EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.—Sir Walter Scott.

GET A HOME OF YOUR VERY OWN.

ABOUT THE most important thing a man can do, while yet young or in his working prime, is to get a home of his own. This is next in importance to marrying a good woman, a real "helpmeet." Having done this, his main object in life, if he has not already secured a home of his own, is to get one, for himself and his family. Indeed, it is better for a young man to get the home first, at least the ground, and if he can build a house on it before marriage, so much the better. But if this has not been done the young couple should at once plan to secure a lot or two or a piece of ground in the country, the site of a home. No matter if it takes eight or ten years to pay for it; make a start at the very first opportunity, and resolve that whatever else happens a home shall be obtained. We are speaking of course of the average young workingman, who has no capital except what he can save from his earnings. And high as living expenses are, every young man, if single, can save something every month to apply on a home; and so can a young married man, too, if he has the right kind of a wife to help him.

Why pay rent all your lives, or even for years, to other men? Why not pay rent to yourself? With what a man pays for rent he can pay installments on a home, and so in a few years own it. And in the meantime he is constantly improving it during leisure hours, without noticeable cost, and with much pleasure, and so making it more valuable. And it naturally increases in value besides, so that by the time he has it paid for it is worth perhaps twice what he has paid out for it.

Besides, all this time he has had the satisfaction of living in his own home, and that is worth a good deal. He is under his own rooftree, his own "vine and fig tree." The rose bushes and everything he has planted and watered are his, and hers, and the children's. He and they can take a pride in all this, a satisfaction in it, that no person can possibly take in a rented place. In his veritably own home a man is more independent, he is a more important citizen, he feels more responsibility, he is a happier and better man, and his wife and children are happier and better, too.

On all sides of the central part of Portland are lots to be bought at reasonable prices and on reasonable terms, so that any thrifty and determined man, or even a resolute working woman, can get one, if no more, for a future home. In almost every case these lots will increase in value; one cannot lose even if he never builds and lives on a lot purchased, though that should be the object. There is a great variety of sites to choose from, and prices to suit almost any income. Don't think that because your income is small you cannot get a lot or, farther out, an acre or two. A little healthy economy and self-denial will enable even the man who earns but a small salary to make the necessary payments. A long spell of sickness might prevent, but you have to take some little chances, and even in that case you are no worse off than you would have been if you had otherwise spent the amount of the installments paid. And don't refrain from making this move because lots are much higher than they were a few years ago. It would have been better to buy then, for those who were here to buy, but exactly what has happened in the past will happen during the years to come. Lots that you could have bought awhile back for $200 are now worth $500, and in a few years they will be worth $1,000—and so all along the range of values. Portland is going to be a big city, and lots are going to keep right on going up. The sooner one buys, the better off he will be. Every month the action is put off is money lost.

Get a home. Don't pay rent for a dwelling place. Be careful, of course, to buy according to your means, but don't be afraid of economizing and even pinching a little in order to get a home. It will do you good. A home of his own is the second most important thing in the average man's life. And we live but once here, and only a little while at that.

MAKE WAR ON WEEDS.

EVERY YEAR there is a great loss in Oregon on account of weeds. They decrease the yield of grain and other valuable products by a considerable percentage, and they are a nuisance along public highways and city streets. They are damaging, ugly and a reproach. More, they are unlawful. The law requires their destruction. Yet the law is not enforced. It ought to be. There is need of officers of greater courage, who will dare to incur the displeasure of land owners whose premises are overgrown with weeds. There should be a crusade in all parts of Oregon against the weed nuisance, and if the owners of weedy premises will not destroy them, men should be hired to do so and the costs taxed up against the land. This would be unpleasant and somewhat expensive to many, but it is the only way to get rid of the weed nuisance, and it would pay richly in the long run.

As it is, what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and each land owner thinks, not without reason, that there is no use in his destroying weeds unless all his neighbors do the same. Here is an opportunity for local development leagues and civic improvement societies to do some good work. Once an earnest anti-weed crusade gets fairly started, the job will become comparatively easy, and one community will vie with another in the good work of weed destruction.

In this connection, what may prove to be a valuable discoverey is reported, one by which weeds can be destroyed cheaply on a great scale. A German announces that weeds in growing grain may be destroyed by spraying with iron sulphate. In Wisconsin experiments have been made most successfully, following upon the experiments which originated in Germany. The iron sulphate destroys wild mustard, which alone does many millions of damage annually; it destroys also other weeds—yellow dock, cocklebur, smart weed, ragweed, etc., and does so, he asserts, without destroying or injuring the grain. Information concerning this alleged important discovery can be obtained from the agricultural department at Washington, the agricultural department of the University of Wisconsin or Hearst's American Home Magazine, No. 238 Williams street, New York city.

It is estimated that throughout the country weeds cut down the grain crops by one fifth, and they are a nuisance, an eyesore, and an evil in other ways; hence there are not many ways in which the prosperity of the agricultural districts can be advanced so much as by an effective warfare on weeds. Possibly this reported discovery will help much to win a victory over this enemy.

NO WELL AT RABBITVILLE.

THE VERACIOUS and faithful reporter of the news of Rabbitville, as recorded weekly in The Dalles Optimist, furnished last week the following item:

"There is more talk about a town well, but the trubble with us is that talk wont dig a well. Care has been known to kill a cat, so Mister Shaikspeer says in his book, but we make a announcement of grater import, and that is that talk wont dig a well. We know for we have talked about digging a town well now for more'n a year, but we aint got through the sod yet."

This is really quite an important discovery, providing the citizens of Rabbitville, realizing fully the necessity of a well and that talk won't dig it, shall make a supreme effort, obtain picks and shovels, and actually go to work and dig the needed well.

The Rabbitville case has a large and wide application in Oregon; there is too much talk in proportion to the amount of action. Just as the only way to get a well is to dig or bore it, talk about it not even lifting a single sod or stone, so the way to get rid of weeds, to get better highways, to get needed electric lines, to improve conditions, locally and generally throughout the state, is to change the talk of doing these things into action.

And in all these matters it is money that must do the effective talking. Possibly if the people of Rabbitville could borrow the implements and would contribute their labor, the well could be dug without money, and something to carry on larger enterprises can also be done in this way; but not much can be accomplished unless people with money will spend it for new enterprises and to better conditions. It is seldom necessary to give anything outright; worthy enterprises will be paying ones; the money needed is an investment, and the returns, if not immediate, will be sure and sufficient. But for everybody with surplus capital to sit back and wait for men from the east to come and do everything needed to be done will make Oregon's growth aggravatingly slow in the future, as it has been in the past.

Farms ought to be divided up and homeseekers invited to buy them at reasonable prices; good highways ought to be built, and electric lines also from every good sized town; cities ought to pave their streets and otherwise improve themselves, in spite of wealthy mossbacks; care should be taken that every orchard is clean and its fruit properly marketed, and dairy and other stock should be constantly improved; and finally, instead of submitting indefinitely to the Harriman tyranny, the people of Oregon should resolutely prepare to build one or more strategic lines of railroad that would at once and forever break down this intolerable monopoly.

Talk won't do these things any more than it would dig the Rabbitville well, but just as the citizens of that celebrated settlement can get a well by quitting talk and going to work, so can the people of Oregon get all these needed things by the same simple process, and thus they can double the wealth, population and products of this state within five or six years.

DETECTIVES WHO DO NOT DETECT.

WHILE THE assassins of Harvey Brown make good their escape, the professional detectives in the case dispute over the fitness of each other to detect. There is a charge that the head sleuth is not anxious to secure the assassins and that he is responsible for the escape of Simpkins in Idaho. He rejoins that he is all straight, and that it was Governor Gooding's interference that permitted the escape of Simpkins. With this row on among the assassin-takers, the vitally interested and bitterly outraged public is left to chew the cud of uncertainty.

The clues were so slight and the crime so important at Baker that all of the powers of the detective talent were required for detecting, and it is unfortunate that so much vital force must be dissipated in promoting a personal feud. At the moment when the echoes of the exploding bomb have not yet died away what Oregon hoped to hear was not the growls and criminations of detectives, but their announcement that the assassins were in jail. The state is not accustomed to assassinations of this brand and had hoped that the swift and summary vengeance of the law would so unpopularize as to end it here. It is an infamy that Oregon has not bred and that Oregonians especially loathe, which is a striking reason why the Brown assassins should be captured and be made to square their terrible account.

But while Rome burned Nero fiddled, they say, and enough chin music has come over the wires from Boise and Baker recently to indicate that the fiddlers are at it again. May we not yet be driven to abolish human sleuths and rely altogether on the dogs which do not stop to quarrel and have no more sense than to catch a criminal when put early enough on the trail.

VICE AND THE HOPFIELDS.

WE ALL have individual opinions of Rev. Mr. Ferguson's notions as to vice in the hopfields. The members of the Young Women's Christian Association, who conducted association work in the Krebs yards, have theirs, and it is not in entire accord with Mr. Ferguson's.

It is possible that the clergyman looks at the subject with an overexacting standard. What would seem to be vice to him is not catalogued as vice by another. By that token, statements that seem to him to be true, appear to others as exaggerated and to still others as false.

Probably Rev. Mr. Ferguson thinks there is more vice in the hopfields than is actually there. The world is full of vice, and it would be strange if some of it did not creep into the hopfields. Vice indeed invades every walk of life, even the church; while the pulpit itself has not wholly escaped the shame of unworthy occupants. That the hopfields should come in for a share of misconduct is only human nature. That the percentage should be unhappily large is possible. The nature of the employment, in which the usual social bars are let down, naturally draws some undesirable people to the fields. The environments are such that restrictions are not as feasible as in the home. It is probably true that too much oversight cannot be exercised by parents whose children go to the yards. It is doubtless important, by reason of conditions, that the work begun by the Christian associations in the fields should be extended and continued.

But with all this admitted, a really strong indictment as to the vice there is not made against the hopyards, and it remains true that vast numbers of excellent people go to the fields; that they conduct themselves properly; that they are as decent and respectable as the best; that the work is honorable, and that they derive health and good remuneration from the employment.

WILLAMETTE'S GOOD FORTUNE.

FRIENDS OF that historic institution will be much gratified by another stroke of good fortune that has fallen to Willamette university. The gift of $50,000 by Mr. Eaton of Union, coming at the moment when a larger endowment is sought, will add vast impetus to the latter movement. A better financial foundation has long been overdue at old Willamette. The institution has left her mark on the life and destiny of Oregon. Few states can boast of a political life as pure or a citizenship with loftier ideals or better models. Few states have exhibited equal intelligence in framing a governmental policy, and none is more free of graft and grafters. No state in the Union has manifested such confidence in the intelligence of its citizenship by giving to the latter so free and powerful a hand in modeling and molding public affairs.

Behind all this there was a cause, and in that cause a large factor must have been the educative system of the commonwealth. Long before other educational institutions were organized, Willamette university was sending educated men and women into every part of the body politic. Roses do not spring from cactus, nor ideas from stones, and these early graduates of the old university must have left their impress deep and wide. The influence so exerted must have been a large factor in the development of that eminently respectable citizenship, which, if it has not been overprogressive in material things, has but few rivals in the nobler conceptions of life. Willamette university is a part of the history of Oregon, and sound financial stability should come to her so that her usefulness in citizen building may be lengthened and widened.

THE SEASON OF GOLD.

EACH SEASON is the best, while it lasts. Even winter has its charms. In spring we are fain to wish it were always spring. Summer—in Oregon— is always too brief a season of nature's delightsomeness. Autumn is here, and how is it possible for us to have considered any other season its superior or even equal is now a mystery. It is the season of the flood of gold. The harvest has ended; its rich rewards are in hand, in pocket, in bank; beginning to outflow in all the channels of trade and commerce, supporting and encouraging all classes of people, making all the wheels go round.

To be sure, harvest time in Oregon is not contracted to a single season; the wool harvest, the fish harvest, the livestock harvest and the lumber harvest, come at other seasons as well as this; yet this is here, as elsewhere in these latitudes, especially the harvest season, the harvesting of the yellow gold that represents production, value, wealth, prosperity, progress.

Oregon has, as usual, her share this fall. She has many large and dependable mines—in her farms, her forests, her orchards, her varied and inexhaustible natural resources.

Nature is always harmonious. Her very silences are full of harmony. Her leaves announce the season of cold, of ripeness, of fruitage, of fruition, of reward for the toil of spring and summer. No need now for the warmth of spring or the heat of summer. The air cools as this part of the earth's surface turns away from the sun; the daylight period decreases; signs of a period of comparative rest. Great rewards has faithful mother earth bestowed upon diligent and intelligent toilers; she has outpoured to them a literal harvest of gold; and so in token of her time of ease she sheds her leaves and burnishes her bushes in scarlet and crimson and ochre and vermillion; she, too, is having a fair.

Glorious have been these October days in this yellow, mellow season, the season of gold. We pass, but nature remains, ever beautiful and refreshing in her succession of seasons; true and faithful to all, young and old, rich and poor, eloquently if silently admonishing all of the swift passage of time and the brevity of life, deceiving none, just to all, and annually bringing round its season of gold, that while it enriches also preaches, in glowing or falling leaf and in the death and decay of ephemeral products, of mortality and immortality; of life's ephemerality and of life to be renewed.

A REAL REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.

THE LOS ANGELES Times makes quite a logical criticism of the Portland morning paper on account of its persistent inconsistency in opposing—except during campaigns—a protective tariff, which it acknowledges or asserts is about the "paramount issue" in national politics, and yet in posing as a Republican paper and in fact generally supporting the Republican party. The Los Angeles paper cannot see why a really Republican paper should not support the Dingley tariff law, which it argues is a distinctly Republican measure, while all opposition to it is in fact if not confessedly Democratic. The present tariff law, says the Times, "is the very cornerstone of Republicanism. When we feel compelled to attack that law we will feel compelled also to cease all pretension of being Republican at all. We might possibly have the courage to be independent to that degree if convinced that our party was radically wrong, but we could not hope to display equal adroitness with the Oregonian and to persuade the people that the Times was still Republican."

That is to say, the Times, whatever faults it may have or whether it is mistaken or not, refuses to be a hypocrite and a false pretender, holding itself out to be a Republican paper and supporting Republican candidates, and yet attacking at all off-seasons the very "cornerstone of Republicanism."

But when it comes to defending the Dingley tariff the Times is amusing. It says: "Oregon, like Iowa, is an agricultural state, and Portland, like New York, is a great emporium of export and import business. Communities of these types are always inclined to Calhounism and Bryanism"—meaning freer trade. • • • "But the Portland paper is loyal to Oregon and Portland interests rather than to its party doctrines." Here is a plain, astonishingly frank confession that the Republican party doctrines, particularly the high protective tariff, are in fact in opposition to the interests of Oregon and Portland, as of Iowa and New York—that is, opposed to both agricultural and commercial interests; yet the high tariff being the chief party doctrine, it must on that account be supported and sustained by all papers professing Republicanism.

But as if to supply a slight antidote to this confession that the Republican tariff is opposed to the people's interests, the Times, we cannot but believe in sarcasm, says in conclusion that the tariff is not a tax and that by it foreign manufacturers are made to pay part of the expenses of our government. We haven't seen these old sophistries put in print before for years; even the chief standpat politicians of the country long ago abandoned them as too ridiculous to delude anybody; so we suppose the Times was indulging in a little sardonic gloating over its "nerve" in standing up for the robber tariff even though that tariff is a swindler and an oppressor of the people. Yet its main point seems to be well taken; what right has a newspaper to profess to be one thing, while three quarters of the time being the opposite?

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

A FAIR OMEN of the hour is the agitation with reference to divorce and marriage. The Rock River conference of the Methodist church is about to determine that its clergy shall not perform the marriage ceremony for divorced persons. The hope is to make marriage vows more binding, and the home stronger and safer. Another plan by other people is to have trial marriages, concerning which May Irwin, the actress, remarks it to be her observation that marriages are already nothing more than trial affairs.

It is a good omen that there is widespread agitation for safer, surer marriage. The home is the foundation of society, and the sanctity, society's safety. A home where a mother and father dwell together in unity and by example and precept mold their children into peaceful and well balanced beings, is a pillar of an enduring republic. The children from such a home are the future steady citizens, the leaven of society, and the material for other peaceful and elevating homes. A home torn by strife sends out into the world children educated for strife in coming homes, and units for a questionable citizenship. The subject is one of profound moment because freighted with immense consequences to the country and the race. If men and women come to know, as the Rock River conference believes, that persons once divorced should never marry again, perhaps more prudence would be invoked before marriage and more pains be taken to make the home happy after it. In any event, what we know is that marriage now is often half jest, and many a home so unsettled as to be a travesty on the name.

And now comes the revolutionary suggestion that William C. Bristol should be the next district attorney for Multnomah county! Aside from the fact that he is an honest man and a good citizen, Mr. Bristol's only conspicuous qualifications for the office are a thorough legal training, a stubborn notion that it is the duty of a prosecuting attorney to enforce the law and a gluttonous avidity for hard work. Is there real danger that John Manning may be succeeded by such a man as this? Perish the thought!

Congress will hear loudly from Oregon, and from the Pacific northwest, next winter. We want something out here at the hands of congress, and knowing that our demands are right and reasonable, we are going to have them granted if effort will accomplish it. It is quite time to open up the Oregon rivers.

More railroads and open rivers are the keys that will open the vast treasure house of Oregon, and bring hundreds of thousands of people to help develop the state and share in its limitless resources. The people of Oregon must make and use those keys—or help very largely to do so.

Hymns to Know

The Heavenly Love.

By William Cowper.

[William Cowper (1731-1800), the English poet, often was subject to periods of deep melancholy from which he came to write such words of faith and confidence as these. The scripture allusion is to the question asked of Peter toward the end of the Gospel of John. The hymn was written in 1768.]

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

"I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depth beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

No life is fruitful without frost.

• •

All helpful service is born of sympathy.

• •

Folks who expect failure seldom are disappointed.

• •

Patience with lesser lives is born of the larger life.

• •

Talking about the road to heaven is not the same as walking in it.

• •

You are free from any divinity so long as you desire any humanity.

• •

It's hard to stay blue when you are brightening the lot of another.

• •

Many think they repent the sowing when they only fear the reaping.

• •

There's a lot of difference between saving money and hoping to be saved by it.

• •

You never will have the privilege of sympathy without the price of suffering.

• •

The lives of some of its friends hurt religion more than the logic of its foes.

• •

Perfection is a good deal more than the power of picking faults in other people.

• •

You may know by its warmth and cheer whether a man's light comes from heaven.

• •

Some people never display their retiring dispositions except in the face of an enemy.

• •

Lots of men can outline a brilliant national policy who make a failure of ordinary parentage.

• •

If you go to the church for the sake of your coat you are likely to leave your heart at home.

• •

No wonder the hypocrite deceives himself when he is foolish enough to think he is deceiving the Almighty.

• •

It is a good deal easier to say "brother" in a smooth way than to spend time smoothing your brother's way.

• •

Folks who are seesawing between right and wrong always think that Providence gives them a good many ups and downs in life.

A Sermon for Today

The Great Inspiration.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps."—I Peter, ii:21.

CHRISTIANITY is distinguished and dominated by the ideal of the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth; it is a philosophy and a system of individual and social ethics under the inspiration of a glowing ideal. No matter how greatly its people may differ on other points, all are agreed in recognizing in Jesus the fairest of the sons of men.

There never was a time when the though of this life was more potent than it is today. Men think of him as a fellow being, one who went about doing good, who looked out on life with the windows of his soul unsullied and who lived out ever the hollest and highest that came to him.

The thought of such a one has become so real to men that they do not stop to argue about his existence, as once they did. If it was possible indisputably to disprove the historic Christ men still would cherish, as highly as ever, the ideal, the vision of such a life, and in their hearts would know that such a picture could only have been born of such a person.

This goodly, glorious man no longer is one who now sits on the throne in heaven. Men are not particularly concerned as to whether he is artistically glorified and perpetuated by some divine decree. He has crowned himself in the glory of a pure and beneficent character; he has perpetuated himself in human loves and admiration.

Because he once showed himself as the friend of all, the pure, high-souled friend of the downtrodden and the outcast, the strong, invigorating friend of the rich and successful, he today walks by many a man as his unseen friend, and in busy mart or office men feel the presence of a heavenly guest.

Once men made that life the center of dispute, they sought to prove his divinity by his unlikeness to ordinary humanity. But the facts defeated them. This man whom men so learned to love that they became willing to die for him was in all respects a man. His life is worth so much to us because he was so much like us.

It has come as a new revelation to the world that the supreme religious soul of the ages should be so tenderly, naturally human. We cry "Father!" with a new sense of relationship and fellowship when we see the likeness of the father in the face of such a son.

We are coming to believe that just what the great friend of mankind was so is the great father of us all to us all; that just as the Son of the most high moved among men seeking to help, cheering, comforting, loving, so is the eternal spirit moving in our world, going about doing good.

Once every effort of the theologian was bent to setting this majestic figure apart from mankind, to secure him sovereignty over us by separation from us. How different is that from the simple pictures drawn of him, from the naturalness of his life, from the love which he had for homes and human friendships, from the life which earned the illuminating rebuke of being called a friend of sinners.

It is a good thing for us all often to remember that there has been such a life; that one born in poverty and unknown, far removed from centers of culture and wealth, living the hard life of a peasant, knowing all our temptations and weaknesses, yet should open his life so fully and completely to spiritual influences as to become to all the ages the greatest of all spiritual leaders.

What one has done another may do. What he has been we may be. He had no advantage over us; we know no disadvantage against which he did not have to strive. The divine heights have been scaled by human feet; his footprints beckon us on.

It was just such a life as we all have to live, not separated from men, not that of the monk or cloistered philosopher, but just that of the plain man among his friends and his toil. The lowliest places give opportunity for the expression of the highest graces and for the development of the most glorious traits of character. Let but a man live wholly for the right, be wholly true to the best, seek to be friend to his God and his brother, and he shall know the power of the life from above.

This Date in History.

1710—Port Royal taken by Nicholson, and thereafter called Annapolis by the victors.

1744—Mollie Pitcher, heroine of the battle of Monmouth, born.

1775—United States navy originated by an act of congress providing for the construction of two cruisers.

1784—Ferdinand VII, king of Spain, born.

1812—Sir Isaac Brock, who captured Detroit in the war of 1812, killed at the battle of Queenstown, Canada. Born October 6, 1769.

1815—Murat, king of Naples, condemned by court-martial and shot in a hall of the castle at Pizzo.

1845—Admiral Charles H. Stockton, United States navy, born.

1861—Sir W. Cubitt, inventor of the treadmill, died.

1863—Battle of Wyattes, Mississippi.

1899—Boers invaded Natal and Cape Colony.

Sir Hugh Montagu Allan's Birthday.

Sir Hugh Montague Allan, head of the Allan Steamship company, was born in Montreal, October 13, 1860. He is the second son of the late Sir Hugh Allan of Ravenscrag, Montreal. In 1893 he married a daughter of the late Hector Mackenzie of Montreal. His education was obtained at Bishop's College school, Quebec, and in Paris. Sir Montague is a prominent clubman, being a member of some of the leading clubs in Montreal, London and New York. The steamship line of which he is the head is a distinctly Canadian institution, and of such proportions and progressiveness that almost every resident of the Dominion takes a personal pride in the big transatlantic liners that comprise the fleet.

Those Dalles fair managers couldn't have ordered finer weather.

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