

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

One year, \$10.00 One month, \$1.00 One week, \$0.25

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of church and state.

A JUGGLER REPROVES JUGGLING.

"JUGGLE" IS a favorite word with the Oregonian when it has no argument to offer in reply to a proposition that it opposes.

Should the will of the people or the will of the legislature prevail, be accepted, and made effectual? The Oregonian says we cannot "juggle" with the federal constitution.

Why not exploit this remarkable advantage more? The hotels of Portland could easily do this, by announcing the purity and excellence of Bull Run water on placards.

For years this monumental journalistic hypocrite pretended to advocate election of senators by direct vote of the people.

GREAT PROSPERITY, BUT—THERE ARE no signs of an abatement of the country's "abounding prosperity" at least none certain, tangible, imminent.

The usual "period" of prosperity has been rounded out into a full decade, and everything indicates its continuance.

The editor of Dun's Review sees no occasion for pessimism. He thinks the monetary problem—whatever that is—will solve itself.

possible. Even if thereby we get worse men than Bourne, still it will be an improvement over the old system.

And the only way to establish this system and make it sure and solid and effective is for legislative candidates to subscribe unequivocally to statement No. 1.

Except in the matter of formally recording their will, it is none of the legislature's business whatever whom they elect or what party he belongs to.

PORTLAND WATER.

AMONG OTHER good things that Portland does not sufficiently appreciate and make known to the rest of the country and the world is its almost unequalled drinking water.

Not infrequently visitors from other parts of the country are surprised to learn that they may drink water out of common hotel faucets not only safely but with delight.

Why not exploit this remarkable advantage more? The hotels of Portland could easily do this, by announcing the purity and excellence of Bull Run water on placards.

GREAT PROSPERITY, BUT—THERE ARE no signs of an abatement of the country's "abounding prosperity" at least none certain, tangible, imminent.

The usual "period" of prosperity has been rounded out into a full decade, and everything indicates its continuance.

The editor of Dun's Review sees no occasion for pessimism. He thinks the monetary problem—whatever that is—will solve itself.

The editor of Dun's Review sees no occasion for pessimism. He thinks the monetary problem—whatever that is—will solve itself.

Letters From the People

Origin of Some Oregon Names.

Portland, Aug. 5.—To the Editor of the Journal—I noticed in your paper of last Saturday evening in the editorial page near the bottom of the column, a short article copied from the Moro Observer, credited to D. C. Ireland, senior editor, in which he pretends to give the origin of the name of Lucklamute, stating that it comes from "lucky mute," a deaf and dumb man who was successful as a trout fisherman.

Mr. Bryan, in his Commoner, concedes prosperity, present and prospective, and says, "There is no danger of a panic." But he explains the condition a little differently from most others, saying:

Those who are predicting a panic overlook the fact that the world's volume of money is increasing. Rising prices follow an increase in the currency and it is impossible to have a general panic when prices are rising.

A BASELESS ASSERTION.

IT IS constantly reiterated that because there will probably be several Republican candidates in the primaries for United States senator, the one having a plurality cannot be elected as against the Democratic candidate.

It is well known by all who have had a study of the origin of Indian names, that the name "Lucklamute" is a corruption of the name "Luk-lam-ut" which means "lucky mute."

A MAN'S FACE IS HIS PROPERTY.

A FEW YEARS ago the supreme court of New York, in the case of a young woman whose picture had been used on cigar boxes or beer bottles, and who sued for damages and a permanent injunction, decided by a bare majority decision against her.

Vacation Time.

Everybody in Jacksonville, with but a few exceptions, has either returned from or is preparing to go to the mountains on a vacation trip.

An Appeal to Bryan.

Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal, writes:

This Date in History.

1666—First ships built in Canada said to have been launched at Quebec.

HOW THE RICH LIVE

In Regard to Eating Off Plates of Solid Gold

By Cleveland Moffett. Not only is it true that a number of millionaires in America own plates of solid gold or silver gilt (which latter is considered good enough for European royalty), but there are rich families who boast sets of china costing from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a dozen.

Now I believe in spending money within reason on beautiful things, on fine paintings, noble buildings, inspiring music, but I say that any man or woman who uses plates like these of gold or silver, or fragile plates several thousand dollars a dozen while millions near by are perishing of want, is not only a miser but a scoundrel.

Rowdysm at Weddings

By Carolyn Prescott. What do you think of a young bride who makes an exit for her wedding journey in a trunk? This is not a joke, but an actual fact.

A New Bedford (Mass.) young woman, in order to evade her best friends, who had planned to torment her by adorning her with rich and confetti, old shoes and other unmitigable nuptial emblems, made her escape in the trunk that was supposed to contain her wedding finery.

The Lost Key

By John Anderson Jayne. On your cupboard shelves, it may be, there is a box that you are desirous of opening. In the box are valuable papers. Perhaps some trinket from the home of the dear old mother, far down the line of the years.

A Rare Specimen.

From Young's Magazine. Bilkens was strolling up the boardwalk at Atlantic City when he ran into a young girl named Elstein.

A Missed Prescription.

From Young's Magazine. Maude Fulton, a beautiful smile is a feature of "The Orchid," is responsible for the following:

A Jumped-at Conclusion.

From the New York Tribune. Dr. Parkhurst told the other day a good story about a bishop.

Who'll Try It?

From the Philadelphia Press. It is the expressed opinion of a Canadian newspaper that a sound thrashing would do the United States good.

An Editorial About "The Owls"

By Arthur Brisbane. Very often this column contains matter written by request. Readers ask for an editorial on some definite subject, and we write it if we can, and if it seems likely to interest the majority.

Today we write by request an editorial concerning a large collection of human beings, gathered together for benevolent and cheerful purposes, and calling themselves "The Owls." The motto of "The Owls," printed underneath three wise looking birds, reads as follows:

There's so much bad in the best of us And so much good in the worst of us. It hardly behooves any of us To speak ill of the rest of us. That is, of others, merely an original and not quite common way of peering the old command, "Love One Another."

There's so much bad in the best of us That we ought all to try to eliminate the bad that remains in the best of us, and to see and to encourage the good that is in the worst of us.

Each man's individuality and personality are all that he has. Everything that he does must be done for himself. Everything that he is, is in himself.

From early childhood until the last day of our lives, we are being shaped, take a serious view of woman should be enough to make her a better citizen. You are unwilling to break open the box? It was a gift from her, whose lips are now still, so as the girl in language is concerned, but eloquent in the vernacular of the "streets of gold."

What are you going to do about it? Some will sit down by the side of the door and wait for the key to come. Others will get up and go to the door and knock. Others will get up and go to the door and knock.

Far, far away, beyond the ripening of the world, the forests stand in mantles of soft blue. The forests stand in mantles of soft blue. The forests stand in mantles of soft blue.

A Jumped-at Conclusion.

From the New York Tribune. Dr. Parkhurst told the other day a good story about a bishop.