

State Press Flashlights.

If you buy out of town, and if your neighbor buys out of town, what will become of your town. Think of these things—News Reporter.

The Willamina Times makes a plea for cemetery improvement. But cemeteries are places in which many people are but slightly interested and which they never visit until they have to, and then it is too late for them to do anything.—Hillsboro Independent.

W. S. U'Ren has dropped the agitation of the single tax churn long enough to purchase a hardware stock at Dayton, over which he will have personal charge. It is hoped he will meet with better success in his honest occupation than he enjoyed in attempting to foist his single tax ideas upon the voters of Oregon.—Sheridan Sun.

If we build roads that will last 50 or 100 years, why shouldn't the coming generation—who will enjoy them pay their share? A bond issue spread over a period of 50 years would distribute the burden so lightly that we would never notice it. If we wait until we have the money on hand we will never get better roads than we now have. Think this over carefully.—News Times.

It isn't very material which route to the coast is chosen if the new wagon road if all three counties at first considered are not to join in the construction. If Yamhill is to build it herself, she should select the shortest and cheapest route, and go to work. It is needed, and will mean more to Yamhill County commercially than most people are wont to think.—Telephone Register.

The little town of Lewis, Kansas, whose population is about 700, has found an effective method of dealing with the cigarette habit without having recourse to passing laws. The young men of the town simply banded themselves together and refused to accept the company of any young man who was known to be a user of cigarettes. If press reports may be relied upon, cigarette smoking declined amazingly as soon as the young men realized that the girls meant what they said.—Oregon Register.

When one stops and looks about him a bit, or reads a little, it does not appear as if it ought to be hard to understand "Why is the high cost of living?" A recent report is to the effect that the public in the United States last year paid \$275,000,000 to see the "movies"—which was \$75,000 more than the estimated gains of farmers from the higher prices of grains. Down in Portland a couple of weeks ago we counted forty automobiles in one city block. It is safe to say their average cost was \$1,500 each—a total of \$60,000. Ten machines in one city block would have been a curiosity six years ago.—Polk County Itemizer.

Upon America has been impressed the greatest task a country has ever been called to face, that of keeping an entire nation upon the face of the earth. Some of the men will come back from the war. They will establish homes, begin life again. Thousands upon thousands will never return. The sturdy little Belgian nation will dwindle to a handful unless America keeps the spark of life alight. Every Belgian baby must be kept alive if the nation is to be saved. It can be done in only one way. We must feed Belgium. We must feed those able to work unless conditions are adjusted and work created for them. We must feed those unable to work—the old and the sick men and women. We must feed the children. We must feed the mothers, and the mothers with little babies in their arms.—Astorian.

With stupendous egotism Colonel Roosevelt proceeds to attack the Women's National Peace Federation and stigmatizes it as "silly and base." That an ex-president of the United States should descend to such levels is but evidence of the sorry straits to which men are led who let their egotism run away with their reason and sacrifice all their powers at the altar of notoriety. With equal impunity he faces the charges brought against him by Boss Barnes and swaggers through the evidence with an air that says plainly, "Yes, I admit it all, but I did it, and therefore it is right." There ought to be more regard for truth and propriety on the part of would be leaders of thought, and less regard for cheap publicity that will blazen their name forth, regardless of the motives and the purpose that actuate them. Roosevelt will go down in history as a man exalted to the highest places of power in the gift of a people, but who, led astray by an

insatiable for notoriety, sacrificed all the worthless powers of a gifted intellect to the passions of popularity that possess him, and so lost his power for good and his enduring influence among the people he sought to counsel and lead.—Willamina Times.

If you had a falling out with a neighbor and are contemplating going to law to get satisfaction it may be profitable to you to read the following from the pen of Walt Mason says, the Newberg Graphic:

"Old Wax and I lived side by side and never had a row, until one day he lammed the hide of my brindle cow. He said she chewed a suit of clothes that hung upon a line—and well, I biffed him on the nose and he soaked me on mine. We owned our homes, were out of debt—had money in the bank—the day he hit my brindle pet and I gave him that spank. Awhile we stood around and cussed and wagged the fluent jaw, until, surcharged with deep disgust, we turned and went to law. Oh, that was bum and beastly sport, the lawyers, smooth and deit, conveyed the case from court to court and taxed us right and left. Now at the poor farm Wax and I in our fading years; I lean on him and heave a sigh and he bursts into tears. Sometimes we wonder down the road where once we done our biz; a lawyer lives in my abode another lives in his. Then to the poor farm back we go and seek our couch of straw, and dream of joys we once did know before we went to law."

The editor of the Benton County Courier, who as editor of the Oregon City Courier during the past political campaign was a meek and lowly disciple of the great Woodrow and an implicit believer in his theory of tariff reduction, has dropped the hood wink from his vision and is permitted to view conditions as they actually exist with the husks of political bias removed. This Benton county editor frankly admits that has been betting on the three shell tariff game and lost and says: With a splendid opening for being called a "wump" and lots of other horrid names, we are going to express our opinion. Twoan d a half years ago Woodrow Wilson was elected on the platform that the tariff was a tax, and as soon as congress reduced that tax there would be continuous bargain days on the wears and tears. How has it panned out? It should be marked "Exhibit A," consigned to the archives of what is ended, and we mutts who put the deal over should call for the kicking machine. According to all the rules of the game prices should be lower when the tariff is reduced. Any kid can see this. But the game isn't played according to Hoyle these days. It is played according to "He Who Gets Has." The writer of this article was one of many conscientious supporters of the tariff reduction theory, but he is fast coming to a realization that he had a distorted vision. Looked good, and you couldn't see it only in one way: If there was a tariff tax of a cent a pound on a commodity we consumed a heap of, it was just as certain as water runs down hill that we get the stuff a cent less per pound. But we didn't. We lowered the bars and let meat come in. It came in ship loads from Australia, came in a lot cheaper than we were paying, but in the final pass out it went onto the same scales at the same price as the domestic beef that the meat trust fixes prices for. We took the tariff off hides and reduced it on leather so we could have shoes cheaper, and the price of shoes has steadily advanced. On almost every article we eat or wear the Wilson congress reduced duties so we could have our stuff cheaper—and we got gold bricked for fair. This country got left of millions of dollars on import duties; the trusts and importers got heaps of foreign goods cheaper, and we got it where Alice wore the necklace. To be sure the European war has framed up a convenient excuse, but it leaks. The goods will be marked up to a certain selling price, the fellows that fix prices will stand pat, and you and I will pay that price, regardless of which old party is in power. It's the three shell game. We've played it for years, and the most of us will continue to be buncoed. It isn't the tariff that needs lowering; but the combination that fix and maintain prices. Tariff reduction is simply a national benefit of the combinations and a national joke for the people.

An unknown man was found dead in the outskirts of a small Kansas town recently. A revolver and \$100 in cash were found on his person. The coroner held an inquest and it took \$75 to defray the expenses and bury the body. The police judge fined the corpse \$25 dollars for carrying concealed weapons and confiscated the gun. The local editor who published the obituary got nothing.—Altoona (Kansas) Tribune.

Don't Like it in Iowa.

Winterset Iowa, May, 5. My Dear Old Headlight, I once read of divine man that called to his attendant to bring him the book. The attendant inquired "what book". He replied, "There is but one book the Bible."

So I am beginning to awake to the fact there is but one country—the Pacific Coast. I have been in this city a week. Its the county seat of Madison county, one of the best counties in the state, beautifully located, a railway has been here for 45 years, the soil is rich, the county well watered, best timber in the state is here, fine stone is quarried here, but with all it has not grown in the 40 years I have been away. The old school house where I was born, that was built 56 years ago, still stands; with but seven pupils enrolled, so I am seeing and trying to understand what it really takes to make a country. If rich soil was all, its here. If level lands so there is virtually no waste make a country, its here. But, sir, this people are far from being up to the plain we Oregonians enjoy. We excel them in church property. Their school buildings doesn't compare with ours. The barns and dwellings are a sad disappointment to me. The roads are not any ways near what they could or should be in a county like this. The small farmer is gone. The land is getting into the hands of the few. Blue grass pasture is taking the place of the cornfield. The state, while the richest in soil in the United States, is not adding to its population but, actually decreasing. I see no public improvements, but the old timer with a shudder will speak of his tax receipt and the extravagance of roads and schools. And it makes me feel like taking a sobry corn stalk and handing him one. Those poor old land hogs actually pay school teachers \$40.00 a month, and I heard of one preacher that got \$600 a year and all he did was to preach for two congregations nine miles apart, visit their sick, bury their dead, and worry day and night to keep his flock from turning to Durock Hogs. Thank God I am to have the privilege of skinning some of them, and I am just going to do it good, for I am never coming back here, see. I am not writing only for one purpose, and that is to try to close the clam shells of the knockers at home. I have been here eight days. Have been roasted two days, scared by lightning, had the windows all knocked out of my bedroom with hail. Next morning I tried to take a walk and all the mud that touched my feet stuck so tight I had to get a case knife to cut it loose. I am expecting to start home June 15, via Yellow Stone Park. I am out for a time but if my Lord spares my life I will have my best time upon returning to the land of pure air, good water, beautiful women, lovely children, and where a good majority of our men are not afraid to spend money to improve the country. In my devotions I am asking my Lord to bless old Oregon and grant me a safe journey home.

I enjoyed the company of the Rev. White of Tillamook as far as Des Moines, Iowa. I close by sending all my best regards. C. H. Waymire.

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