

THE JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning. At the Journal Building, 515 and 521 Madison street, Portland, Oregon.

Subscription Terms by Mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico: DAILY, One year, \$10.00; Six months, \$6.00; Three months, \$3.50. SUNDAY, One year, \$12.00; Six months, \$8.00; Three months, \$5.00.

Mr. Bryan's objection to Mr. Sullivan as a leading figure in the Democratic party is worth reprinting and remembering. He said: I hold that no man who is officially connected with a corporation that is seeking privileges ought to act as a member of a political organization.

Prices here and abroad. It is no longer denied by standard-patters, as it was until the proof became positive and overwhelming, that American protected manufacturers of many things sell their products abroad much cheaper than they sell them at home.

Roosevelt a standpatter. Senator Foraker declares that President Roosevelt is himself the high muckamuck among standpatters, and that the Republican leaders in adhering to a standpat policy are only obeying orders issued by the president.

The Seattle election. Seattle voted down the proposition for public ownership of its streetcar system, to be acquired by the issuance of municipal bonds, and this much-mooted question is thus settled for awhile at least in that city.

Always reserve the power to acquire and operate them, but this power should only be exercised when under private ownership conditions become intolerable, or it would be manifestly to the city's interest to do so.

A Little Out of the Common. Things printed to read while you wait. The Recompense. So all who walk steep ways, in grief and night, Whose every step is full of toll and pain, May see when they have gained the sharpest height, It has not been in vain.

Spanish, there are papers published in Castilian, in Catalan, in Italian, French, German and English, in Basque, in Norwegian and in Danish, in Arabic, Syriac, Hebrew, Persian and in several dialects, while in the Chubut territory the Welsh organ has considerable sale and influence.

Reflections. You may call a fellow a brick, but he is only clay after all.—New York Times. Occasionally a man spends a lot of time at his club because there's no place like home.—Chicago News.

Let His Wife See His Money. From the London Chronicle. A woman whose husband, a strapping fellow named Fred, was creating three months' hard labor for deserting her, told the Tower Bridge magistrate recently that she and the seven children had to go into the workhouse.

Enter the Jewelry Business. Major Kirkendall of Wilkesbarre had succeeded in breaking up a small but dangerous gang of criminals and a clergyman was congratulating him on his work.

The Play. The season opened at the Heilig theatre last night, when a crowded house saw William Collier and his Australian company in the Augustus Thomas comedy, "On the Quiet."

On the Subject of Finance. Portland, Sept. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal.—A long-time Republican rises to remark that he has been reading your paper and notices that his pocket is getting empty.

Teachers and teacheresses. When Mr. Harriman makes railroad rates in California it is on the basis of "All the traffic will bear." When he makes rates in Oregon he adds—"and something over."

Letters. Baker City, Or., Sept. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Referring to the letters in your paper about deer drinking, I beg to say that I have never seen a deer take a drink of water.

A Little Nonsense They Were Present.

There is a certain non-congressman's wife who, coming from a rural district, and greatly for social distinction, Not long ago she called on the wife of one of the senators from the same state, and with an affection of slight interest in the subject, remarked:

Small Change. No more state elections till November. Again the weather croakers are disappointed. Palma can't put down the revolution with palm leaves.

Oregon Sidelights. A Weston colt five months old weighs 420 pounds. Some Burns people have the Artesian well fever.

Prize Money. A Weston doctor ran a threshing machine through the season, threshing an average of 1,000 sacks a day. Over 100 people are employed in the fruit packing industry in Milton, and the output will be about 30 carloads.

Prize Money. A Portland man may establish a plant in North Bend to manufacture denatured alcohol, not from potatoes, but from fern roots.

Prize Money. A Dr. Hines man who lost a horse says that its legs grew so long that it was unable to reach the ground with its head, and therefore starved to death.

Prize Money. A sawmill to be moved to a branch of Beaver creek in Columbia county has surrounding timber enough to last it for seven years, if it cuts 40,000 feet a day.

Prize Money. Twenty-two sacks averaging 105 pounds each of oats yielding at the rate of 150 bushels per acre are the return a Corvallis man received from a half acre of ground.

Prize Money. Quoting an item about a woman peddler going about with a cart drawn by two dogs, the Hines record says: That settles it. When women take to the road in dogmobiles the people automobile.

The Play Latest News From Rabbitville

There ain't very much moving in our midst this week, and the weather is pretty dinged hot, and folks is awl grouchy, and things don't seem to move as they awl.

Our society ladies are expecting many very important events to transpire the coming season, the air being full of rumors of bawls and parties and receptions.

There will be a donation party at the residence of the Deacon on Monday night next at 7 o'clock. It is hoped a large concourse will be in attendance.

I ain't saying much this week about my troubles and Lisa and the barber-shop and the major and Birdie! Not much to report for this week.

The Correct Explanation. "Yes," said Dubbey, the actor, "I had a splendid part in the show, but I—er— took sick and—"

Well, billiardry is a dud one. It beats awl the way our people are down on him. We don't think he coud pole it votes in Rabbitville if he got nominated.

There will be a donation party at the residence of the Deacon on Monday night next at 7 o'clock. It is hoped a large concourse will be in attendance.

I ain't saying much this week about my troubles and Lisa and the barber-shop and the major and Birdie! Not much to report for this week.

The Correct Explanation. "Yes," said Dubbey, the actor, "I had a splendid part in the show, but I—er— took sick and—"