

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning...

Great men seem to be a part of the infinite, brothers of the mountains and the seas.—Ingersoll.

NO MORE GOLD BRICKS, MR. HARRIMAN.

WHEN a public service corporation is able, as the result of its extortionate charges, to declare an extra dividend of \$24,000,000...

A MILLIONAIRE BOOR.

MR. HARRIMAN'S contempt for law, his scorn of any restraints which society imposes upon him in common with the rest of mankind...

THE GREATEST OF FOOLS.

THE PERSON who kills another whom he hates is a fool, even from his own viewpoint of the desirability and satisfaction of revenge.

THE SPOKANE CASE.

IT IS extremely improbable that the interstate commerce commission will grant Spokane's demand for rates from the east equal to or less than those of Portland and terminals on Puget sound.

CHURCH INSTITUTIONALISM.

A GRATIFYING sign of the times is the drift of many church organizations toward church institutionalism. The trend is illustrated in the attitude of Dr. Emil Hirsch of Chicago...

REASSURING HIM.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Captains," said the anxious excursionist, "there are not enough life preservers on this boat."

to hear the announcement of a broader and more liberal policy on the part of the Harriman lines. It has been promised in one way and another for many years.

EXORBITANT FEES.

A CHICAGO insurance company having refused to pay its San Francisco losses, amounting to over \$6,000,000, a Chicago bank was appointed receiver and a firm of lawyers, its attorney, and the court having the case in charge...

WIGS MADE OF SPUN GLASS.

From the London Daily Mail. The enormous feminine demand for artificial coils and toupées is leading to a famine in human hair.

WHO CAN GIVE THIS INFORMATION?

Forest Grove, Or., June 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—May I ask whether your "natural history editor" can tell me whether in American antelopes, such as are found in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, shed their horns each year as do the elk and deer?

THE MYTHICAL ISLAND OF BUS.

J. Scott Kettle in Harper's. On Frobiisher's last voyage, 1878, one of fifteen ships, the bus Emanuel of Bridgewater, went astray. On its return the captain told a wonderful story of having discovered a large island somewhere to the east of the south coast of Greenland...

SONG OF THE ANCIENT MAN.

O I saw an old man once beneath an arbor. At Bar Harbor. And he sang the queerest song I ever heard. Upon my word. It was tangled, and besides was many-angled...

LOSING TIME.

From the Cleveland Leader. Chalmers—You and your sister are twins, are you not? Majoribanks—We were when we were children. We have too many passengers aboard today, sir; that is all.

people who had never done the avenger any wrong, and to whom it is as impossible to make reparation as it would be to fly to heaven with wings of his own construction?

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an aggregation of people who did not know when Spokane was well off. Through their theoretical and impractical Boston attorney they have proved altogether too much, and instead of getting what they demand are likely to lose the very substantial and peculiar favors which that city alone has enjoyed.

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not suit Oregon better than to elect Representative Jones, who has proved himself, as a member of the committee on rivers and harbors, a staunch and influential friend of an open Columbia river, and so of Oregon, as well as of Washington, Oregon has no complaint to make of Senator Ankeny, but would be at least equally well satisfied with Senator Jones.

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Hymns to Know. A Sermon for Today

Recessional. By Rudyard Kipling. Although this poem written for the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria is familiar to nearly every one, it comes as a surprise to find it being included in the modern hymnals for church worship.

Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine; Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far called our navies malt away On dunes and headland sinks the fire; Let all our hearts be thence directed, Be one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the law; Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and iron shard; All valiant dust that builds on dust, And guarding calls not thee to guard; For frantic boast no foolish word, Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Sentence Sermons.

By Henry F. Cope. Short prayers may go farthest. To love tradition is to limit truth. Faith is not fostered by blinking facts.

A good many resolutions die of heart failure. A big shingle often hides a mighty small business. No man possesses more religion than he practices.

When men say "our faults" they usually mean yours. There are no delights in the worship that dodges duty. When fear gets into the pulpit faith goes out of the pew.

Smiles help, but it often takes sweat and tears to keep life sunny. Some are more anxious to forget their sins than to have them forgiven. Many a man is shouting his convictions to drown the voice of conscience.

You cannot enjoy riches until your happiness is independent of them. A little learning is dangerous if you are planning to get to heaven by degrees. The saddest people in the world are those who seem to have no sorrows to face.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks. The last person to enter heaven will be the one whose religion has all been in the first person singular.

We often talk a good deal about the salvation of souls in order to escape service for the salvation of society. Much that is called orthodoxy is skepticism at heart. The foundation of the foundation is to be a man.

Do not think that you have put an extra rim on your crown when you have put 20 cents for a 5-cent supper at the church. Who Can Give This Information?

Forest Grove, Or., June 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—May I ask whether your "natural history editor" can tell me whether in American antelopes, such as are found in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, shed their horns each year as do the elk and deer?

Doubtless many of your readers have lived in that region and know thoroughly concerning the habits of this interesting animal. Should like, if possible, to know the truth on this question. For as for "guessing," I can do plenty of that myself. It had supposed that the Colorado did not shed its horns—is this correct? CEPHAS F. CLAPP.

The Mythical Island of Bus. J. Scott Kettle in Harper's. On Frobiisher's last voyage, 1878, one of fifteen ships, the bus Emanuel of Bridgewater, went astray. On its return the captain told a wonderful story of having discovered a large island somewhere to the east of the south coast of Greenland...

Secretary Taft might aid his presidential boom a good deal by negotiating for the sale of the Philippines during his visit to the islands this fall. The American people would appreciate this service, even if he didn't get over six bits for them.

Well, why shouldn't John D. Rockefeller come into court and testify if his testimony is needed, the same as anybody else? He isn't a god, is he, because he is very rich? The law should play no favorites.

A professor of Cambridge college, England, has announced his opinion to be that animals have souls and are immortal. Some of the lower animals do really seem to have more sense than some professors.

Before getting into any serious conflict, The Hague conference should agree to submit its differences to arbitration. The Hague conference is a solemn farce, but it is cheaper and otherwise preferable to a war.

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