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He who is taught to live on little wisdom than to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—William Penn.

DIFFERENCE IN ASSESSMENTS

THE CLACKAMAS county assessor has chosen not to conform to the new plan adopted by most of the assessors of Oregon in raising assessments to cash valuations, or nearly so, and consequently the assessable property of Clackamas county totals officially only \$10,559,000, while that of Marion county, whose assessor fell in line with the new system of valuations, shows up with taxable property amounting to \$28,755,000, a difference of nearly \$18,200,000.

With competent, honest, watchful county officials no more taxes will be paid under a high than under a low assessment. So much money has to be raised, whatever the valuation of property; as the valuation is raised the rate decreases; the tax paid by each property owner is the same. But it looks a great deal better, and is a good deal better, for a county to show form to the world its property in full, and not to appear as possessing but a little, in a vain attempt thereby to reduce its taxation.

Similar comparisons or contrasts might be made between some other counties—Polk and Yamhill, for example—but most of them, we are pleased to notice, have assessors who recognize and realize the benefits, not to mention the sworn official obligation of assessing property at its full value. This is the only right system, though along with it care should be exercised in the selection of the men who have the spending of the money.

GET A HOME.

YOU CAN'T GO back and undo wrong things done, or do things nunc pro tunc. The only way to do is to start from where you are, profit as much as possible by costly and disagreeable experience, and do better, the best you can, in the future.

This is not a moral lecture; the above statements apply as well in the practical business affairs of life. What we had in mind particularly was the purchase by wage-earners, people of small means, of a home, or ground therefor. The advantage and benefit of this we have spoken of before, and will speak of again, but what a mistake hundreds, thousands, made in not buying a little piece of land, not far out, years ago, when it could have been bought for one third or one quarter what it would cost now.

many of them, in various directions, for securing at a moderate price a lot of two or more for a future if not a present home.

If you made a mistake by not buying ten or five or two years ago, when property was far lower than now, don't make the same mistake by neglecting to buy now, for the advance will continue right along. If you have to go a mile or two farther out now than you did a year or two ago, remember that this will be the case right along. The sooner you get your little plot of ground for a home place the better. Prices will go up continuously; and with only so much money to buy with you will be forced to go farther and farther out every year.

Every man who hasn't a home ought to get one, or the foundation for one, the start of one, in a piece of ground. It won't run away. With fair judgment exercised in the buying it will increase in value far more than the interest you have to pay if you go in debt for it.

Because you made a mistake last year or before, don't make the same mistake now. Don't look back; look ahead. Get a home.

SECOND OR THIRD TERM.

WHETHER another term for Mr. Roosevelt as president would be a third term, a question now being much discussed, from a broad point of view can be answered both ways. When his present term expires he will have served nearly two terms, one term and about seven eighths of another, so it is not very much out of the way to say that he has served two terms, and another one would be his third. But technically there is no room for discussion; he has not served two full terms; he has been nominated for and elected president only once; and his election in 1908 would be for a second and not a third term.

A professed savant of Washington, D. C., says the earth slipped around out of its upright position after the Noachian flood, and earthquakes are caused by its effort to right itself—so that the north pole will be directly beneath the north star, we suppose, instead of where Wellman will look for it; and that in 1982 the earth will make so tremendous an effort to get straight that all the cities of the world will be destroyed. As he finds the foundation for all this in the Bible, where nobody else ever discovered it, he may be checked off as a Bible crank. Anyway, few of us will be here in 1982 to see.

It is one of the easiest and most natural things in the world for some routine officials, clothed with a little brief authority, to make asses of themselves. Forty Jewish children, orphaned by the massacres in Russia, were brought over to this country by a Berlin woman, after homes had been definitely provided for them among wealthy or well-to-do Jewish families, but though this fact was not disputed the 40 ways were all ordered sent back, though they have no parents or homes to be sent to, on the ground that they might become a public charge. This assinine decision ought to be set aside.

Very different from that which had been planned and prepared for will be Secretary Root's reception at Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile. Instead of gay, prosperous, illuminated and bedecked cities, he will find heaps of ruins, and all the evidences of distress due to a great disaster. The original itinerary will be carried out, but it will be for the most part a visit of condolence and sympathy.

Elder Petterman's assertion that the members of all churches but his are doomed to eternal perdition shares interest with that other extraordinary statement of Mayor Lane to the effect that detectives are supposed to work.

The newspapers of Nebraska are demanding an answer to the question: "Shall our girls wear pants?" Why not wait until the girls get married, and then they will decide the matter for themselves? The courts of Chicago have saved Mr. Rockefeller a vast deal of trouble.

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

How Fabrics Were Named.

All the world is represented in the common names by which we ask for these materials from which our clothes are made. Heavily a fabric but derives its name from some city or country, and all ages as well as all the four quarters of the globe are included, says the Cleveland News.

Melin is named from Mosul a city on the bank of the Tigris in Asia. Cambrie is from Cambria, a city in France. Gauze is probably from Gaza in Syria, though possibly from the Hindoo word meaning thin cloth.

Stare, which we commonly think of as green, was named from its original color, a reddish-brown. The word is really the plural of -ay, and the color is that of a horse which is known by that name. A form of the word is common to many tongues.

Damaak is readily seen to be from the city of Damascus in Syria. Silk and serge are both from the Latin Seres, meaning the Chinese. These fabrics first came from that portion of Asia which is now Northern China.

Velvet is from the Italian veluto, meaning woolly, this from the Latin vellus, a fleece. Vallum is a derivation of the same root—a pit or hole. Death Rather Than Work. From the New York Tribune.

There is reported from the Moral district of Switzerland a case of mule suicide. The beast had received rough usage and was being driven daily with a heavy load back and forth from Binn valley to Morol.

The other evening, as the mulester had added, as usual his own weight to the tired mule's already heavy load, the beast plunged and reared so violently that the man was thrown with violence, breaking his arm, while the pack was also flung off.

Boiling then along the torrent side, the mule was nearing the bridge of heavy logs, when a party of men barred the way and the mule was constantly employed and about 350 whites.

From the Cape to Cairo.

The Cape to Cairo railway has reached a point in Africa 374 miles north of Victoria falls and 2,018 miles from Cape Town. The 281 miles from Kolomo to Broken Hill were constructed in 346 days. On 39 days, however, no work was done, so that the rails were actually laid at the rate of over a mile a day.

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A Little Nonsense

Left Behind.

Mrs. Maud Miller Hippie, whose advocacy of a "curse" in "motherhood" for young matrons has already begun to bear good fruit, was talking of the duties of young mothers.

"And no young mother," she said, "no matter how many her millions, nor how high her station, should trust her little one entirely to a nurse's care. A nurse may be most intelligent, most conscientious; but to rear a baby properly is a difficult task and only one person is sufficiently interested in this task to perform it well. That person is the baby's mother."

"A young mother," she said, "was walking with her husband on the Atlantic City board walk. Suddenly she gave a little cry of pleasure. 'Oh,' she said, 'there is nurse—nurse wheeling baby.'"

"And she ran lightly to the luxurious coach of leather with its swan-shaped carriage and its rubber-tired wheels, and she pushed back the parasol that shaded the occupant from the sun. 'Then she gave a gasp of amazement. 'Why, nurse,' she cried, 'where's baby?'"

"The nurse gasped. 'Goodness gracious, ma'am! I forgot to put him in.'"

Or Jim and Jimjam. Race outside was the subject under consideration at a conference of travelers in the foyer of the St. Francis. "Roosevelt may be right about it," said one with a big voice and a huge cigar, "but where I come from the young ones are so plentiful that we have a hard time naming them. Although we do not consider them troubles, they resemble them in that they never come alone, says the San Francisco Chronicle."

"There was one woman who had twin girls. 'What shall we name them?' she asked her husband. 'One must be Kate,' he dictated. 'Duplicate for the other,' was the reply. 'The second pair were boys, and came to the altar as Pete and Repeat. At the third christening both parents were out of town, so as twins came again it was decided to name them Max and Climax.'"

"Simply Indescribable." "It is impossible to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the beauties of the Bosporus at Constantinople," says William Jennings Bryan in one of his letters in the Indianapolis Star. "Impossible!" I am reminded of a true story. There was a country editor down south who went to New York and bought a real newspaper. One day there was a big story on the bay, and then new man was sent out to "cover" the descriptive side of it.

"The dashing and the fury of the sea," he wrote, "was simply indescribable." The city editor called him in. "What do you mean," he asked, "by this expression, 'simply indescribable'?" "I mean," replied the new man, "that it is simply indescribable on a salary of \$15 a week."

So it was with William J. B. He might not have found the task so difficult if he had been paid more. Under Suspicion. "There are in the world's good many men like Jonathan Scarborough of Hamden," said Mark Twain, at a banquet in New York.

"Scarborough was one of those men with nothing evil absolutely known against them, who are yet looked on, and not doubt justly, with suspicion. It was thought of Scarborough that, for a poor man, he ate too much chicken. And one day the blow fell. He was arrested for chicken stealing.

"When he was called to testify about Scarborough's character. 'Did you ever know this man to steal poultry?' said the lawyer for the defense. 'I never did,' said the witness. 'But this is what I do know: If I was a chicken and Jonathan Scarborough was a chicken, I'd roost high.'"

Yes, What? It happened in the history class. Miss Rose Goldsmith, principal of the Fremont school, was talking to the young men of the superiority of the American government to that of England, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"In the United States we elect our rulers, while in poor England they come by acclamation. The people have no voice as to who shall be their ruler, but must take the eldest son of the king. There was silence, and then a small hand went up. It was little Willie Gerra. 'What, ma'am,' piped his small voice, 'if the king had twins for eldest sons?'"

The Dalles Military Road. From the Blue Mountain Eagle. It is said of the United States government that it is most particular. This may be true in small things and where certain individuals are concerned, but when it comes to a big steal the United States government is a howling infant.

One of the most glaring examples of this is the pseudo military road connecting from Tule Lake to Boise City. The company contracting to build the road is a county road and is today the only road through that section of the country. The Dalles military road is marked by biased trees, and that is all.

The company got every odd section for a distance of three miles on either side of this road, and where there was land already settled upon the company got the land scrip and took up all the good lands in the Logna valley, the location of the Crater valley and innumerable other rich sections.

And now this company owns this land absolutely and even charges sheepmen and cattlemen for crossing it to get to the pasture lands in the forest reserves. There are two absolute idiots in the United States government administration. One is the man who accepted this Dalles military road and the other is the man who is responsible for this forest reserve policy. The first belongs in the penitentiary and the other should be in an insane asylum.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS

TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE

Now watch the fonetikers fite. No rain wanted yet—by the hop man. They invariably "break down" before they confess. It is only the worker who knows the delight of rest. It is rumored that Joe Day can afford to take a vacation.

Now a laborer can take his choice of several kinds of jobs. Good streets and sidewalks are a good investment in any town. Bryan has too much brains inside his head to allow it to swell. Astoria regatta this week; Portland should be there numerously.

Plum trees near Bend have made a growth of six feet this year. There are an unusual number of "star witnesses" in the land fraud case. It will be Labor day sure enough next Monday for most of us. Bams as other days.

When you read the news from Cuba you don't know whether much of it is so or not. If now the car would only follow Teddy's example and reform the Russian language. Several people have been killed in the Cuban revolution already, most of them generals.

Maybe the crazy man who imagines he has millions is happier than the man who has them. What to do with Roosevelt after his term is out is settled; he will get up a fonetic dictionary. Alfalfa does well on the Luckiamut, one man securing 84 tons per acre from land planted last year.

If hunters would kill a cougar for every deer they kill they would be rendering the state some service. A man nearly three-score years old met a good swimmer yet, but he mustn't expect to beat an expert half his age or less.

Persons in Russia carrying bombs with which to kill somebody should be trained so as to carry them until the right time to throw them, and not drop them inopportunistly. It hasn't rained so much in Oregon during the past decade as it did in former decades, and so some people predict that this region in a century or so will "go dry" entirely. But don't worry; probably the fear is unfounded, but whatever happens can't be helped or hindered.

I paused in what they call the "classical alcove" in a Twenty-third street book store, to read the book backs, when a full minute before she discovered I was a stranger, who had taken the place of her companion. Apologies were waived aside in friendly spirit. She proved a hopeful, laughing, trusting girl—pretty as a flower and frank as a lily—and says: "Humph! Bismarck or Roosevelt?"

"Pleasant for the author," I observed. "And for the crushed fiber, too," she answered. "Why, just let me show you what it's like." She caught up a book to illustrate with. "If cousin opens her new book and finds the scene laid out in the seashore, she says it about, twists her lips and says: 'Humph! Bismarck or Roosevelt?'"

"I laughed, and so did she, but rather ruefully. 'Then does she never really read a book?' I asked. "Oh, she used to, but now she says they are all repetitions; and she just jumps from front to back, then once in the middle; it's all jump, jump, jump, like—"

"A sort of literary jumping frog," I suggested. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I don't want to be mean to cousin, but I'll have to tell papa that just to hear the windows shake at his laugh. You see, cousin."

Joaquin in the East. From the St. Joseph News-Press. Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," arrived in Kansas City some days ago from Oakland, California, his home, on his way to Philadelphia to visit his children and other relatives whom he has not seen for some years.

"Why don't you dig out your river and have boats," he said, "so one can travel in comfort on the water? I came all the way from California to Kansas City so I could travel on the Missouri to St. Louis and then go up the Ohio to Pittsburgh."

"I've just written a poem entitled 'Missouri,'" he continued, "which will appear soon and in which I have substituted the great Missouri river which flows majestically from the mountains of the west northwest to the sunny southland."

"I am sorry the Missouri river is no longer used for traffic, but I hope the next time I come here I can take a steamer and travel at my leisure, as I like."

Mr. Miller, with his heavy white beard and mustache and his high white forehead, resembles to a great extent the late William Cullen Bryant. Dressed in a long black Prince Albert coat, buttoned closely about his tall form, he craned his neck into the tops of his high black boots and his massive gray head crowned by a large wide slouch hat, he was an unusual figure as he stalked be-

hind the guide who was showing him to his train. Joaquin Miller's real name is Cincinnati Heine Miller, but he is more widely known by the former, which is his name de plume. He was born at Wabash, Indiana, on November 16, 1841, and went to Oregon with his parents nine years later. He became interested in mining in California, but in 1860 he returned to Oregon, studied law and later became an editor. In 1876 he went to London, where he published his first book of poems and afterward returned to Washington, where he was a newspaper man for several years. Again, however, the call of the "Great West" brought him to Oakland in 1887, where he has made his home since.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS

TIMELY TOPICS

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Housekeepers in great demand in Willamette. All-in-all, the biggest crops ever, probably. Medford box factory doing an immense business. Some Sluslaw property has doubled in value in six months. Prunepickers and packers are much in demand in Douglas county. Dallas college expects a greatly increased attendance this year.

A Looking Glass man has a fruitdrier with a capacity of 450 bushels a day. About 25 carloads of fine Bartlett pears will have been shipped from Medford. Independence has a lady barber, says the enterprise. She is also a woman.

A stray shot fired by some careless, idle youth, killed a valuable cow near Drain. Only one hopyard in Wasco county—in "Yah Valley"—but it will require 70 pickers. The Latter-Day Saints' \$50,000 tabernacle in La Grande will be opened September 23.

Some second-crop Toledo strawberries are better than the first crop and sell for 10 cents a box. Several men are figuring on putting in lumber plants in the near future, says the Santiam News. The Oregon State Journal at Eugene never ceases to boom Portland as the coming great city of the coast.

The 10 men at the Grant county poor farm range in age from 64 to 87, their average age being over 70 years, and all seem comfortable. Hundreds of tons of hay are being shipped out of Yamhill and there will be "millions" more for feed, says the McMinnville News-Reporter.

A Seattle man picked up 800 cattle along the John Day and in Wheeler county in a few days—\$2 for 2-year-olds and \$30 for 2-year-olds. With the increased acreage around Heppner, as much or more wheat will be shipped from there than last year, and with a bumper hay crop and good prices for stock, more money will be in circulation than ever in Morrow county.

Speltz is a cross between wheat and barley, and resembles barley, and is grown successfully on dry land in Malheur county. It yields 25 or more bushels an acre, the grain being worth 17 1/2 to 18 cents a pound and the straw making fine feed for cattle.

A Literary Frog

BY CLARA MORRIS.

therefore, cuts you down to such small choice. She says a French book is impossible, a Scotch one a sermon, and an American one lame to snuff. She wants a pile of books I've been through! She can guess the formula of every book extant!"

"No, she can't," I asserted. "Look here; what about a book that has no villain? (Here her eyes widened.) A book without a crime of any kind to avenge? (She shook her head.) Without a sternly added, 'without an adventure—no change of scene—no landscape mania!'"

"Impossible! Impossible!" she gasped. "Wait," I said. "Now don't scream; a book without a divorce?" "But," she charged, "why, there's no material to make a book of!"

"Yes, there is." "Well, no one would care to read it, then." "It holds you with a grip of steel. There's not a commandment broken, and yet it is strong enough to hold a man reader." She came close to me, and, with dancing eyes, said: "It is very wicked to tell lies."

"Very," I admitted, steadily. "And you know where there is a truly true book like that?" "Yes." She took my hands and cuddled them under her cheek; she cooed as if she had been about 4 years old.

"Make me happy, happy! Help me to play on the literary frog—for she could not guess that. Please, tell me—maybe it has no name, either?" "But it has, and a very odd one."

"Oh, what?" "I gave the name, I saw her scribble the initials 'P-M,' and then she clasped my hand and said: 'Oh, you are the dearest thing that has happened to me this day!' And we both laughed and parted."

The printer's 6-week-old grandson is already the cause of a lawsuit. A few hours after his birth the streets of Berlin were flooded with posters bearing a graphic picture of the printer holding an imperial baby, although his majesty was cruising in the north and had not then seen the child, says the London Mail. Last week, when the court photographer received permission to make the first photograph of the baby prince, a Postdam paper referred to the postcard as a "forgery." The firm which made the cards has now sued the paper for libel, alleging that the cards were circulated with the express permission of the crown prince.