EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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I have been young and now am old, and have not yet known an untruthful man to come to a good end.—Berthold Auerbach.

DON'T FAIL TO VOTE.

DURING THE campaign now about ended The Journal has plainly presented, from day to day, the reasons why Dr. Lane and not Mr. Devlin should be elected mayor of this city for the next two years. The result now awaits the determination of the voters.

We believe that an undoubted majority of the voters desire Mayor Lane's election, for the reasons which The Journal has stated, and which most of them would have been aware of and we hope responsive to, even if this paper had not been in existence. Yet it may happen that Mayor Lane will be defeated simply because of negligence or inertia on the part of many voters, who, if they went to the polls, would vote for him. For this reason, and as we are sure in the interest of the city as a whole, and in the interest of good government and an inflexibly upright administration, we appeal to all voters who desire or prefer Mayor Lane's reelection, to go to the polls and vote Monday.

Many good, honest citizens will vote for Mr. Devlin, of course, and for such we have no word of censure or criticism; but consider, all good, honest citizens who prefer Lane to Devlin, that all the "undesirable" voters will fail not to go to the polls and vote almost unanimously for Devlin. For a good Lane citizen to stay away from the polls on some small excuse, helps by a vote the candidate who is backed by the "undesirable" elements.

Since this is so; since the battle has assumed this complexion; since it is in the main a fight between vice and virtue, between privilege to a few and a square deal to all, it behooves every friend of the city, of the people as a whole, of square uprightness in office and civic cleanliness and decency, to go and vote for Mayor Lane.

This is an important and an urgent duty. With a full vote of all good citizens Mayor Lane will be elected beyond a doubt, but without a full vote of such citizens he may not be. No man, old or young, whatever his business or the pressure of his affairs, who is for Lane ought to fail to vote. To do so is to neglect an imperative duty at a critical moment.

A DARK VIEW OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

THE Industrial Magazine for May contains an article by Lindon W. Bates which points out what he considers some very serious defects in the engineering plans adopted for digging the Panama canal and, which, he predicts, may leave large sections of the canal when completed liable to sudden destruction. The specialists who designed the plan of the canal have been, he says, glaringly adventurous, and the execution of the work has been "disappointing and extravagant. Three years have gone into little beyond preparations, yet these three years with but one-twentieth of the earth handling achieved, have used up 30 per cent of the fund allotted to the entire construction." He claims that the reported amount of dirt taken from Culebra cut has been exaggerated at least one-third. He thinks the excavation of 815,000 cubic yards by 63 steam shovels during three months of dry weather does not make a satisfactory showing when 144,000,000 cubic yards are to be handled, and asks what is to be expected during the languishing nine months of rain. Under the present plan and system, he says, "years far beyond the reckoning and appropriations beyond all calculations must be consumed" before the canal is ready for ships.

But worse than this is the growing consciousness and conviction of the technical unfitness of the canal when finished. "No snubbing of the majority of the international board has sufficed to cover the truth, that they denounced in the strongest terms the dangers and the impracticabilities of the present government project. Their report had a very limited issue and it was extremely hard to get. Nothing is more surprising than the unfamiliarity of even the specialist journals with the detailed warnings and the strong condemnations set down against the 85-foot canal design with its great Gatun and Pacific dams and lock-flights. Had this report been given broad circulation the people would have taken alarm for they would have known what order of waterway was being prepared for them."

Mr. Bates says no such project "upon alluvial foundations, in the hills and artesian foundations in the gorges has ever yet been attempted," and that all tests showed its impracticability. He calls the enterprise gambling on great hazards, and says that those who talk of completing the canal in eight years "are deluded or deluding leaders of the credulous." He calls the plan a "monstrosity," and gives what seems to a layman good reasons. The Gatun dam is characterized as "an audacious raid into the spectacular and law-defying," and so is the 85-foot tier of locks. To take vessels 1,000 feet long and of great beam up a tier of three locks and down another "staircase" is extremely hazardous. The international board of engineers is quoted in support of all these criticisms.

Mr. Bates describes this dam, which he says will be entirely insufficient in such a locality to hold back the rush of waters of a lake 110 square miles in area and 85 feet deep. Any accident, such as ramming the gates, would precipitate a catastrophe. "Where the dam leaves the harder bed of the hill and crosses the softer formations of the gorges, there are four points where a small subsidence could easily start a breach. The eating power of a lake under such head is enormous. If the waters got once well started nothing could save the dam. The lake emptying into the canal itself would sweep its way to the ocean in a cataclysm without parallel. On the Pacific side the dangers are scarcely less. Here again high, massive dams hold back a deep lake and lock flights with defenses fatuous and unavailing, leave shipping and canal bed at the mercy of a mishap. Panama City is right under the new Corozal dam and adds to the vital values that are put in pledge." So there is imminent danger that either end of the canal would be annihilated.

We do not know that this writer is qualified to judge of the situation, and he may be a chronic pessimist or have a grievance, and we are bound to suppose that the government engineers have considered all these matters; yet it would not be surprising if Mr. Bates should be more than half right. Perhaps these conditions explain why Wallace, Shonts and Stevens gave up the job as soon as they had looked it over.

A FREE-LUNCHLESS TOWN.

SEATTLE is indeed a marvelous city. It manages always somehow to keep in the public eye. Not many years ago it was noted, among other things, as being the wickedest city in the United States. But after it got tired of that reputation, which it must be admitted was well sustained, it elected a reform mayor, and has lately attained celebrity as an unusually moral and well-behaved town, at least on the surface, and by contrast. Gambling was stopped, the worst dives were closed up, saloons were forced to obey the laws, even to the extent of closing on Sundays, and so Seattle posed again before the admiring world as a city of wonders.

But not content with otherwise regulating saloons the Seattle council, in the abundance of its civic virtue, has passed an ordinance prohibiting free lunches in saloons. The dispensers of wet goods may pursue their business, but must no more tempt the hungry as well as thirsty into their places with a free lunch display. Whether the virtuous council argued that the average free lunch was a thirst-provoker and so tended to irresponsible inebriety, or whether the interest of cheap restaurants was considered, is not known, but Seattle has made itself famous again as having acquired such an excess of civic virtue that no saloon free lunches are tolerated there.

This will be a hard blow on the hoboes, and other towns may have to pass a like ordinance in order to protect themselves from exemplars of the simple life, who will shake the dust of Seattle from their shoes. As yet, however, this has not become an issue in the present municipal campaign.

We have not observed Chairman Cake pointing with pride to the record of his party in the last legislature in the matter of franchises or of increasing the state's revenues as proposed by the tax commission. With that record staring the people in the face and pinching their pockets, it would seem that the more partisanship is injected into the municipal campaign the worse it would be for the machine.

The trouble always in cities is to get people who really desire good, honest, decent government to take as much interest in municipal elections as people take who for their own bad purposes desire the other kind of government. This is the trouble right now in Portland. If the good government people can be gotten out to the polls that side will win.

Mr. Thomas and those who supported him in the primary are nearly if not quite all working for Lane, not only because they are Democrats, but because they are citizens who are earnestly desirous of good government. There is none of the undesirable "North End" element among them.

Devlin has appealed to Republicans, to Italians, to Masons, to all sorts of classes and orders and divisions and clans and nationalities, but it may be doubtful if any of them are "solid" for him unless it is the bartenders' union.

Senator Fulton does not live in Portland, but he has a good many friends here, who very likely will resent Monday the strenuous attempt being made by the machine to do him up.

A full vote and a strictly honest vote means Lane's election beyond a doubt. This being so, the mayor's friends know what is necessary. Get out the vote; watch.

An exposition in 1915 to celebrate the completion of the Panama canal is talked of, but this is one of the affairs that will probably have to wait a few years.

Every other "end" should combine to beat what has come to be popularly understood by the term the "North End."

In the Springtime.

From the Denver News.

Says the Chicago Examiner: "There are other things in spring besides love and poetry." Yes, there's zero weather, frozen flowers and fruit buds, a new spring suit plucked too soon, an Easter hat calmly reposing in its box on the top shelf of the closet, a semi-occasional cuss word, as well as other unseasonable things that cannot now be recalled.

DECENCY AND MORALITY THE REAL ISSUES

EVERY enterprising city must make its struggle against the fate of becoming a "wide-open" town. Portland has had the struggle, and with alternating results. It has seen the time—not very remote—when a good part of its revenue was the price paid by crime for immunity and protection. It has encountered, in a never-ending war, the foes of social order and public decency. Sometimes and too often it has been worsted in the fight, when the very government of the people has become the citadel of its enemies. More than once, aye, many times more than once, the forces of vice and corruption and crime have commanded and used in their own behalf the very emblems and instruments and offices of the people's power and justice.

It is strange that the quality of wide-openness should ever have been deemed a blessing. Public order, decency and security are so essential to communal happiness that it is wonderful they should ever have been sacrificed by a virtuous people at any pecuniary price whatever. It is still more wonderful that a business instinct could ever have been befooled with the delusion that vice, as a governmental policy, could ever become a paying institution.

We are up against that question again. Political questions are in abeyance. Economic questions, streets, sewers, taxes, offices, salaries, important enough in their kind and degree, yield now to the paramount issue, raised by the presence of a solid phalanx of vice, fronting social order. Is Portland to surrender once more to the audacity of the north end cohorts?

If that is the question, and the people shall know that it is the question, it will be settled Monday in a thunderstorm of wrath. Portland will not repeat her costly experiments of the past. She will never be an open town again—not if she knows it.

That is, indeed, the question. Mr. Devlin cannot alter or escape it. This issue was not made to hand. No real issue ever was so made, and the pleasing platitudes of the politicians who opened the Devlin campaign are lost in this conflagration of this burning problem. Flushing streets has a pleasant sound in the Devlin oratory, but it is not heard in the uproar of a deluge that shall make a deeper sweep.

The issue has come in deeds, not words. It takes a shape of flesh and blood in the person and character of a Captain of the People who for two years has headed the forces of public decency against the forces of public degradation. The issue is Dr. Harry Lane and the open record of his administration.

It is in vain that this record is assailed. All the letter writers of the north end cannot obscure that daily knowledge of the people which a two-years' battle has brought to their hearts and hearths and homes. You cannot make people believe that this is an open town in a two-weeks' campaign of calumny. Dr. Lane's campaign began two years ago. Surely the politicians must believe that the people sleep between elections.

You cannot elect Dr. Lane without commending his policy. You cannot beat him without beating his policy. Mr. Devlin is only an incident. Whether with or without his fault, whatever his promises or intentions, the fact remains that the open town has chosen him for its candidate. His victory will mean its victory. For even if he should disappoint these unspeakable creatures his success would have demonstrated that the open town element has the power to elect a candidate of its own choice.

This is the thing to show the open town it never can do again. It is to settle now and hereafter that organized vice, the conjuration of crime, can have no part or influence in campaigns or elections or administrations. It is to destroy the open town element as a political asset of every party and every candidate, and to show the saloons and dives of this city that their sure and certain way to beat a man for mayor is to support him.

The Play

Certainly the most sumptuous Shakespearian production ever given in this city is "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," which was presented at the Heilig last night by Miss Annie Russell and her company. As the elfish "Puck," Miss Russell presents a characterization that is considered the crowning achievement of her stage career.

Portland has never before witnessed a performance of this exquisite Shakespearian comedy so remarkable in its scenic features, so superb in its acting and at the same time following the original text so closely. Its scenic features are wondrously beautiful, its mechanical devices delightfully amazing.

The predominating feature of the piece is of course Miss Russell who fairly bewilders the audience by her interpretation of the part of that mischievous sprite of the forest who finds such pleasure in mystifying mortals who invade his domain. Many of the greatest stars have attempted this part, but none has handled it with such exquisite art as has Miss Russell. Her roguish melody of voice, contagious laughter and airy grace combine to make of this eerie creature a being of infinite charm.

Wagenhalls & Kemper have provided Miss Russell with a magnificent production. The forest scenes, the entrance of Puck flying through the air and perching upon a tree, the marvelous flying ballet, and the wonderful electrical effects provide the most spectacular performance that has been seen at the Heilig.

Supporting Miss Russell is a large company, man of whom are actors of recognized ability. John Bunny, who has the part of Bottom, the part that is next in importance to that of the star, achieves a personal triumph. It is in the last act when he and his boisterous companions are producing the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe for the edification of the duke and his guests that Bottom comes into his own.

Miss Lansing Rowan and Miss Catherine Proctor, playing respectively the parts of Helene and Hermia, won enthusiastic applause and in the quarrel scene did an excellent piece of acting. Among the other members of the company who appeared to unusually good advantage was Atkins Lawrence as Egeus, father of Hermia, Edwin Mordant as Theseus, Oswald Yorke as Lysander and Lionel Adams as Demetrius.

"A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" was repeated this afternoon and will be presented again tonight. There was a large audience at the Heilig last night which was enthusiastic in its appreciation.

Beethoven for Beginners.

The mistakes inexperienced music teachers make in mapping out courses of study for their pupils are almost incredible. A young girl came to me for lessons recently, says Robert D. Brain, in the Etude, and I found that the course she was studying was as follows: For exercises she had the entire list of Beethoven sonatas in two volumes, having already "been through" the first volume; for a solo she had Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2. She could not play any of the scales, and had to be put back to easy studies and a simple waltz by Durand.

Useless Waiting.

Chicago Evening Post.

No wonder Secretary Taft was not content to sit down and wait until old age should force Justice Harlan from the supreme court bench. When a man of 74 can make a home run and win a ball game, as did Justice Harlan, he is 74 years young, not old, and waiting becomes a lifelong task. Secretary Taft wants a job in this world, not in the next.

Promises Which Lane Made Two Years Ago

Immediately after his nomination to the office of mayor two years ago, Mayor Lane published in the newspapers his letter of acceptance, in which he plainly stated what his position would be on all matters pertaining to municipal government in the event of his election. His one promise was that in all acts he would use but one guiding rule: "Is it in the interest of the city, and is it right?" Extracts from his letter are as follows:

"With respect to the administration of public affairs I will be equally candid: In the first place, if elected, I will use but one rule and ask but one question, is it in the interest of the city, and is it right? If it is I shall stand for it. This you may depend upon, through thick and thin, regardless of personal consequences; openly and above board I will stand for it. No man who keeps himself and his affairs within the rightful laws of the city has anything to hope for in my election.

"The people's money shall neither be stolen, squandered nor frittered away if I can help it, and I shall spare no effort in that behalf. No favoritism shall be indulged in by me, nor will I sanction not permit it at the hands of any subordinate. Neither blackmail nor backsheesh shall be collected by anyone, from anyone.

"It is neither right nor gainful for a city to enter into partnership with any form of vice for the sake of the revenue to be derived therefrom. If a city's revenue is not sufficient to meet its legitimate expenses resort should be had to lawful and honorable methods, chief among which may be mentioned economy and honest expenditure.

"If I am to have this office I want it to come clean to my hands as I pledge myself to return it clean to the hands of the people from whom I received it. I want it free from all pledges or obligations to any individual, or to any special interests which are inimical to the interests of the city, as a corporation founded for the benefit of the people. If I cannot have the office on these terms I do not want the office, for if a man's hands are tied he is but a worthless thing, and can do neither credit to the city nor to himself.

"As it is my desire, if I am elected, to give an administration which shall reflect credit upon the city and be an honor to myself as well, right sensitive am I in regard to this, and if any man can see in such an administration of the city's affairs anything which will interfere with his personal advantage or gain, he can safely mark me down as a good man not to vote for."

Saloon in Politics

From the Boise (Idaho) Citizen.

The saloon may have its place in the complex social life of the century but that place is not in politics. The basis of nearly every corrupt ring control of American cities lies in the saloon vote. The people have come to understand this more and more and liquor dealers are discovering the fact that interference in politics is rapidly proving their undoing as there is no more occasion for the saloons being in politics than for any other class of business men, and the people at large resent it. In Portland, Oregon, the liquor dealers have lined up solidly against the reelection of Mayor Harry Lane and lithographs of his opponent, Tom Devlin, are seen above every bar in the city. This very fact wipes out party lines and makes the saloon the central issue of the campaign. Conditions in Portland were deplorable when Lane became mayor. There were side entrances to the saloons with boxes for women where men and women met in drinking bouts and which proved the ruin of hundreds of girls. It was estimated a few years since that one woman in ten in Portland visited these saloons and the moral demoralization became astonishing. All that is new changed and the decent people should see that the old order never returns. For their own protection the liquor dealers should not invoke a fight as Oregon has the initiative and referendum and prohibition can be invoked at any time.

Mayor Lane has been an honest and efficient officer, has kept his pledges and is entitled to a reelection.

The Perils of Suburban Promoting.

In the making of public parks, city councils and legislatures have a fatal gift for not seeing things until after they happen. The man with a long look into the future, forecasting the possible ministry of shore or hill to tired humanity, soon bumps his head against aldermanic horizons. And so the public, disorganized and unimaginative, often loses its birthright to the real-estate promoter's keener foresight.

Hence the tawdry metamorphosis of many a marshy river bank or rocky hill, marked by nature with flaming maple or frowning cliff as land that ought to be common to all.

Hacked into streets and lots by the real estate speculator's mangling hand, they become Greensward Terrace or Sky Top Gardens.

In return for our heritage, observes Edward Kirk Titus, in the Review of Reviews, we are graciously invited to a land sale with free band concert and balloon ascension, permitted—plated spoons thrown in—to buy a 50-foot lot for $200. Thus arises the suburban slum.

Portland Drummers Needed.

From the Vale Oriano.

Southeastern Oregon is as far removed from Oregon's metropolis as is Salt Lake City. Salt Lake City has confectionery, hardware, drygoods and grocery drummers that come into eastern Oregon to sell to the eastern Oregon merchant. Why is this? It is because the Portland wholesale merchant is not taking care of his trade while Salt Lake City is. In business the Portland merchants can give as good prices and goods as Salt Lake, but Portland does not show the eastern Oregon trade her goods. Salt Lake has its regular men that make these eastern Oregon towns every month and of course they are paid well for their trouble. If Portland wants this business she should combine with her "junketing" trips some salesmen to attend to this trade and then she would get in closer connection.

Sweden Can Teach "Public Health."

Sweden can teach us a broader conception of the term "public health." The health we foster publicity in American cities is but the absence of disease. In Sweden health means something more than not-sickness; it stands for physical well-being, soundness, splendid vigor. Without for a moment neglecting medical precaution, it attacks the positive side of the question—"How to insure to every Swede his natural birthright of abounding vitality."

The answer, as everybody knows, is exercise.

But we do not all know how far Sweden carries that creed. Exercise, gymnastic exercise, not mere walking, is a religion, declares Mary Bronson Hartt in World's Work. The very criminals under sentence must have it, and therefore full instructions for daily gymnastics are posted even in the condemned cell.

Roughing It.

From the London Tattler.

A father and mother, with six children, spent their holiday at the seaside. Immediately on arrival they set about looking for cheap lodgings.

At length they came to a notice of a "furnished room to let" and made inquiries.

"Oh, yes," said the landlady in answer to the father's question; "it's here the room is to let, but there's only one bed in it."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the father; "we're used to roughing it. The wife and bairns'll sleep on the floor."

Machinists and—Machinists.

Don't forget, says Machinery, that some machinists can do more and better work with a $2.75 kit of tools than some others can do with $100 worth of tools in morocco cases.

Southern Tillamook Country

From the Astoria Budget.

The possibilities of building up a large trade with the smaller coast ports of Oregon does not seem to be appreciated by the local merchants and very little attention has been paid to it, although its volume is really surprising when the facts are obtainable. Captain Robert Jones of the motor schooner Della is one of the best informed men on this subject and some details he gives are startling. Take for instance Cloverdale, eight miles up the Nestucca river, is as prosperous a little burg as could be imagined and the surrounding district is only partially developed, yet during the last year the Della brought from there about $150,000 worth of produce, principally cheese, but it also included mohair, hides and eggs. The principal industry is dairying and the land is worth from $200 to $250 per acre, the farmers claiming that they can make 20 per cent on such an investment in making cheese. The business done so far this year has exceeded that of last year and will continue so during the balance of the season. Cloverdale is rapidly growing as it has a church and school, sawmill in operation, drug store, and a real estate office has been opened. Netarts Bay, a few miles to the north, has natural oyster and clam beds that could be profitably developed but nothing of any consequence has been done with them. A few miles to the south is Salmon river on the edge of the Siletz Indian reservation, and it also presents equal opportunities for dairying. From all these places the inhabitants can only get out over very poor roads, which is a great drawback, but the country prospers, nevertheless. The Courier is published weekly at Cloverdale and considering the disadvantages that it is compelled to be published under is to be congratulated for its excellence.

As an illustration of what the merchants of these sections have suffered, the Della will leave out this evening for Siletz with a cargo of general merchandise for the merchants there and all of this had been ordered in Portland last fall but there was no way to get it in. The Della will get $8 a ton for this work and coming back to Cloverdale bring out a cargo of cheese.

Knee-Deep in June.

Tell you what I like the best
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon,
Like to jes git out and rest,
And not work at nothing else.

Orchard's where I'd ruther be
Needn't fence it in fer me!
Jes' the whole sky overhead
And the whole airth underneath—
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

March ain't never nothing new!—
Aprile's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'
'Dominate it's promises,
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber land,
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip birds, and a sprout or two—
Drap asleep, and it turns in,
'Fore daylight and snows agin,

But when June comes—clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Small Change

The ice trust is happy.

• •

Now the strawberries ripen.

• •

The green bug has its friends.

• •

Money should never carry an election.

• •

Ice cream dealers are looking more cheerful.

• •

Wanted, at the White House, a bulldog that can't be licked.

• •

Too, late, Mr. Devlin; the people have made up their minds.

• •

It is forecasted that the Cake will be nicely frosted Monday.

• •

It is presumed that May Irwin is now managing her former manager.

• •

Wellman is threatening to start again. At least he didn't beg for pennies from school children.

• •

The unprecedented cold spring back east cannot fairly be attributed to Fairbanks.

• •

Wise authorities have come to the conclusion that no woman can be the widow of the Deraylan woman.

• •

Couldn't Teddy spare time to regulate the gulf stream, which is said to be acting as if it had a brainstorm?

• •

A doctor says chewing tobacco helps a man to think. Pity somebody didn't give Auditor Devlin a "chaw" 10 days ago.

• •

Another rumor is afloat that the Drain-Coos bay railroad may be built within a few years, but it is scarcely to be credited.

• •

To gratify a splenetic grudge against citizens whom it could not bulldoze, the Oregonian would injure the city to the extent of millions of dollars.

• •

"Can a newspaper paragrapher enter heaven?" asks the Atlanta Georgian. Don't know, but it's probable he could find more material for hot stuff in the other place.

• •

The annual contradictory reports about hops are beginning to come in, and will continue till next Christmas. Hops probably incite more lying than beer.

• •

Virginians have found a text that suits them, this: "And they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the ruler of the kingdom."

Oregon Sidelights

The alfalfa harvest has begun in the Walla Walla valley.

• •

Athena people have organized to hold an agricultural and stock fair.

• •

Pendleton is making a strong pull for a local train between that city and Portland, and ought to get it.

• •

Over $1,500 was raised in Klamath Falls for a Fourth of July celebration.

• •

Portland is to have a rose carnival. If they run short of roses in that favored city, The Dalles can send them a couple of carloads and never miss them, says the Optimist.

• •

A farmer brought samples of blue stem wheat 36 to 40 inches in height into Pendleton Wednesday from a farm just north of the city. Wheat in every part of the county is growing very rapidly during the warm weather and there is every prospect for a bumper crop.

• •

Everything looks busy in and about Hermiston, along the Umatilla project, on irrigated tracts, alfalfa fields and the building of new business houses and homes. Several new residences are now under course of construction, and everything looks very prosperous.

• •

While other cities and towns brag and blow and bluster about their streets, The Dalles goes right along improving her streets and making them the best of any city in the state, says the Optimist. This city is not much on the brag but big on results.

• •

The prospects for a fair price for hops the coming year looks a little dubious at present, declares a Polk county exchange. The idea is reflected by some hop men who think that the present condition of the crop is below the average. Others say that they are about in average condition for this time of the year.

• •

Eugene Register: Why should Oregon import a million pounds of butter annually, and of poor quality at that, when here in the Willamette valley lies as fine a dairying section as can be found anywhere? Oregon is capable of producing about everything necessary to supply human needs, and four times as much as the state can consume. Let us quit paying a quarter of a million annually for imported butter, turn the tables and be half a million richer by exporting that amount additional.

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