

THE JOURNAL

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

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. DAILY. One year... \$5.00 One month... \$1.00

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

HAS A HARD ROW TO HOE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE has come to "Uncle Joe" Cannon late in life, but judging by the buzzing now going on, the insect is not only extremely large but unusually industrious.

"Uncle Joe" is a great haymaker. Fifteen times he has taken off his coat in his own political field, and only once has the crop failed.

There is no doubt that much legislation has been accomplished under the Cannon regime. Some of the legislation is proving beneficial, and as "Uncle Joe's" power has been absolute he is entitled to whatever portion of the credit President Roosevelt can spare.

The trouble with "Uncle Joe's" boom is that the voters are aware of the great power wielded by the speaker, and are likely to judge him not by what congress accomplished under his direction but by what was proposed and failed of passage.

WHY DISCRIMINATE?

WHILE President Roosevelt is bending his energies to the conviction of men implicated in the Oregon land frauds, it would not be amiss if he were to pause long enough to consider the case of another dishonest man, one whom he himself placed in office and still retains there.

able and unanswerable—were placed in his hands more than a year ago. The reports of the experts who examined Powell's books and repeatedly discovered shortages ranging from two thousand to eleven thousand dollars are in the president's possession, together with abundant corroborative evidence.

Numerous convictions have been obtained in the land fraud trials, yet it is doubtful whether any of the convicted men was guilty of such flagrant, conscienceless wrongdoing as was T. Cader Powell, whose career as county clerk was one long betrayal of trust and systematic robbery of the people.

President Roosevelt made a grave blunder when he placed Powell in office. He is making an infinitely graver blunder by retaining him in the government's employ. It is surely a strange spectacle when the president is dealing out with one hand punishment to the land fraud defendants, and with the other giving emoluments and rewards to a notorious embezzler.

ONE OF PORTLAND'S NEEDS.

MEN WHO ARE in a position to know—members of the executive board and of the city council—have told the readers of The Journal what is needed to make Portland a bigger, better, cleaner city.

Portland is behind other cities in her streets. Even with all The Journal's civic patriotism we cannot blind ourselves to this fact. Figures from the city engineer's office on the street question are interesting, but lack corroboration. That we have enough thoroughfares cut and dedicated is true; the miles of streets are sufficient in extent; all roads lead to Portland—but the condition of the streets is distinctly bad.

Street paving long ago ceased to be an experiment; older cities than Portland wasted large sums in trying to discover a smooth, permanent surface for their thoroughfares, and every dollar that Portland spends in tentative street work is a dollar criminally wasted.

Some people are complaining because the "sham battle at Tacoma was a tame affair." It should be borne in mind on the thing that those critics misunderstand with that a sham battle is not a Sunday picnic, and that the use of anything but blank cartridges is forbidden by the rules of the international peace assassination.

From certain recent happenings in the financial world, a man who is not intimately acquainted with the street terms might be excused for thinking that a bank examiner is one who locks the safe doors after the funds are stolen.

With the busy war that has been started against Speaker Cannon it seems inevitable that he will be effectually spiked before the presidential election.

There does not appear to be any strike or lockout among the bomb-makers of St. Petersburg.

Portland continues to stand at the top of the per cent column in bank clearings and baseball.

When railroad magnates fall out, hitherto neglected sections of the state get their dues.

What Is Portland's Greatest Need?

MEMBERS OF CITY COUNCIL TELL JOURNAL READERS WHAT WOULD IMPROVE ROSE CITY.

More Water: H. A. Belding. "I am heartily in favor of building another pipe line to the city," said Henry A. Belding, one of the city council members.

Dinkelspiel on Crowded Street Cars

Home, Recently.—Meln Lieber Loozy: "I have received your letter from Portland City, Oregon, and I am glad to hear that you are planning to go on der road vava you was commercial traveling."

Portland the Metropolis. From the Lewiston Teller. The building of railroads along the river grades to the sea and the opening of the Snake and Columbia for transportation facilities will revolutionize the trade of the Columbia basin.

In Praise of Pittsburg. The auction shops of Atlantic City are no less interesting than the "squeeze" cars defying der laws of gravitation.

With Tartar Sauce? It is gravely asserted by travelers that when goats fall into the possession of certain tribes of Tartars they eat the volumes, in order that they may acquire the knowledge contained therein.

A Comparison. A. C. Gage in Mount Scott News. The writer has no acquaintance with either the Wags or the Wags, following recital, and has, therefore, no hesitation in using their names as he would use those of any individuals concerned in an incident describing which an article might be written.

Contrast for a moment, if you will, the above statement with that contained in Collier's Weekly of recent date, telling conditions in the sugar trust.

Next. From the New York Herald. Girl barber out west fired six shots at her fiancé, hitting him each time.

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A Little Nonsense

An Ungentlemanly Question.

There is a spur of the Baltimore & Ohio railway running up the valley of Virginia from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg. There is no dining-car attached to the train that makes the trip.

Pies and the Rate Bill. From the American Spectator. When the rate bill in the senate was being hotly discussed, many of the senators had their remarks printed in pamphlet form.

Afraid It Would Slip. Senator Tillman piloted a constituent around the capitol building for a while and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the senate gallery.

Text for the Occasion. From the Kansas City Star. Some years ago an Aurora preacher inaugurated the practice of having the children quote scriptural texts as they dropped their Sunday school pennies in the contribution box.

Lots of Straw. A lady and her little daughter were walking through a fashionable quarter when they came to a portion of the street which was under repair.

Guards Must Not Flirt. No more may summer girls flirt with the brave Atlantic City beach guards. Too many love affairs have distracted the red-shirted heroes from their duties.

A Toasted Will. A will that was toasted to a brown crisp in the San Francisco fire, but is still legible, was filed for probate here today.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Uruguay has swallowed Root. Will Teddy run again—or won't he? The Echo creamery will start up today.

Unless we can be guaranteed that it won't cost over a dollar, all told, we won't go to that Bryan reception.

We are very glad for our part that the sweet girl graduate is off on a vacation—far away. That's one reason we staid in Portland all summer.

The useful and the beautiful go hand in hand in Sweden; everything bears the stamp of the artistic. The central public bath in Stockholm is in a park; the interior is decorated in green, the right shade of lavender and white.

What Man Is. We quote these items from the obtuse department of "The Gold Coast Letter."

Second Thoughts. J. L. House in Topeka (Kan.) Capital. Our idea of the hardest job is to be forced to defend the czar.

Pan's Flute Found. Among the Roman antiquities recently found at Alesia are some that are very interesting, says London Sketch.

Cruel Highwaywomen. Two women robbers "held up" a man named "Nepther" in the Boulevard de Grenelle the other night and after stabbing him rifled his pockets and dumped.

Cats Die in High Altitudes. Cats go mad and die in high altitudes. Leadville, Colorado, is a city over 10,000 feet above sea level, and there is not a single cat in the place that has been there more than three months.

Reflections. The people who tell their troubles are never gifted with a sense of humor.—New York Times.

Having a Good Time. Lakeview Herald: Charles Sherlock came in from the Mud creek camp Sunday.

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