

THE JOURNAL

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THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

There passed away the other day in Philadelphia a man said to be the oldest reporter in the country. He was 81 years old, and he had been 66 years of active service as a newspaper reporter.

What wondrous this man saw, heard, wrote of, was in some sense a part of it. What a transformation of industrial and social conditions and life he witnessed, and in minute portions helped, perhaps unconscious of the change, to narrate and portray.

His work at large hears little of the ordinary reporter, but he is the backbone of modern journalism. He is ambassador at large to all the powers that be.

The actual work of the reporter is a daily marvel. He gets a multitude of facts, often from reluctant sources, and whips them in incredibly brief time into a true, salient story.

Mr. Ruef is astonished. Mr. Abraham Ruef is evidently a sadly disappointed man. From no one of the dozen or so courts and judges that he has appealed to could he get what he wanted, except in one instance, that of Judge Hebard, and according to report this judge at the time was not in a condition to allow such little things as laws and constitutions and criminality to stand between friends.

The top of the morning to ye all, and may the influence of the good saint of the Emerald Isle be potent for good and true happiness this blessed day.

Wall street is only about one thousandth part as important as it imagines itself to be when on a speculative "tear."

There has been a great deal of talk about the possibility of a new compact with the railroad companies. The cause of a malady creeping over business is discovered, the remedy is at hand.

It is not a virtuous life which does more than abstain from a few vices and contributes no virtues to the world.

SPEAK SOFTLY, CARRY A BIG STICK, AND YOU WILL GO FAR.

RECENT PAMPHLET issued by Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific Railway company, closes with these words: "The cause of a malady creeping over business is discovered, the remedy is at hand."

THE TRIAL OF J. S.

NOW, DOCTOR, assume that J. S. (which stands for John Smith) was born in a bed headed north, and also in the dark of the moon; that he was unusually worrisome when cutting teeth, and tumbled over a great many times when learning to walk; that he was caught in several fives when he had played hooky and fished every new boy in school that didn't lick him; that at the age of 16 he fell in love with a freckled, red-headed girl older than himself and dreamed of eloping with her.

Mr. Harriman in a recent interview expressed sentiments that indicate he also is learning that the public as such has a direct interest in the operation and conduct of the railroads. He said: "If we had all met on common ground and cooperated for our mutual benefit, no party would be worrying over the situation as it is today."

These statements sound well, "and yet words are no deeds." We note Mr. Elliott uses the expression "partners and allies," and Mr. Harriman seeks to convey the idea that he looks upon the public in about the same relationship. If these sentiments are followed by action in the spirit in which the authors evidently wish them received, the clouds will soon disappear from the railroad sky.

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WHY NOT MORE VARIETY?

IT HAS been announced in several Oregon papers that a carload of Oregon young women will be sent east next summer or fall to give concerts, free drills, and various pleasing performances, as an advertisement of the state. It is thought that such an exhibition will be an agreeable and effective change from exhibits of minerals, grain, fruit and timber.

Governing Persia by Telephone.

From Contemporary Review. The use of the present Shah, Mohammed Ali, makes of the telephone as a public vehicle for complaints of rulers under him and officials generally is barbarous in its directness and bears the stamp of common sense.

The Journal's Good Record.

From Fenclinton East Oregonian. What is really a remarkable record in newspaper making has been achieved by the Oregon Daily Journal in Portland.

Triumph of Heredity.

From the Chicago Tribune. The other college boys were having the new freshman, who was the son of a clergyman.

Quite a Smart Shower.

From the Denver Republican. Wizard Burbank has succeeded so well in making sweet-smelling flowers out of noxious weeds that there is hope he will try his hand on denaturizing the automobiles.

Hymns to Know. A Sermon for Today

Evening Peace. By John Ellerton. John Ellerton has written some of the best of our modern hymns; his work was done less than 60 years ago, but much of it already is fixed among the classics of English religious poetry.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way; With thee began, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame; That in this house have called upon thy name.

Sentence Sermons. By Henry F. Cope. It's no use fiddling with a graveyard. The saddest failure of all is not to try.

With Mr. Elliott we are ready to lay aside "old differences"; we are ready to celebrate "a new compact of amity"; we are ready to "pull together" as "partners and allies."

These acts to the people of this state would signify that the new compact is a vital force, the "partnership" real, the community of interest a recognized policy. And nothing less will satisfy them.

General Kuropatkin's Birthday.

General Alexei Kuropatkin who, despite his ill success in the conflict with Japan, is still regarded as Russia's greatest soldier, was born March 17, 1848.

When Henry James Spoke English.

From E. L. Godkin Letter in Scribner's Magazine. There could not be a more entertaining treat than a dinner at the James house (the elder Henry James) when all the young people were at home.

A Worthy Foeman.

From the Denver Republican. Wizard Burbank has succeeded so well in making sweet-smelling flowers out of noxious weeds that there is hope he will try his hand on denaturizing the automobiles.

Twins—A catastrophe.

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Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night, Turn thou for us thy darkness into light; From harm and danger keep thy children free. For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

Some are sure they will find rest in heaven because they are sleepy in church.

Some people are talking about the gladness of the gospel who know nothing about the gospel of gladness.

Some are sure they will find rest in heaven because they are sleepy in church.

Dictionary of Misinformation.

Wex Jones, Lexicographer. Boss—One who knows less than his employees. First Employe—The boss is a muff.

Lemon—Obsolete.

Mongoose—An animal that doesn't know its own pugal. Ocean—A clam's bathtub.

Olive—A pessimistic cherry.

Prettygirl—Any girl mentioned in a newspaper story. The plaintiff, a prettygirl of 35 summers, produced a bundle of love letters in court—Breath of Promise Reports.

Tough—(Colloquial)—The act of extracting gold gratefully.

Dear Bill—I got into an argument with East Juggles yesterday about you. He said you were too tight to stand for a touch, and I bet him \$10 that if I wrote you'd send me a five-spot by return mail. You know how much I rely on you, old man, and I hope you won't let me lose the bet—Jack.

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