

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published every evening except Sunday and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, 57th and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

line to Puget sound was being built into a timber country of great richness for the purpose of bringing out lumber which now finds its way to market by way of Puget sound.

main of the unknowable is so boundless and impenetrable, that the illy-balanced mind, allowed to run along some special grooves into this immensity of shadowy nothingness, becomes capable of seeing nothing but a distorted, delusive phantasmagoria of wholesome, restraining, corrective religious truth.

is the man who writes the headline. The greatest force giving impetus to industry and enthusiasm to enterprise is that same constantly sought, never overlooked headline.

patches paint it in brighter colors. In a pulpit in a Berlin church a venerable clergyman is preaching his farewell sermon.

Hymns to Know. Awake, My Soul. By Philip Doddridge. [The name of Dr. Doddridge once was one of the most familiar in religious songs; today one hardly ever hears a congregation singing one of his hymns.]

A Sermon for Today. The Peace Maker. By Henry F. Cope. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9.

A consideration of petty circumstances is the tomb of great things.—Voltaire.

APPRECIATIVE COMMENTS.

MOST OF the papers of Oregon, and many in other states, have commented very kindly and appreciatively upon The Journal's fifth anniversary number published two weeks ago.

AN INTOLERABLE SITUATION.

MR. THOMAS McCUSKER'S article in Friday's Journal on the railroad situation in Oregon ought to be read and pondered by every producer, taxpayer and voter in the state.

THE CLIMAX OF ABSURDITY.

HUMAN ACTION is full of absurdities. We follow a beaten path as sheep follow the bell-wether of the flock, and often the way is thick with anomalies and the grotesque.

STANDARD OIL'S CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

STANDARD OIL has cleared \$70,000,000 a year for the past seven years. Ten days before the election, in 1904, J. D. Archbold contributed \$10,000 to the notorious \$260,000 corruption fund raised by E. H. Harriman to "build up the weak spots" of the Roosevelt candidacy in the state of New York.

Sentence Sermons.

A strong breath comes out of a weak head. The hypocrite is the devil's best argument. No man ever created anything greater than himself. Sermons prepared for the ears never get beyond them.

The Rail Situation Developing.

From Iron Trade Review. A large eastern railroad system, within the past few days, asked the rail mills which usually supply it, to reserve for 1908 delivery the same tonnage of rails which it bought for the current year.

Settlers Will Get Left.

From the Eugene Register. The Register has been making two predictions with regard to the Southern Pacific land grant in Oregon whereby it is sought to compel the company to dispose of its lands.

ILLOGICAL MR. HARRIMAN.

THE REASONS given by Mr. Harriman for postponing the building of the central Oregon railroad and for pushing the construction of the Oregon & Washington railroad from Portland to Everett seem inconsistent.

INSANE RELIGIONISTS.

THE EXTREME of criminal violence to which insane fanatics operating in the name of religion will go was illustrated in Chicago, where five persons, two of them, son and daughter of the victim, most cruelly and horribly tortured to death an old woman, bedfast with rheumatism.

SATAN'S NEWSPAPERS.

IN HIS OPINION of the daily newspaper, The Journal differs with Rev. Mr. Shafer. It can do so without abusing him. He believes the daily newspaper an implement of the devil.

TWO LIVES—WHAT OF THEM?

THE CURTAIN lifts over a scene in an eastern city. A money-mad man is prostrated over the loss of a small portion of his fabulous fortune.

Peace.

By O. Edwin. Since Andy had a dubious war a plague, Teddy gathered a bunch at The Hague; Then, to turn the peace trick, He heaved the Big Stick, They passed a few whereas's vague.

Kokomo and Terre Haute.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. I had it right beyond a doubt, When I arrived in Terra Hoot. But soon I met a gay galoot, Who said the town was Terra Hoot.

Wanted.

Wanted. A little rain, A little sun, A little tolerance and giving; But 'em at that, We're not here done— We still hung for the cost of living. —Indianapolis News.

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George W. Bates, President; J. S. Birrell, Cashier. Interest at 4 per Cent. Paid on savings accounts from \$1 up, compounded semi-annually.