of comments about them...

A MARVELOUSLY PROGRESSIVE AGE.

IF THE MAN who died 50 years ago could return to this realm of mortality, he would be astounded. He could not for awhile believe the evidence of his senses...

To us who have grown up and lived while these marvelous inventions and developments were appearing and beginning to operate they have become ordinary...

It is now not very many years ago when Salvation Army squads were insulted and assaulted on the streets, and in many cities their leaders were put in jail...

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is not far distant when people will be carried between Chicago and New York in two hours. "If," he says, "we can control electricity, and work it along a straight line, the problem is solved..."

Vessels that can remain under water indefinitely and be guided are now common, and they, too, may in future be pulled through the ocean at great speed...

It was always an interesting, wonderful, mysterious speck of the universe—this little old earth—and is becoming more so all the time. The pity of it is, or seems—it must be only seems—that intelligent, enjoying human life is so short.

THE THING THAT DOES THE BUSINESS.

THERE WAS A TIME not long ago when an overflow of gold from this country to Europe would have thrown the financiers into a spasm and brought forth predictions of dire calamity...

Two years ago there was talk of panic and following the rule which James G. Blaine and others had deduced from historical experience there seemed to be justification for the prediction. Stocks were not only tumbling in Wall street, but the inner rottenness of the high pressure system of frenzied finance was being exposed...

Salmon Mitchell's dear friends, you have composed a reply to our exposure of him and his fellow bears. Mr. Mitchell told the truth when he said, "I did not write or dictate the article..."

I have not seen St. Peter's cathedral at Rome, but I have conversed with people who have seen it and they pronounce it beautiful. Buyers, who have seen your hops, pronounce them poor; that is your hope, pronounce them poor; that is your hope, pronounce them poor...

Seattle's Way of Doing It. Portland, March 13.—To the Editor of The Journal:—In view of the somewhat virulent attitude of the newspapers...

Lead kindly light. (By Cardinal John Henry Newman.) (John Henry Newman (London, Feb. 21, 1801.—Edgubaston, Aug. 11, 1890). Well known as a writer, and an ecclesiastic, has yet found far greater fame as the author of this single hymn...

From the Prinville Review. Six long months we have to wait yet before "taking in" the Lewis and Clark fair...

Wax dolls obsolete. From Collier's Weekly. Simeon Ford tells of a little girl of his acquaintance who constantly carried about with her a big wax doll that the hotel man had given her...

Settled the controversy. From the Houston Chronicle. "James," cried Mrs. Timmid, sitting up in bed, "there are burglars down stairs..."

Overworked Public Favorites. From the Boston Herald. Popular actors and actresses take warning: Sir Henry Irving's close call last week was the inevitable consequence of crowding social affairs into a profession which takes the nervous forces...

Wireless Telegraph on Lead. The largest station for receiving and transmitting wireless messages is being erected near Pisa, Italy...

Something Missed. From the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader. If Commissioner Garfield is right about it, the beef trust appears to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Still, the trust keeps on establishing packing houses for the privilege of investing its money for less than it would bring if invested in government bonds...

Shocked by the Name Only. From the New York Weekly. Fair Devotee—I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery...

Minister (shocked)—That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name.

Then for the first time the Wall street people awoke to the fact that the new, thriving and thrifty west was no longer in the debtor class. What saved the country then was the prosperity of the farmers. No one who had visited the great farming regions of the country about that time had any fear of the outcome...

A Portland subscriber for The Journal encloses us a clipping from a Seattle newspaper in which is printed a story that the city engineer of that city is about to start for Europe on a three months' tour to investigate municipal methods to aid him in his own work...

Mr. Thomson expects to be gone about four months. He will go from here to New York, stopping in several cities along the way to investigate municipal problems in those cities. About the middle of April he will sail for Europe, visiting England, Norway, Sweden, Germany and possibly other countries in western Europe...

While he is absent, the engineer will devote his time to the study of labor and other methods employed in these countries and their cities, in relation to garbage disposal, street improvement work, water rates, gas and electric lighting facilities and general municipal matters, paving, street crossings, and waterfront and harbor improvements...

How much red ink would The Journal need to reply to every opinion of such a trip should be proposed for our city engineer? But, after all, isn't it better and cheaper in the end to learn by experience of others rather than spend thousands of dollars in experiments?

A Sermon for Today LAMP AND LIGHTS.

You are the light of the world—Matt. v.14.

THE utterance of the beatitudes is ended; their application must begin. The danger is that they shall be no more than beautiful attitudes. These eloquent words are to issue in actual deeds, they are the outlines of the characteristics that produce light in the lives of men...

He became the light of the world by giving a life to the world; so must all they who follow him. Light is life, and every life is a lifegiver. The life of the world depends upon our enlightening living. Men are anxious and distressed because the fashion in candlesticks changes; some have spent their whole lives trying to show how much better is a brass candlestick than another; they would redeem humanity by the shape of the lamp or the logic of the inscription thereon.

The hope of the world is in larger things; it is neither in pulpit nor in press; it is in the people; it is not in the church, but in character. There is no preaching that begins to be as powerful as personality, no logic like that of a life. There was a life that led men with its clear light before ever a creed was formally stated, and it will still be a life that shall lead them whether they remember their creeds or forget them.

Lives are ever the world's light. We are what we are because of what others are. People persuade us more than any preaching. There have been lives that have sent their tongues of flame so high in air that men everywhere have lifted up their heads and rejoiced in the light. These have been the few; there have been the many; the lights shining day and night, like but little candles in many dark places; and the world may owe as much to these many lesser lights as to the few greater ones.

Whether great or small, here is something no man can escape; if he has a life he is some kind of a light. And they who profess to follow the light of all lives must be his kind of a light. He came himself, to live a life. That is every man's work. He cannot pay another to do his living, his shining for him. There is nothing that can be accepted as a substitute for this. It is simple, so simple that men ever seek more involved ways; the way to do the sublime work of saving the world is the simple way of living out always the best you know of.

SENTENCE MEMORANDUM.

- (By Henry F. Cope.)
Virtue is victory.
Faith cannot feed on fireworks.
There is no lift in a long face.
Hot heads make cold hearts.
Aspiration proves itself by perspiration.
Big clocks do not keep the best time.
Some sermons gladden because they are frozen.
The devil smores right through peal after peal of stolen thunder.
Faith in God will at least show fairness to men.
The Christian life is more than curiosity about the next life.
A man does not grow himself by grunting at every wind-sail.
Where the Bible does not get worn the heart soon gets weary.
One of the first faults of the clean heart will be clean hands.
It takes sunshine in the soul to ripen the fruits of the spirit.
No amount of proficiency in the quotation of scripture can atone for deficiency in the practice of it.
The hypocrite is the only one who is deceived by his antics.
Consecration and kill-joy are not even on speaking terms.
When you have an affection for the golden rule you will not need to advertise the fact.
It's a poor religion that will not stand the trip from the church to the street.
The devil usually applauds the man who roars at him in prayer meeting.
When a man really knows God he always rejoices at the prospect of a chance to give.
Sort of It.
From the Detroit Tribune.
The midnight hour was coming on space as they stood in the hall.
"Is this to be the end of it all, is it?" he queried.
"Is it," answered coldly, "farewell forever."
"Parwell," he answered.
Three seconds later he was half-way down the front steps.
"Say," she called after him, "don't forget to bring me a box of chocolate caramels when you come tomorrow night."
The Total Depravity.
From the Chicago Tribune.
The Good Trust—You know you have run up the price of eggs because you've got the visible supply cornered and there are no fresh eggs to be had.
The Bad Trust—Yes; the hens justify the means.