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EDITORIALS

The beauties of Oregon so impressed Mrs. Lynette Arnold Henderson of Sioux City, Iowa, that she recently put these impressions into words and these words are the lyrics for the 1915 Rose Festival song.

THE PORTLAND ROSE.

Out west the purpling haze lies close Over wondrous snow-clad peaks, Out west the gleaming waterfall In dazzling brilliance leaps, Out west the sweet, pine scented breeze From the fragrant forest blows, Out west there's a wealth of glorious bloom Out west is the Portland Rose.

CHORUS

The whole world knows the Portland Rose! Its queenly air, its beauty rare Within the heart which all enshrine No other rose is half so fair, Its tint the glint of sunrise shows! Its soft blush glows! It gaily throes Its fragrance to the passing breeze. The whole world knows the Portland Rose. Out west there is wealth for all who come With a brave, undaunted will, The orchards yield their perfect fruit, The streams run many a mill, There's precious hidden ore to mine, Golden grain luxuriant grows, There's wealth in the herds of peace-ful kine, There's wealth in the Portland Rose. Out west the men and women stand Side by side for all that's fair, They bravely fight for civic right, The hardest task they dare, They greet you with their outstretched hands, With the spirit the west bestows, Their hearts are as pure, and sweet, and good, As the heart of the Portland Rose.

SINNOTTS BILL NOT IN EFFECT YET

To correct a general misapprehension that the Sinnott bill granting additional homestead rights is now a law, and for the information of those of our readers affected by this bill, the Journal herewith publishes the fact that the said homestead bill will not become a law until June 3, 1915, as it was approved by the President March 3rd and like all United States laws does not go into effect until three months after its passage and approval.

This law provides that a person who has proved up on a 160 acre homestead, and still owns it, can take up another 160 acres if such be adjoining his original homestead, and will not have to live on the second 160 acres; provided, however, that he is not the owner of any other land. In order to get title to the second 160 acres, he will have to cultivate 40 acres of it, unless he had more than 40 acres cultivated on his first 160 acres. To put the matter in a nutshell, he

will be required to have 80 acres cultivated on his entire 320 acres, and all the plowing could be on one of the two quarter sections. If it be impossible to get that much plow land on the entire half-section, then it will be necessary to submit that fact to the land office, and an inspection will be made by a special agent, who will report "favorable" if he finds the cultivation provisions of the law have been complied with as far as possible.—Fossil Journal.

Questions and answers

(We offer this Column to our readers to ask any question they see fit, on the Bible, History, or any subject that will be of interest. Questions to be asked and answered by our readers. No subject of a controvertible nature will be considered or published as we do not offer this column for the discussion of Dogmas or creeds, but for the benefit of those who desire information.—Ed.)

BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1 Why did Moses give up the riches of Egypt? 2 What was Philip's answer to the eunuch's first question? 3 What are the scriptures able to do? 4 By what is man to live? 5 By what animal was the Medo-Persian empire represented? 6 What beast came out against that animal? 7 What was the result of the conflict? 8 What nation did the beast represent? 9 What is usually symbolized by the term waters? 10 What is symbolized by the "little horn" which subdued the ten horns?

What is the first lesson of life? There would of course be many different answers to this question. Here is the way James Russell Lowell put it—and what he says is worth thinking about: "The first lesson of life is to burn our own smoke; that is, not to inflict on outsiders our personal sorrows and petty morbidness, not to keep thinking of ourselves as exceptional cases."

As I was taking a walk early one morning in April I noticed two little barefoot boys on their way to school. The smallest one stumbled and fell; and although he was not much hurt he began to cry and whine in a babyish way—not a regularly roaring boyish cry, as the he were half killed, but a little cross whine. The older boy took him by the hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said; "O never mind, Roy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle, full of life. "I can't whistle as nice as you Johnny," said Roy, "my lips won't pucker up good." O that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Johnny, "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive all the whine away." So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows that morning they were whistling away as tho that was the chief aim of life. Try this when you are inclined to whine.

Fixing Up an Election. A curious incident once occurred at Patton on an election for parliament. Sir Mark Wood, who had been one of its members for several years, had as his colleague in the parliament of 1812 Sir William Courvoisier, the inventor of the famous "Congreve rocket." The latter resigned in 1816, and the baronet wished his own son to fill the vacancy. There were only three voters in the constituency—Sir Mark, his son and his butler, named Jennings—but as the son was away and the butler had quarreled with his master an opportunity was afforded for a singular reversal. Jennings refused to second Sir Mark's nomination of his son and proposed himself, and a deadlock was averted only by Sir Mark coming to terms with the refractory butler, whose nomination he seconded in order to induce him to act as a seconder to his son. Matters being thus put formally in train, Sir Mark arranged with Jennings that the former's vote should be alone given, and the final state of the poll at Patton's only known contest stood thus: Wood (Tory), 1; Jennings (Whig), 0.—Westminster Gazette.

Snow Ice Cream.

Snow ice cream—what a joy it used to be to the child heart! Mother used to make it when she had been importuned to "dis let us have one more cupful, mom." The youth of today, perhaps, does not need that joy, with everything so handy for buying "store" ice cream. But never can such makeshift take away the memory of the earlier dish. It was so easy to make too. Nature kindly furnished the foundation, and all that was necessary was to add sugar and milk. When a new fall of snow came the children watched anxiously until it became deep enough to scoop up cupfuls of the crystal. Then it was carried to mother and milk poured in and more snow added, and then more milk poured in and more snow added, until there was a full cupful. Sugar was added until the taste was just right and the mixture was placed out of doors until it had become a half frozen mass, and there was the ice cream!—Indianapolis News.

Nicked Arteries.

A "nick" in an artery is sometimes more dangerous than its complete severing, for the coats of arteries are formed of muscular tissue, which contracts, and a slight cut at once expands into a round or oval hole, through which the hemorrhage continues unless the artery be tied. When an artery is completely severed the cut ends tend to turn in and close the tube. In the case of a small artery this closing sometimes needs no assistance. In the case of a larger artery the surgeon ties it at once and thus closes it for good. The New York Medical Journal reports two cases at Lincoln hospital in which hemorrhages broke out over and over again for several weeks in arteries that had only just been nicked and that were finally healed by being tied just as if they had been severed.

A Question of Numbers.

Herbert Spencer did not agree with the scientists who favored the metric system. He said it is artificial and unsatisfactory, ten being divisible by only two numbers—two and five—and in one case the result is fifths, which are practically useless in the everyday life of the people. The decimal system is similarly objectionable, he contended, because it has an imperfect fourth and a more imperfect third, both of which are desirable in ordinary transactions. He regarded twelve as one of the most favorable numbers, as it is easily divisible into groups of units for popular use.

Tracing It Back.

"Inquire" says: "I am making a collection of the best examples of modern slang. What does 'double cross' mean?" Glad to oblige you. The slang you mention is modern, but the source is classical. Caesar crossed the Rubicon. Then he recrossed it. This is called "double crossing the Rubicon." Shortly afterward the fighting began.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Proposal.

"Can you wash clothes?" asked the maid young lover. "What's that?" asked the surprised maiden. "Can you wash dishes?" "Say, I thought this was a proposal of marriage? What do you run, anyway—a laundry or a restaurant?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Easier Employment.

"I understand," said the letter carrier, "that some of those ancients did all their writing on rocks and bricks." "Yes," replied the professor. "Well, these times have their disadvantages. But I'd rather be a letter carrier now than then."—Washington Star.

It Hit Him.

"Yes," observed the egg, "my theatrical venture was a great success. I was cast for the heavy villain and made a tremendous hit."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Retort Fatherly.

"I want to marry your daughter. I love her," said the suitor. "What makes you think I don't?" replied her dad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Trifles.

Gertie—I wish to show you that I don't stand on trifles.—Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.—London Telegraph.

If Caesar Had a Phone.

Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman postoffice endeavoring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capitol and at the palace. "I am intrusted by the emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison need not call again with his magician's apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would have happened. "Hello, 1287 Thier! Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rangst me up this morning. What! Details of a plot? Go not to the senate today? Beware of Brutus? Go not near Casca? Right, and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, although Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life and with it the fortune of Rome was saved.—From "If They Had Thought of It" in Strand Magazine.

Funeral Souvenirs.

Weird funeral souvenirs of Dutch origin were called "doed-koecks," or "dead cakes." With a small bottle of wine and a pair of gloves two of these were sent by way of invitation to relatives and friends whom one wanted to attend the funeral. The original recipe for these cakes, which is said to be authentic, called for fourteen pounds of flour, six pounds of sugar, five pounds of butter, one quart of water, two teaspoonfuls of pearl ash, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one ounce of cranberry seed. These were baked in four inch squares, then frosted and marked with the initials of the "de partied friend." Sometimes they were eaten at the funeral dinner, but usually they were taken away, like wedding cakes, as souvenirs. Many bakers made a specialty of "funeral cookies," one baker in Philadelphia advertising the specialty as recently as 1748.—New York Tribune.

Real Joy of Farm Owning.

I am not a gentleman farmer, with a great estate over which I ride once in awhile and leave all the real work to my underlings. I cannot think there would be great fun in this. No, I like to take hold with my Portuguese man and plant and spray and trim and prune. To be sure, he does more than his share of the rough work, and much of the year I must be cultivating other kinds of fields than those that grow cabbages and turnips, but the fun of farming comes from being a real farmer while you are one, getting close to the soil, becoming intimate with every living thing, whether it be a plant or animal; loving your tomato vines and raspberry bushes, taking a real pride in your eggplants and your brussels sprouts, whether you get a prize for them at the county fair or not.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark in Countryville Magazine and Suburban Life.

A Recipe For Ghosts.

It is generally understood that "seeing ghosts" is the result of indigestion. The following notes may be useful to amateurs anxious to investigate psychological phenomena: Lobster salad eaten after midnight, one ordinary ghost with chains. Two Welsh rabbits and a mince pie, one mysterious gray lady emitting groans. Cold roast pork, mixed pickles and strong tea taken immediately before retiring, a genuine family specter carrying his head under his arm. A portion of cake, result of daughter's first lesson at cookery school, a troop of fearsome blood stained hobgoblins with blue lights shining out of empty eye sockets.—New York Journal.

Cleaning a Watch Chain.

Gold or silver watch chains can be cleaned with a very excellent result, no matter whether they be matt or polished, by laying them for a few seconds in pure aqua ammonia. They should then be rinsed in alcohol and finally shaken in clean sawdust, free from sand. Instantly gold and plated chains should be cleaned in benzine, then rinsed in alcohol and afterward shaken in dry sawdust.—St. Louis Republic.

No Late Hours There.

Guest—What possessed you to move away off here to the extreme edge of the city? Host—The trolley cars stop running at 10 p. m. "What of that?" "Wait till you see my pretty daughter."—New York Weekly.

Their Division.

"I see where a criminal lawyer has taken his daughter into partnership with him. How do they divide the cases?" "He takes the following, and she the mis-demeanors."—Baltimore American.

Satirical.

Willie Willis—What's a "satirical touch," pa? Papa Willis—It's the fellow who borrows money of you and then kilds you about it whenever you meet.—Puck.

An Exception.

Big—No man ever succeeded in business who kept watching the clock. Dix—Oh, I don't know. There's the train dispatcher.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Skeptical.

Not one man in a thousand who rolls down to the bottom of the hill can make the world believe he did it for avarice.—Atlanta Constitution.

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