

Oregon Journal

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Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may the country become a real and splendid monument, not of oppression and blood, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.—Daniel Webster.

NO PRECIPITATE ACTION

By Abraham Lincoln. MY countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION

By George Washington. CITIZENS by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.

CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED

By Thomas Jefferson. WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

THIS DAY

THESE are extraordinary times. The deluge in Europe has strained civilization to its breaking point. Nearly a billion people in the warring nations are under the stress and agonies of a horrible conflict.

By Theodore Roosevelt. I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

By Woodrow Wilson. OF COURSE, it is our duty to prepare this nation to take care of its honor and of its institutions. Why debate any part of that, except the detail, except the plan itself, which is always debatable?

Letters from the People. (Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.)

A Woman's View. Portland, July 1.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Your editorial of June 29, entitled, "The Oregon Copperhead," was the best ever read.

Open Letter to "Spare Moments." Portland, July 3.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Please publish the following open letter to Spare Moments, a magazine, which someone is sending me.

By John Quincy Adams. The Declaration of Independence! The interest which in that paper has survived the occasion on which it was issued, the interest which no longer appears in the eyes of the people.

By John Quincy Adams. How many ages hence shall his glory be dimmed if in states unborn, and continents yet unknown, it will be o'er-acted by a less noble deed?

By John Quincy Adams. The Melancholy Cortège. Portland, July 3.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Just as Saturday evening I saw a funeral procession going to Washington street.

By John Quincy Adams. "Weasel Words." From the Detroit News. Mr. Roosevelt is justly noted as a phrase coiner and slogan inventor.

By John Quincy Adams. The Perfect Alibi. A recent Austrian bulletin announced the evasion of two more towns before the Russian advance.

By John Quincy Adams. Stories of Street and Town. Used the Silver Spoon. W. H. CLARK, a local Pythian, is more of a "Mr. Fixit" than an angler.

By John Quincy Adams. Knew Perfectly Well. From Judge. The small daughter was industriously ironing her doll clothes when her mother entered.

By John Quincy Adams. The Mystery of Life. The more familiar the details of organic unfolding become from observation and experience, the deeper is the mystery of life, and the more ab-

waiting for the hand of industry to tickle it with the plow, when it will respond with bounteous crops. And so a few years hence, in the enjoyment of greater prosperity and greater St. Helens, will have forgotten about our local strife and will rejoice that they united in an effort to bring about the change that has wrought unbounded prosperity.

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PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE Remember the soldier, carefully, but don't forget those he left behind. Nobody can blame the Beavers for leaving home after the weather man's treatment of them.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS Judging by the way the rain hangs on, the Eugene Register is led to believe that the cherries must be unusually abundant about bursting this year.

JOURNAL JOURNEYS 64—Ascending a Trailless Trout Stream The preparation of this journal should occupy a quiet hour when nothing would cause memory's moving picture flicker.

Scripture on Slaughter. Oswego, Or., June 29.—To the Editor of The Journal.—On June 26, under "Town Topics," in The Journal appears the following:

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The Once Over

EARLY TWILIGHT in the South was pink and blue, the lamps a soft glow—through leafy low branches.

And Percy Campbell and his band—quietly arranging their music, and the people expectantly gathering.

He picked their seats for the first musical band concert of the season. He picked the seats for the first musical band concert of the season.

He held his pose—pointing—and catches his eye. He holds his pose—pointing—and catches his eye.

He looks at the place he has picked. He looks at the place he has picked.

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