

Just Talk

My neighbor said to me "Don't you think, Hobbs, that the peace and quiet of this place are almost heavenly?" I agreed, in full as to the quietness, in part as to the peacefulness—but very little indeed as to the heaviness. In that I see a few points of divergence between this and the "place where my hopes are stayed" and whither my footsteps tend. But allow me to pause a moment at this point to remark—with regret—that I seem to meet far too many of you on this path—My hobbies (no play intended on my own name) seem to me to be the only ones cantering on the upward trend—I sometimes feel a little encouraged about the views of some of the wid—ahem—some of my wife's friends but (softly) I am not at all sure about my—She is a very stubborn person and does not fully indorse my opinions—Indeed she more than intimated that if I were to work up my theories into examples I would shine more brilliantly in her estimation. But to return. My neighbor pointed out—as one of the pastoral beauties of the place that the very streets are mowed for hay. Yes—I know it. I saw it. But it did not strike my sense of progress—of go—in short it did not seem exactly indicative of the strenuous life that is good for the soul. Rather it tends to disillusionment and surfeit of quiet. Now, we want to make of this a city-beautiful that will be an object-lesson to the young people we hope will come here. So, Fellow-townsmen let us go about it as we should go about every thing in life.

"If you've got a thing to do Do it strong and see it through."

Furthermore—to a thrifty person—one used to making the most of the rocky hill sides of my far-away state—it seems wasteful to leave all those unkept roads and way sides and patches. Now, how does this strike you? Let us, this fall, plow and thoroughly cultivate all those waste places that give the town such a ragged look—and next spring after sewing a liberal coat of fertilizer plant every foot to early potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, sweet corn, cucumbers—such like stuff that does not need to ripen—consequently not requiring a long season, and sewing turnip seed when the first crop is removed. Levy a tax of one hour's work out of every twenty-four for every man under sixty and every boy over ten to work those patches which will then be the Town Garden. Sell the produce to the housewives and turn the money in toward the Municipal taxes and, incidentally, turn this ragged town into a thrifty garden.

There is another slight discrepancy between this and the fair city of my hopes—at least—as I imagine it—that is—the water supply. Let us have more water. But even then, water which has to be "man-handled" as much as does our supply here, could hardly approximate the "flowing fountains" or the "still waters"—But as it is the best we can do in this dry country let us search for the hidden springs that lie beneath our feet and beg for plenty. In connection with the Town Garden mentioned above—I meant to have said that I will give one day's plowing and a bushel of seed potatoes (cut—correctly—down to two eyes.) And I will also do my one hour's work without grumbling. Now,

who'll be the next?

Leaving all that, now, to sink in, as I hope it will, I want to ask something, strictly for information. Why do you not take more interest in your home paper? This is a college town—filled plumb up with professors of everything, teachers of everything, graduates of all degrees, and preachers of several doctrine. Why, one could not draw his bow without bringing down a rare bird with some brilliant markings. Why do you sit back with tolerant calm and let your home paper get its items as best it can? My neighbor says: "O, when I have anything to write I send it to the Oregonian; then this paper can use the scissors if it chooses." Yes, but "what's the matter" with the Oregonian taking copy from the Monmouth HERALD? Here are dozens of you whose grey matter teems with facts and fancies—funds of useful information; incidents you have passed through; journeys you have taken. Give us a few bright, snappy lines every week, turn and turn about, six of you this week and six next week and keep it up. We only live this life once; let's live it right and live it strong and help humanity along.

JOHN HOBBS.

Trading At Home

Have you any town, city or State pride? Why do you buy out of town? Boost your town; don't knock or try to kill it.

Why do you buy out of town? You may think you save money but do you?

Every dollar you put out of circulation here at home makes it just so much harder for you to find another dollar to take its place. Is that saving money?

Your home merchant extends you credit when you need it, and you know how often that occurs and for how long you "hang him up," but when you do your cash buying you send your money to some distant city because some things in which the regular price is widely advertised are sold a few cents lower than the price at home.

And the mail order house makes up on something you do not know about, or on the quality of the goods.

When you buy of a home merchant and find that your purchase is not up to the standard you can go to him and have it out. Can you do that when you make your purchase in Chicago?

You may argue that you do not sell your products in this town. Perhaps you don't, but couldn't you do so if the town were larger and more prosperous? Do you think this town will grow if you persist in sending to an out-of-town firm for goods? And wouldn't your products have a greater sale if we all did our share in calling for "Made in Oregon" goods, all things being equal?

If people sending their orders to the big mail order houses would spend the same amount of money in their own towns these towns would be growing just as the larger cities are growing. There would be a larger demand for "Made in Oregon" merchandise, a demand for a larger force of clerks to handle the increased trade and a demand for houses for the new clerks to live in. There would be a larger demand for farm products for them to live upon, a larger demand for the produce that the average farmer raises and is willing to raise more of, if the demand makes it necessary. Think it over and see if your trade would not be of some help toward bringing about these new conditions!

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W. A. GUEFFROY, Pastor.

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Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

W. A. WOOD, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11 a. m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

W. W. DAVIS, Pastor.

Preaching Service, 11:00 a. m.
" " 8:00 p. m.
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. Union, at 6:30

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.

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Are you Loyal to your Home Paper?