

THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON

PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.

JNO. F. CARROLL

AN IDEAL PLACE TO USE THE RAW MATERIAL.

OREGON raises 22,000,000 pounds of wool and uses 2,500,000 pounds in woolen manufactures...

And this is not all. We have here ideal conditions under which to carry on the manufacture of woolen products.

Many people are beginning to ask these questions and from asking some of them are going to logically act.

SACAJAWEA—AN UNCONSCIOUS HEROINE.

THE EFFORTS of Portland and other Oregon women to raise the necessary fund for the proper erection of the Sacajawea monument is a worthy one...

Not only will the monument be valuable as a permanent work of art, but it is especially appropriate that in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition...

It is Mr. Carnegie's undoubted privilege to couple his gifts with whatever conditions he chooses, or not to give at all...

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"Ideal." Now that is what we wanted—the Ideal Figure. (The real figures will be supplied in checks.)

But let us pursue this delightfully dangerous subject a little further. Listen: "The striking difference between the Figure of 1905 and that of its predecessor of 1904 is at the waist line in the back."

How essential to mankind's—pardon us—womanhood's salvation. "We" is supposed to be the Allied Association of Chicago Dressmakers, or something of that sort—for whom, or which, let us hasten to say we have the profoundest respect, the most devout reverence.

We learn many other interesting details from the same source, for instance, that "the Figure of 1905 is higher busted than that of 1904, and the indications are that the Figure of 1906 will be higher busted still."

Mrs. White has no use for any woman who can't become a Figure. "The short and dumpy woman has had her day," she says. "She is a superfluity. We have discovered that there is no necessity for such a form."

But we refuse to pursue the fascinating subject farther, and beg leave to retreat in confusion and disgrace. The only terms we ask is that we may get on a fence in some obscure part of town and gaze rapturously on the Figure of 1905 as it sweeps majestically and entrancingly by.

Because a person appears to you at first meeting it is no sign that you have discovered an "at-fault."

Incalculable trouble is caused by foolish girls who confide their own and other people's secrets to comparative strangers.

Don't tell the story of your life to the acquaintance of a day. Any one can talk, but few understand the art of listening.

As soon as you find that you are doing all the talking pull yourself together and reflect. See if you are not telling things you'll regret tomorrow.

The girl who does a great deal of talking about her attention and beaux has usually very few of either. But beware of the maiden who keeps demurely silent. She understands the value of reserve and knows that oftentimes she who talks most has least to talk about.

From the New York World. Howard Sumnerfield Jeffray, 17 years old, of Irvington-on-Hudson, told yesterday in Yorkville court how it feels to wake up in Sherry's with assets of 2 cents and a bill of \$28 looming up on the table like a three-sheet poster.

Howard is a tall youth, very blonde, thin and giving to startling attack. He wears a green cravenette coat, trousers turned up extensively and an extremely passionate pair of socks showing above a pair of low shoes with extension soles that looked like balloons of a summer hotel.

Of course he knew it was his 17th birthday, having an ice cream soda, when he came along in his automobile and asked if he wouldn't take a trip to New York.

"Sure!" So he telephoned to Miss Hayden and told her we would be down and asked her to meet us with a friend. Both of us knew Miss Hayden.

Together they wrote a flaming account of the brilliant victory their little vessel gained over the huge Turkish invader, though, as Edward Peche affirmed, they were never within two miles of each other and apparently had only exchanged a casual shot.

As we gazed upon the breakers rushing madly toward the land, where the wreckage and the driftwood lies about us on the sand.

When the winds were madly howling, fanned the ocean into foam. Then it took our noble sister. Carried her to fate and doom.

Beached her when her life was brightest. She heeded not his blarney call, lured by tempest's hiss or bluster. Thought she'd trifle with the squall.

So it is with some fair maiden. Whose rarest beauty brings her fame. Soars toward the heavens like the gull bird. Broken winged falls back again.

From the London Times. Admiral Rojstevskiy, 25 years old, is the only Russian aviator who has been decorated by the Russian government for his services.

Umatilla is situated on, and in, a bed of fine shifting sand, on the south bank of the Columbia river, nearly 200 miles from Portland by rail, and a mile or two above the mouth of the Umatilla river.

Elizabeth A. C. White has recently told The Journal readers some wonderful things—at least they seem wonderful to a self-confessed ignoramus.

But let us notice (humbly, grovelingly) a few details. There was a Woman's Figure of 1904, and there is Another Woman's Figure of 1905.

away, and Umatilla rapidly dwindled to a hamlet of 100 inhabitants or so.

But there is to be a resurrection, if reported plans and projects are successful, after which that ancient city, as eastern Oregon annals go, and that region, above and below, for thousands of years but a sand waste, will take on

new life, and one as unlike the old one as the pearly like the thistle, the honey-bee the adder.

Thinking of those pigeons and buffaloes, and standing there face to face with the young-looking man, I said to him: "I don't quite understand you. How old are you, anyway?"

"Seventy-one," he coolly replied. "I have been a young man of 71. For three-score years and ten, with a full twelvemonth to spare, he had lived upon this earth, facing the buffaloes and the bears, and in every respect he looked young, and in reality was younger.

I had a little leisure on my hands, he seemed to be in no particular rush, and I thought I would put a few questions to him. As his presence had kept his body sound and vigorous.

He had never been an ascetic or a puritan. He had always been able to admire the beauty of the world, and to enjoy with deep gratitude the good things that came to him.

It is a good plan to try and know people before you give them too much of an opportunity of knowing you.

To hold yourself in slight reserve will add materially to your charm. A man is always held by the girl he has to study. Do not be too reserved; that seems like moroseness, and never please.

But there is a happy medium, a combination of pretty friendliness and dignity, that is very charming.

Don't write letters or present your photographs to men you barely know.

Keep it for some one who will. This does not apply to the men with whom you have genuine friendships; only to the casual acquaintance. How-

ever, even friends are careless, and the only man who will really appreciate your photograph will be the man who is in love with you.

Never relate a rumor as a fact, and remember that the temptation to tell a good story has brought many a narrator to grief.

Family is a quality also to be free and easy you must not resent it when they treat you the same way.

To hold yourself in reserve, to behave in a modest way, those are not very difficult tasks, girls, and I assure you they will repay you.

From the Lewiston Tribune. We are going to find out pretty soon now whether it is all rain or chasing or not.

As we gazed upon the breakers rushing madly toward the land, where the wreckage and the driftwood lies about us on the sand.

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A Sermon for Today

Unity Through Character.

All we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God.

The damage done by the divergence of Christians has been too great to admit of much difference of opinion as to the desirability of unity. Especially all attempts at unification have been on creedal lines; many of them have had to deeper divisions.

Here, however, is an entirely practical platform for Christian unity. It is the unity of the faith, not the unity of the creed.

The great world has long recognized this scriptural standard as the only valid basis of orthodoxy. It receives a Christian only the things that are Christian.

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So long as the mind lives it will be impossible to conform all minds to any one idea, but lives find it easy to be conformed to some great ideal.

The churches may never present to the world a solid front of cordly formulated arguments, or metaphysical definitions, or divinity and destiny.

Let but the importance of living his life and finishing his work in a sad and lost world be once realized and men will become so engrossed in their work that they will forget their old conflicts of words.

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