

THE JOURNAL

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Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—Lowell.

NO GOOD WORD FOR BRYAN.

SPASMODICALLY, intermittently, and as all old residents of Oregon understand, insincerely, the Oregonian has for many months been hypocritically and pretendedly advocating just about the ideas, principles and policy which Mr. Bryan advocated in his Madison Square Garden speech Thursday evening.

On the money standard question Mr. Bryan stated truly that conditions had so changed that it is no longer an issue to be decided or that needs to be discussed. But except for these changed conditions, which in 1896 could not be foreseen, adherence to the then limited gold standard would have bankrupted the world.

NEW ROUTES SOUTHWARD.

AT LAST THE Southern Pacific railroad is going to build, in building, an Oregon-California line that will avoid the immensely expensive steep grades, the sharp curves and the loops over the Siskiyou mountains. This is a fine scenic route; on a pleasant day one can enjoy it very much; but from a business point of view it doesn't pay. It is not supposed that this portion of the line will be abandoned; it is to be hoped that it will not be, for many people will always want to take a trip over that route, but with the rapidly increasing traffic that the Southern Pacific must handle a route with lower grades and less sharp sinuosity became a necessity, and so the line from Natron via Klamath Falls to a point beyond the Siskiyou will be built.

When nothing is to be gained or accomplished by its statements and arguments the Oregonian is apparently very much in favor of tariff reform. It has quite a clear and comprehensive understanding of the injustice and iniquity of the excessively high protective tariff; but when the test comes, and though it knows that the tariff question in conjunction with the allied trust question is the paramount one in national politics, it always supports the high tariff and trust party and candidates. It says one thing and does the other. Mr. Bryan would reform the tariff and regulate or eliminate the trusts, yet the morning paper cannot even on this question say a word in his commendation. He says nothing, thinks naught, is only an empty-pated babbler, it declares. But it may develop that the people of the country have a better opinion of him.

Mr. Bryan is not the profoundest thinker that this country has ever produced; some of his admirers and supporters will not exactly agree with him on all points; but here is a daily newspaper that in the course of three or four editorials can find nothing whatever in all he said to commend, only criticism and scornful censure tinged with malignancy. Perhaps its match in this respect cannot be found in the country.

A sort of politico-ethical revolution is arising in this land. The old claptrap platitudes and partisan play won't do any longer. The people are looking for a man for president after Roosevelt with not only brains, but a live conscience; not only a man of unquestioned integrity, but of high moral courage; a man who will out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in so far as Roosevelt was a reformer, and who will not halt and dicker and quibble for partisan purposes or on account of personal friendship when the path of duty lies clear before him.

DEMAND FOR OREGON FRUIT.

THE PURCHASE here in person by the leading fruit merchant of Viadivostok of a large quantity and variety of Oregon fruits is an encouraging and significant sign. Significant in his coming to Oregon rather than to California and in his manifest appreciation of

our superior fruits. We Oregonians have long known that our fruits, due care being taken in their production, are far superior to the same kinds of California fruits, but outsiders, even in our own country, have been slow to recognize this fact as they now are rapidly coming to do. We have progressed far, too, in recent years, in the matter of sorting and packing fruits, and this being carefully and conscientiously attended to, we shall find a rapidly growing market for Oregon fruit, not only in portions of our country that produce little or none, but in various countries of Europe and Asia.

The possibilities of the horticultural industry in Oregon and portions of Washington and Idaho are beyond calculation, almost beyond imagination. To use a hackneyed phrase, this industry is literally in its infancy, and it may and should grow to gigantic proportions. We have the soil—in southern Oregon, in eastern Oregon, in the Willamette valley; we have, save for an occasional frost or other slight setback, the climate; science has taught fruitgrowers how they may cheaply and surely destroy the pests, and our fruitraisers should go on "conquering and to conquer" the markets of the world.

Nowhere on the globe is there so all-around good a fruit country as this; the production as the demand increases can be multiplied many fold; modern methods and devices will take our fruits with but slight deterioration half way or more around the globe; the demand in old markets is constantly increasing and new markets are appealing to us, and under all these circumstances the present or prospective fruitgrower of the Pacific northwest has a bright prospect ahead of him.

MOVING PICTURES OF GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

Moving pictures of George H. Williams, taken while the general is on his daily pilgrimage in search of health and recreation.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLES



Moving pictures of George H. Williams, taken while the general is on his daily pilgrimage in search of health and recreation.

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

A Useful Post. From London Sketch. At a point where three roads meet, at the southeast of Chipping Ongar, in Essex, stands a signpost which is also a whipping post.

What's in This Name? From the New York Herald. The Hawaiian language has the unquestioned reputation of containing the longest and shortest names on record.

An Old Automobile. N. J. Cugnot was quite a century in advance of his time and is rightly considered the father of automobilism.

The Princess of Happiness. From the Pall Mall Gazette. Thus of the Prince who set forth in search of Happiness:

God! but he had mislead her, and he mourned her grievously; But with purple cloak a-shoulder, there never was a bolder.

Strong still his heart! "I may surely find her Otherswhere. Out beyond the spaces where the rising of the sun Turns the early morning haze into blue."

And there there was a cottage (Ah, and blue sky overhead). Yet a voice from out the door cried, "God! my nevermore."

Days, Months, and Years had gone to join the Others where. Ere all his Quests ended, and he prayed he might have died.

Dramatic Notes. By Wex Jones. Among the new plays to be produced this season, "Sal the Washboard Girl" is likely to meet with most success.

As an investment, we suspect that the Chicago Record-Herald's pole-hunting expedition will not return large profits.

Scotty is scattering money about frantically again. He must have made another visit to that old robbers' cache in Death valley.

Whether he can get enough votes or not, Bryan is the b'y that can get the plaudits.

Shaw on Christian Wealth. From the New York Times. George Bernard Shaw has strongly taken the negative with respect to the question that has excited public attention here just now, "Should Christians make fortunes?"

Of all the cities on the coast, Portland is freest from crime. Six detectives arrested 15 men in August, and the city is so dull in the crime busi-

ness that the mayor feels we can get along without the "plain clothes" arm of the police department—and the people agree with him.

Secretary Wilson insists that on the labels shall be printed the contents of the can. The people hope the gentleman will have his way, not from any ill-will toward the packers, but to satisfy an unnatural curiosity to learn just what canned chicken is made of.

The honest but determined miners of Goldfield say if there is the slightest sign of impropriety about the physical exhibition to be given by Messrs. Gans and Nelson that both contestants will be shot up some. Which encourages the hope that the fight will be on the square.

Every time that Mr. Bryan makes a speech he puts some honest Republican editor on the sharp horns of a dilemma. The great journalist either has to support the commoner's views, to be consistent, or what is worse, remain silent.

The sober second thought of most American educators, editors and others whose opinions are of value is that the president, in officially endorsing and practicing spelling reform, has perpetrated a sort of sophomoric blunder.

By the way, the old-fashioned way of the mother training her daughters to become fit for housekeeping wives was not a bad one, but we suppose in most cases it is out of date now.

Sal the Washboard Girl. Among the new plays to be produced this season, "Sal the Washboard Girl" is likely to meet with most success.

There is little hope this season of a musical play without words and music.

King A wants his son to marry King B's daughter.

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A Little Nonsense

Tools's One-Act Play. From Reynolds's Newspaper.

Here is a good story of the late Mr. Tools that will be new to many of our readers.

"What I want is a bright, short play," said Tools to the amateur who had brought him a six-act drama.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires."

"The young woman falls dead." "The nurse again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work.

"Yes, ma'am," responded the girl, "it is beautiful."

What It Might Have Been. From the San Francisco Chronicle. Sam Shortridge, attorney and wit, had occasion the other day to go to the office of a certain insurance company.

Upon the wall of the temporary office hangs a blackened, twisted, shapeless mass of metal.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton, was sitting down a shady lane one day in the early summer, when he met a tall, handsome youth.

William Jennings Bryan, during his sojourn in London, dined with some Americans at the Savoy, in the cafe overlooking the Thames embankment.

Three friends of mine, traveling in the French provinces, thought at dinner that they would go a little higher than the vin ordinaire included in their three-franc table d'hotel.

The steamer was nearing the completion of a very rough passage, and most of the passengers were silent, sad and thoughtful.

George will you do me a great favor—a very great favor—possibly the last favor I shall ever ask of you?

Of the 172 candidates entitled to admission to the bar, 133 appeared in the supreme courtroom recently and took the oath, says the Boston Globe.

Miss Evelyn F. Murphy, of 55 Klitredge street, Rosinland, was the only woman admitted, although there is one more, Miss Katherine A. Bowler of Berkeley, who has successfully passed the examinations.

From the New York Evening Post. It looks as if the local baseball contests might all be gaff caused by the repeal of the law permitting prizefighting in this state.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE. Nobody has lost a north pole, anyway.

Illinois Democrats to Bryan: We'll follow you, but you can't drive us.

What's the matter with Jim Hill? Can't he buy a big railroad or two?

Some old Bryan: wants no private car, and will pay his fare on the railroads.

The ex-detectives attribute their ruin in a large measure to Patrick Bruin.

It is too early to begin worrying about candidates for the next mayor of Portland.

Wellman can't make his "dash for the pole" till next year, and very likely he isn't sorry.

Maybe the ex-detectives ought to be thankful that they were permitted to hang on so long.

Some people have religion so hard that it pains them and everybody with whom they come in contact.

Watch and see how many millions the muchly indicted Standard Oil really has to pay in fines.

Twenty cents is good enough for hope, says the Salem Statesman. Not if the grocer can get more.

We would gladly have taken a little part of that rain that ruined Masatan and the surrounding country.

Maybe that Gold Beach young postmistress was busy writing a novel or preparing to go on the stage.

Moral: When you think you have a soft snap—do nothing detective, for instance—don't be too sure of it.

No. General Liararsky was not killed because he has an exceptionally great liar. He wasn't, except in name.

It may be surmised that Judge Lowell did not very heartily welcome Governor Geer's advent into Pendleton.

Perhaps Standard Oil is going to buy up all the distilleries so as to relieve Rockefeller money from its oil taint.

Defeated candidates for president never start a revolution in this country, as they generally do anywhere south of Mexico.

Young Kermit Roosevelt got no bear on his trip to North Dakota. What sort of hospitality is this? Why was not a bear provided?

Vice-President Fairbanks thinks he can puncture the tires of the automobile that started out so swiftly with the Cannon.

We don't want to see late crops ruined, but could not consider as an unmitigated disaster a frost that would kill the horde of pesky flies.

Latest News From Rabbitville

REPORTED BY A BENNETT OF THE DALLES OPTIMIST.

I see Roosevelt has issued orders about spelling, and has begun a reform. That may sound good to some, but it is a mistake.

Well sir, I am one of the most fortunate men that is or ever was. I am for sure, I am laying in bed writing this and the major who accidently put me Horse de Commatus, is fleeing on the wings of his, him and wicker, what calls herself Birdie!

He did a hornpipe and a jig, and one of his fellow passengers raised his head long enough to say: "George, will you do me a great favor—a very great favor—possibly the last favor I shall ever ask of you?"

We have a lot these days about the crops failing in these parts, but it isn't the truth. Crops are good. This is a fine country, none better, under the land laws and he will embrace us as soon as he gets here.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS. The More Observer persists in spelling it "Wallamet."

Some wells in Aurora that never went dry before are dry now.

Mist correspondence of Rattler Register: Lewis Johnson cut his finger last week.

It is expected that cars will be running on the streets of Milton in six months.

Watermelons retail in Astoria at from 40 to 75 cents; in Salem from 15 to 25 cents.

Cement sidewalks are cheapest in the long run, says the Eugene Guard, and it is right.

There isn't a healthier town in the country than Baker City, says the Herald.

Prineville needs more houses. The demand for dwellings is greater than ever before.

A Maury mountain man has clipped the head of a 100 agehen this summer with his rifle.

A Jackson county man announces that he will get married this fall if his potato crop turns out well.

A woman with a cart drawn by two dogs is traveling in eastern Oregon, selling some lamp contraption.

Milton and Freewater, lying alongside, ought to consolidate, but one insists on being dry and the other wants to be wet.

The Estacada editor was selected to raise money to build a church, but is inclined to turn the job over to the office devil.

A Corvallis woman, while walking in her sleep, fell down a stairway to a floor nine feet below and was considerably injured.

A man near Bend refused an offer of \$20 an acre for 400 acres that cost him \$2 an acre. He has fine crops of all kinds, and he thinks some of his oats will yield 110 or 120 bushels per acre.

Astoria's plumbing inspector, according to the Herald, while on a two weeks' visit to Washoulog gained one pound and two ounces in weight, and now weighs 98 pounds and 2 ounces.

"Salem" remarks a local paper, "is surrounded by rich lands, prolific orchards, odorless hops, billowing grainfields, and a breeze-swept meadow—has a number of manufacturing plants."

Gold Beach Globe: Deputy game warden did not learn his name—arrested man by the name of Frost, on Thursday for the unlawful tanning of deer skins the warden proofed on his journey the following morning in Goff Beach, and returned for the wonderful prisoner when they got near the Scotts ranch Mr Frost skipped for the brush and made good his escape the prisoner is hand cuffed and has not been seen or heard of since.

getting Rabbitville moved over here, but we was not to late to get out some crops, and some of Branes and Larning and Education, who revere and reverence the english language in its purity, will not thank Mister Roosevelt or anybody else for the wonderful political moves to get favor with them who cant spell very good, and mebbe of these bad spellers Roosevelt is one, and that he is trying to let himself down easy for some bad spellers to make mebbe our president a man who is not a good speller, a man who cannot handle the english language as he should be handled. I tell you, I see a literary man ought to get together and form a union and see that hereafter only a literary man is elected to the High Office of President of these United States. If we dont do something like that awi the world will soon be laffing at our orthography.

Mebbe some of your readers dont know where Rabbitville is, and I better tell em how to reach it if they want to, and they soon will for the very stars in their courses will soon be a single line. There is no place in these here United States that will attract the attention that Rabbitville will in the near future. It is in awi well suited to other places grow, but Rabbitville dont need no watchin, for she will grow and grow and grow until she is one of the great metropolises of this country. Mebbe not so big as Portland, but she will be the second town in Oregon for sure. Well, the way to find Rabbitville is to take the road out of the city of The Dalles for about four miles and then turn to the right for about eight miles and then go strait ahead about 5 miles and at the next 4 roads you will ask the farmer who lives in the frame house on the left handed side, and he will point out to you the right place. You may be disappointed in not finding no 4 or seven and 8 and nine story buildings, but what we lack in buildings we make up in climate, and it is a true saying that water and climate is the best place for a place to live. But Rabbitville has more climate than any other town in Oregon. Lots more. It is a true one. Yes sir, more climate than any other town in the world! So if you want to find the ideal place to live, you better hurry up and come to Rabbitville while there is yet a chance to get in on the ground floor, before Billy Bryan moves here, for with Billy will come property, with Billy will come untold thousands, mebbe millions, and make their future home with me and Billy Bryan, the great apostle of Liberty and Justice and Ekwel Rites to all Men and Wimmen too, for although Billy has not yet come out for Fernal Wimmen's Rites, I have writt him how the land lays and he will embrace us as soon as he gets here.