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IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

IT IS AN UTTER MISTAKE to think that the final word has been spoken on the Front street franchise even though the council has acted so definitely as it did at its last meeting.

Portland wants to make it as easy and cheap as possible for these companies to get in and out of the city; it also wants to make it easy and cheap for its own manufacturers and people.

More than ever before the people are thinking practically along these lines and the question now at issue will not be settled until it is settled right.

PARKER'S SPEECHES IN THE SOUTH.

EX-JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, who, some may remember, was the Democratic candidate for president in 1904, is swinging around the southern circle addressing state legislatures and other bodies.

But why did he say no "old" Democratic northern state? Oregon has elected a Democratic governor, and Oregon is 47 years old.

He wants to drop "isms," but gives no hint of what he means by "isms." Railroad control is one, no doubt.

ANOTHER RECALCITRANT WITNESS.

WE HAVE NO EXCUSE for the trust magnates and corporation officers who refuse to answer questions put to them in a trial, as to their affairs which the public has a right to inquire into.

There are cases in which the age of a person is pertinent, and perhaps Jerome thought it so in this case; more likely Miss Gaillard was right, and that it wasn't.

CONGO REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THE WEST has not shown great sympathy generally for reform movements originating in Boston, but it seems that there are reasons enough for the whole United States unofficially to be in sympathy with the Congo Reform association.

The association appealed to Secretary Root to interest himself officially in the matter, but he declined, wisely as we think.

This may be a slap at the Boston anti-imperialists, but what seems to need reforming is King Leopold's ideas and methods of the government of Congo.

There are many more particulars, some of them too horrible to print, and the literature of the association is confirmed by British investigation.

YOUNG MAN, ASK: WILL IT PAY?

THE MISERABLE ENDING of the career of Senator Chauncey M. Depew—for it is about ended; "the evening shadows fall"—ought to be a lesson worth studying well and pondering deeply by every talented, educated young man.

Chauncey M. Depew graduated from Yale at 22, studied law and began practice at Peekskill. He was urbane, talented, had a good presence and a winning way.

Did what pay? Why, treason to the people while in public office, the sacrifice of a notably brilliant career to become the salaried lobbyist and professional briber for a gang of great thieves as ever infested the earth.

In 1864 Depew was elected secretary of state and so gerrymandered the state that even the Republicans were ashamed of him and would not renominate him.

But he served others than the Vanderbilts, Hyde of the Equitable, for instance, and stood in with various species of high finance grafting.

York than a capitol bootblack. Phillips says: "The Vanderbilt interests ordered Platt to send him the first time; the second time the Vanderbilt-Morgan interests got, not without difficulty, Harriman's O. K. to order Odell to give it to him."

The insurance exposure uncovered one little patch of his soiled skirts, and nobody who read his testimony doubts that he committed perjury, and he knows that nobody doubts it.

But he is wounded, and sick, perhaps unto death. Not on account of his evil career, but because a little part of it has been exposed.

THE CORSET AND THE HATPIN.

WE APPROACH two subjects—as we would the objects themselves—mention of which has recently been made in the dispatches, with some hesitation and trepidation, but they—the objects—cut quite a figure in the world; indeed, one of them helps to make figures; and they cannot be ignored, even in an editorial column.

Word comes from those arbiters of fashion, the dress-makers, if a report is to be credited, that tight corsets are not to be an engle hereafter.

However much it may be denied, most women desire in their dress not only to show off well before other woman form is its suggestion of grace, lissomeness, natcovered at last that most men whose appreciation is worth having do not admire the hour-glass figure.

God knew how to make a woman's form beautiful better than all the dressmakers since Eve sowed figleaves together.

Now we come to the hatpin. Recently a murder was committed by the use of one—not the first case of the kind, we believe.

night a wagon belonging to a farmer was struck, resulting in a bad accident.

LEWIS AND CLARK

At Fort Clatsop. March 18—Drewyer was taken last night with a violent pain in his side, like a pleurisy.

A hard head is apt to be dull without the bright eyes of love.

It takes more than the Sunday dress parade to make the Christian warrior.

The keys of life are not given to those who cannot keep the door of the lips.

Reverence reveals the heart of every truth; superstition sees but the surface.

There's a lot of people so perfectly good they cannot give the rest of us a chance even to be pretty good.

The life that is written in blue ink does not turn to a permanent color.

When you have honey from the rock you will not want glucose from flatterers.

When a man is drifting with the stream he is likely to think that the stream has ceased to flow.

There are too many figuring on answering present at the heavenly roll call who are always absent from the earthly muster.

One of the great deficiencies of modern worship is that it presents only one object to adore, as he would have to walk and take his chances of some trader upon whom he would have to depend for a passage to the United States direct.

other by running against a companion's hatpin. So instances might be multiplied.

This long, slim, sharp hat fastener is a dangerous thing. It is a fairly fiendish implement, fit only for a woman scorned and full of fury such as hell hath not.

There is only one thing to be said in favor of the hatpin. It is a good weapon of defense. A woman in a house, if attacked by a tramp or a burglar, needs no revolver; if she has a hatpin handy, it is enough.

"JUDGE" HAMILTON HAS A SAY.

THE INSURANCE THIEVES are falling out to such an extent that there is a brighter prospect than ever that the honest policy holders will get their dues hereafter, even if they never recover any of the stolen millions.

Well, we guess the "judge" told the truth. He was a boss lobbyist, a corrupter of legislatures, a fixer of laws to suit the "curs."

Some of them are denying or explaining, among them Ex-Judge of the New York Court of Appeals William B. Hornblower, whom Cleveland tried to put on the bench of the United States supreme court.

State Printer Whitney says the job is not such a big fat thing as most people seem to think.

It is quite well worth the while of anybody who is satisfied with fair emoluments. The man who aspires to this office should pledge himself to abide by the action of the next legislature in going into a thorough investigation to place it on a businesslike basis either of salary or outright purchase.

BE DIGNIFIED AND RESERVED

Girls, I wonder if you appreciate how important it is that you should hold yourselves a little in reserve in regard to your friendships with men.

Don't go to look upon them as old friends by the second or third meeting. Hold back; make them understand that they must make some effort if they want to know you.

Don't rush into friendships with men about whom you know nothing. Your men friends should be properly introduced to you and vouched for by some reliable person.

The habit of striking up acquaintances without introduction is a very bad one.

A girl knows nothing whatever about the man she thus becomes acquainted with in this manner.

And no matter what he is he will not have much respect for the girl who holds herself so cheaply that she allows a strange man to address her without rebuke.

You know, dear girls, that a girl can be dignified and modest without being in the least stiff or prim; just remember this in your friendships with men.

Be merry and jolly; have a good time, but don't let them feel that they can treat you with slight respect.

Don't talk too freely; learn to know the man before you let him know you. Don't tell him all your secrets and your family matters the first time you meet him.

A man thinks far more of the girl whom he has to exert himself to please than he does of the one who is too easy of conquest.

The girl who is bold and undignified may get a certain amount of attention, but it is valueless.

A man may flirt with a girl for whom he has no respect, but he does not marry her.

Choose your men friends carefully; girls; select decent, manly men, whose friendship will be of benefit to you.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Herbert" sighs the fair young thing, while an expression of ineffable wistfulness glimmers into the azure depths of her lamber eyes.

A Sermon for Today

DEBTORS AND PAUPERS.

By Henry F. Cope. I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise.—Romans 1:14.

HOW much of the good in the world can we claim as our own creation? How small that we have given as compared with that we have inherited? We may boast of our independence, but it is impossible for a man to live to himself as it is to escape having ancestors.

One of the harvest that others have sown. Liberty is ours because our fathers hated oppression to the death. Light is ours because others fought with darkness.

There are few, if any, whom we despise more than those who grant on everything, but give nothing. Whether the man be a preacher, who thinks that he should get his clothes and his cabbage and his car fare given him or the politician who looks on the public purse as his perquisite, the honest man despises the whole breed.

But these hoodlars and grafters are not the only social parasites. We are all in danger of doing the things we so much despise, of making our lives one great game of grab.

The true life looks on living as the paying of a debt. This is what Jesus meant when he spoke of the necessity that he should give his life for the world. No man can follow him and be any other.

Only because men long ago recognized the principle of that great life, only because they said, as he said, "I am come that they might have life more abundantly," as we would say, "He is not an honest man who will allow these others of yesterday to lay down their lives for his today and make no gift of himself to the lives of tomorrow."

Who lives for himself without thought of his brothers near at hand, far away, or yet to be, has no right in the ranks of humanity. He is put to shame by Greeks, who wrought not for wages, but for truth alone. He is not ashamed to endure by barbarians, who gave their rough lives for a world's progress. He is put to shame by nature, whose economy knows no thing that lives or blooms for itself alone. His shame shall be made perfect when he hears, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me."

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The Victorious Army.

By William Walsham How.

[Many look on this as the finest piece of work by Bishop How. It contained originally six stanzas, the eight given here being those most commonly used in worship. It was written about 1844.]

For all the saints who from their labors rest.

Who thee by faith before the world confessed.

Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their light;

Thou, Lord, their captain in the well fought fight;

Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,

Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,

And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet all are one in three, for all are thine. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

And when the strife is fiercer, the warfare long,

Steals on the ear the distant triumph song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

The golden evening brightens in the west;

Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest. Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;

The saints triumphant rise in bright array;

The King of Glory passes on his way. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the courts of host,

Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

Where the people are losing much of life, where the prophets are afraid of losing life.