

The position assumed by the daily papers on the question of permitting these disgraceful and demoralizing prize fights is a surprise to the better class of citizens. Admitting that in their province as newspapers they are called upon to chronicle these brutal exhibitions, it does not follow that they should devote their columns to arguments in their favor or to efforts to hide the fact that they are prize fight of the genuine kind. All pretend that the contest last Saturday night was anything else than a genuine "knock out" fight is of the shallowest kind. To be sure the manager announced that "This will be a ten-round contest for points," but the announcement was hailed with yells and hoots of derision. The audience came to see a prize fight, and the fighters proceeded at once to give them one. All talk about "points" is the veriest sham. There was no one keeping score of "points," and when the fight was stopped no one knew or cared how many "points" either contestant had. They only knew that one of them had been knocked all about the ring by the other in a fight that showed more genuine slogging and less actual fistic science than probably any of them had ever before witnessed. When the papers say that "The chief of police knew that it was no prize fight," they say falsely. The chief of police did know it was a prize fight, and the papers knew it was a prize fight. Admitting that the police only interfered for political reasons, is simply to admit that they did their duty from improper motives. It makes no difference what the motive was, the contest was a brutal prize fight and ought to have been stopped, and the daily press will do the city no good nor add to their reputation with the better portion

of the community by efforts to convince the people that there was no reason for stopping the fight but a political one. If Chief Parish knows his duty and will do it, as he says, he will interfere in every contest that shows by the manner of its conducting that "a contest for points" is really "a fight to a finish." Whether there was any "politics in it" or not, the stopping of the prize fight at the pavilion last Saturday night was a proper thing for the police to do, unless prize fighting pure and simple is to be permitted in Portland. When a "contest for points" is conducted so savagely that in two rounds one man has his face covered with blood and has been knocked down so many times that every spectator looked for the next blow to knock him senseless, it is high time the police put a stop to the battle. It might as well be settled right now whether Portland is to become a paradise for pugilists or is to remain a city noted as in the past for culture, intelligence and respectability. What kind of a reputation do the people of Portland desire for their city? Do they want it known as the city that has the finest high school in America or the place where Paddy Miles knocked out Billy Patterson? The choice is offered them now, for right at this time the decision must be made. San Francisco has acquired a reputation the world over as a place where brutal prize fights are permitted, undoubtedly to the great injury of the city in other respects. Portland, it is to be hoped, has no desire to rival her in this questionable notoriety. The efforts of a crowd of "sports," but few of whom are actual citizens or have any real interest in the welfare of the city, to boom Portland for prize fighting ought to be summarily ended.

APRIL NIGHT.

God calls the day; soft, luminous and slow,
The great sun trembles down the flaming west,
And lays its gold upon the sea's calm breast.
Into the east, in one white, chastened glow,
Rises the moon, silver and large, so low
It seems to shake itself free from the trees.
The violets' eyes are wet with dew; the breeze
Is sweet with last night's rain; and white as snow
The fruit trees stand, pure as a dream of love
Or kisses of a child; their pale blooms fall
Like countless stars along the dim twilight.
I hear the mellow-toned frogs; above
Me, on the hill, I hear the night birds call,
And so comes on the pulsing April night.

ELLA HINGGINS.