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HIGH STANDARDS CAN BE REACHED.

SOME TIME AGO Mr. Dalrymple, the municipal ownership expert called from Glasgow by Mayor Dunne of Chicago, said that municipal ownership was impossible where grafting existed.

We are still far enough away from the ideal, even the fundamental. A study of these few quoted remarks will show us how far we still have to travel before we reach the goal, not alone of municipal ownership, but of clean and upright public service.

Indeed genuine patriotism except when it was called forth in the hour of threatened danger seems to be practically dead among us. Nearly everybody was absorbed in dollar chasing and seemed to have no other thought or care.

Nevertheless, although advances have been made in our election methods, advances which are simply extraordinary as we contemplate them, it is still a far cry to the standard set in Glasgow.

WHAT IS MOST ESSENTIAL?

SECOND in importance to the direct results of the land fraud prosecutions are the sidelights which they throw on the operations of the crew of swindlers and speculators who have been making fortunes out of the public domain by means of perjury, forgery and kindred crimes.

Evidence which is not produced in court cannot be considered by a jury in reaching a verdict as to the guilt or innocence of any defendant. And because the defendant has no opportunity to refute such evidence it would be unjust for the public to conclude him guilty on the strength of it.

A GENUINE BENEFACTOR.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS are seeking to propagate Luther Burbank's spineless cactus on the desert for fodder. The cactus is nutritious animal food, relished by herbivorous brutes. It has the rarer property of absorbing sustaining moisture from dry wastes, where the heat is intense.

Should the government be successful in propagating spineless cactus on the desert, producing a plant of as great hardiness as the old variety, the heat wastes of earth lose much of their terror.

WILL HERMANN AGAIN BE A CANDIDATE?

IF CERTAIN Republican papers are to be believed, Binger Hermann is to be a candidate next spring for renomination for congress, provided only that he is not convicted meantime of complicity in the land frauds.

The excuse given for Hermann's proposed candidacy for a 'teenth term in congress is that he desires a vindication at the hands of the voters of his district from the charges that have been preferred against him in the name of the government by a federal grand jury.

A year later Hermann was again a candidate for congress. The charges of the previous campaign were virtually unanswered. The columns of the papers which had supported him were closed to all free discussion of those charges.

Six months after his election a federal grand jury began inquiry into the evidence which had been laid before the voters of his congressional district during two campaigns. The result was three indictments which were returned in this judicial district, followed almost immediately by a fourth indictment in the District of Columbia.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

IT WAS ANNOUNCED last week definitely that the president would call an extra session of congress to meet on November 11, about three weeks before the regular session would convene.

We all know that the interstate commerce commission should be abolished, or else given power to regulate rates. Whether it would regulate rates fairly and justly or not is not now a question. We must try it, and see whether it would or not.

A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY TO HELP.

THIS WEEK The Journal will open a real estate department, which is to be made a permanent feature of the paper. Insofar as the lines of effort will be along new ways, the work will be explained.

resistance, by which alone humanity can be guided with greatest profit. And finally our city, the queen of this empire, will be extolled in every true light that can be made to bear upon it.

This natural fresh water port of the great Pacific northwest, which bears the same relation to the prosperity of the whole that the prosperity of the whole does to this city, will be proved the irresistible metropolis, possibly of the entire coast.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR WORK.

IT IS NOW MANIFEST that boats may go through the Big Eddy without the least inconvenience and land at the lower end of the portage road. It can in no sense be characterized as an undertaking, for it can be done just as easy as any other part of the journey between Portland and The Dalles.

WE LIVE FOR OTHERS.

THERE ARE various ways of enjoying one's self, of pleasing one's self, but there is only one true, right way; only one way that yields the pure gold of sweet sleep and a good appetite and a really clear, clean conscience; and that is by pleasing others.

Rockefeller's Lost Father

FROM THE Chicago Tribune. The mystery surrounding the disappearance of the big oil magnate, John D. Rockefeller, has been the subject of much speculation and conjecture.

America Is Learning.

From the Kansas City Times. "I wish to the Lord," said Henry Waterson, in a letter from London to the Louisville Courier-Journal, "that our people equaled the English in genuine love of liberty, in genuine respect for law and to study, self-sustained, manhood."

Platt and His Shame.

From the New York American. We are glad Senator Platt has the grace to be ashamed today of the fashion in which he has wasted his talents and misused his power. His remorse may serve to teach others, but he is too near the end of his career for amendment.

Mr. Root's Big Earnings.

From the New York World. A prominent New York lawyer told a friend here last week that Mr. Root is making at least \$2,000 a day. When Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia called Mr. Root into consultation Mr. Root said his practice amounted to \$150,000 a year, but that if Weaver wanted to employ him with that intention he would charge him, he "guessed he could come over."

Trying to Forget.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. To relieve his mind from thoughts of the cruelties of war, Count Tolstoi says he is reading Epicurus, Lichtenberg, and Schopenhauer. If there do not bring the desired state of repose he might try some of the Indians' writers.

Where Trouble Camps.

From the Philadelphia Press. If there is any sort of trouble known to man, since the days of Job, that has not struck Russia, within the past 12 months the czar would be mightily comforted to learn of it.

a Robinson Crusoe, and if we could we would wait and watch and look long for a Man Friday, and we, though Friday might be a negro, would wait and watch and look long for a specimen of that perfection of divine creation—a woman.

What we mean to say in particular and definitely is this: The avaricious, grasping, greedy, selfish man, in business, in politics, or in the church, is a thing not to be envied but to be despised. He is worthy of no intelligent human being's respect.

LITTLE MR. KOMURA.

KOMURA is not in the United States for his health, as Witte will find out. It will be a pretty duel between these two distinguished gentlemen, and nobody can reasonably doubt that the Jap will get the best of the argument.

Why shouldn't he? Behind him are Oyama, Togo and Nogi; behind the Muscovite is—a red sea of anarchy. Sailors are in mutiny. Soldiers either cannot or will not fight. Nine tenths of the Russian people are hoping that Japan will completely conquer the country. The czar cannot make up his mind about anything. Everybody knows that the bureaucratic dukes have been for generations stealing the people blind.

Lawson and Johnson.

From the Minneapolis Journal. Thomas W. Lawson's enthusiasm over Governor Johnson was no surprise to the executive's friends and official family, though the general public was hardly prepared for the Boston man's warm eulogy.

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Sun of My Soul. (John Keble, Fairford, Gloucestershire, England, April 25, 1735.—Bournemouth, March 29, 1866, the author of "The Christian Year," was an English clergyman of decidedly high church tendencies. He was educated at Oxford and was afterward appointed professor of poetry there. He took a large part, with his claim, in the Oxford movement, but his claim to fame today rests entirely upon the volume of religious poems, "The Christian Year," and especially upon the first two poems, the Morning Hymn and the Evening Hymn, the latter being given below. The volume of poems ran into 25 editions during the author's life and has since been sold by the million.)

A Sermon for Today

THE GOSPEL OF SONG.

CHRISTIANITY is a religion of song. Its forerunner, Judaism, left the ages the rich legacy of the Psalms. Its founder, whom he knew that death was imminent, sang one of those ancient songs with his friends. His followers sang psalms for worship in song. Peter sang in the catacombs, the early Christians made the galleries echo with their praise.

Not only in public worship, but in private life, hymns and songs have a significant influence. It is always easy to remember hymns of truth; but the heart with a store of good hymns; it is provisioned for many a long voyage. When the light burns low the heart is illumined by the memory of choirs; the shades of gloom are cast away by songs sung long ago.

Christians are a singing religion. It is a happy religion. It came to end the gloom of this world. The song must take the place of the sigh. Happiness must rule the utterance. Even a hearty wailer must have a wonderful means of grace. Every natural expression of happiness becomes a religious act. The flowers praise the gardener by being beautiful and fragrant, and men praise God by being happy.

Outbursts of song are indications of happy hearts. You cannot get up real happiness; it will break loose some way. When the man with a heart full of praise to God and love to man goes into a church which is fairly glistening with the joy of dignity he had better look out or his happiness will explode and wake some one up.

One song may surpass many a sermon in its power to give a life. Great songs have sung men into battle and stiffened their melting hearts. Great songs have touched our clay and thrilled it to the divinely inspired songs of the saints of gloom over those who dream. It is a sin to be dead when you might as well be glad, and it is a sin to be silent when you might as well be singing.

We may not all make sermons, but we can all sing songs. To make the good singer there is needed not the great artist but the heart. Sing in the gloom; sing in the gratitude, the joy and love, and strength; sing in the courage, the aspiration and hope. Men may reject our sermons, but they will rejoice in our songs, for they are theirs also. Needs change, but the old hymns stand.

Sun of My Soul.

Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near; O, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weary eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Savior's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is near, For without thee I dare not die.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor with blessings from thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep tonight, Like infants' slumbers, pure and light. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Abide with us, till in thy joy, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

His Tailor Was Lame. From the Chicago Journal. Student—I like the rooms very much, but they are not quite high enough; I want to get lodgings on the fourth floor. Landlady—Indeed! May I ask why? Student—I have a lame tailor.

Justification. From the Washington Post. A man who has been dynamiting Kansas railroads is being very severely censured by persons who never drank any Kansas whisky.