

THE JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill streets, Portland, Ore.

A SOBER THOUGHT FOR SERIOUS PEOPLE

THERE is an explanation that those who are guiding Dr. Withycombe and his campaign owe to the people of this state. Why did they refuse yesterday to give out information on where their candidate was to speak?

Why, very early after his nomination, did they advise Dr. Withycombe to avoid discussion of state issues, and why has Dr. Withycombe almost steadily obeyed them?

Why have these managing persons refused to take the people of Oregon into their confidence, and why has their candidate steadily refused to take the people of this state into his confidence?

Why are his managing persons unwilling to trust Dr. Withycombe to go out uncensored and discuss public questions before the people?

Since his own sponsors are afraid of what Dr. Withycombe may do as a candidate now, what confidence can serious people have in him as a possible head of the state government?

How can they ask that the great office of governor and the administration of big public affairs in this state be committed without question, without information and without guarantees, to unseen managing men and to a non-committal candidate?

man cost of Europe's war. Can the world survive if its picked men are destroyed at such a rate?

A FEW SMILES

The district attorney at a dinner in New York told a story about honesty. "There was a man," he said, "who applied for a position in a dry goods house. His appearance was honest."

"How do you like your new home?" a friend asked a man who had recently moved into the city. "Pretty well," he replied. "Have you called on your neighbors yet?"

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go home, one said to the other:

"I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornin'." "Aye, weel," said the other. "I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornin'."

Booth's Election a Calamity. Portland, Oct. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal:—I am a resident of the West-Booth district and have carefully read the newspaper reports, I am convinced that Mr. Booth's election to the United States senate would be nothing short of a national calamity.

Letters from the People. (Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

The Saloon and Town Boosting. Hood River, Ore., Oct. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal:—When I was at Santa Ana, Cal., last winter, I saw on a billboard near the depot an important notice for Santa Ana and the country adjacent. It wound up by saying "23 churches and no saloons."

THE CONGRESSIONAL FIGHT. SOME say the congressional race is between Mr. Flegel and Mr. McArthur. Others say it is between Mr. Flegel and Mr. Lafferty. Few, if any, say it is between Mr. McArthur and Mr. Lafferty.

PANAMA CANAL TRAFFIC. LITTLE has been said about traffic through the Panama canal since the opening of that waterway. Recently there was announcement that a landside had blocked the canal, but now the fact is known that Colonel Goethals had prepared for just such an emergency. The landside, while spectacular, was not important.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

Did you ever see a sensible love letter? The unattainable is what most of us desire. A wise man takes no chances on a chance acquaintance.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS. The Pendleton post of the Spanish-American War veterans is to be revived. Mayor and Mrs. F. A. French, of The Dalles, are the parents of twin sons, born last Monday.

WHAT ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES? From the Detroit News. What shall be done with the Philippine Islands? Is now the question in congress with that of the Panama canal.

But one condition has delayed the bestowal of independence, and that is the racial and tribal and religious differences in the islands. Men who have spent much time in the islands and have formed acquaintance with the different tribes and races have counted on the government's failure to give them independence, because they believe it would precipitate civil strife and cause the islands to revert to the old conditions, which always baffled Spanish efforts to govern.

Supply Bureau for Home-Makers. By John M. Oskinson. From the secretary of the American Society for Thrift I have a letter which did exactly what its writer hoped it would do—it interested me. I feel sure that you who read this will be interested also.

Questions Regarding Liquor. Portland, Oct. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal:—If it is a good thing for local merchants to have people order wet goods from foreign countries, why not permit them to purchase all merchandise from mail order houses?

THE RAGTIME. Short Cuts. When Phyllis and Arthur Cupid; But, for so long an alpha Dan, He tipped his shafts with Phyllis' love.

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IN EARLIER DAYS

I have just returned from a trip by auto through old Yamhill, one of Oregon's pioneer counties. The old saying used to be, "Old Yamhill against the world." Whenever I go through Yamhill county, and that is quite often, I always think of a traveling evangelist, or "camp meeting preacher," who used to come to the one of the smaller communities in Yamhill county. After dwelling upon the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell, he asked all those who wished to go to heaven to rise. All rose but half dozen or so. He said, "I see some have not risen and apparently do not wish to go to heaven. I'll call all who are willing to go to hell please rise. One or two of the unregenerated arose. Pointing to an old gray haired, benevolent looking pioneer, he said, "I see you have not arisen at either invitation. Where do you want to go to-day? To heaven or to hell?" The pioneer arose and said diffidently, "No, I don't. Old Yamhill is good enough for me."

There is no more of the curving of the engine as we speed over the winding road through ever-changing beauty. Here we pass a farmer at work in the field, turning under the yellow stubble and leaving a dark mourning band around his golden-brown field.

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