

# HIGHWAYS in OREGON

By S. Benson.

Last week there was reprinted in these columns a summary of highway recommendations made by State Engineer Lewis in a road symposium in the Oregon Voter. Herewith there is presented a proposal made by S. Benson in the same number of the Voter for road work and taxation.

The benefits to be derived from good roads is beyond dispute. The question before us is how to get them.

First of all revise our antiquated and conflicting road laws to meet modern requirements; create a State Highway Commission of successful men that will inspire confidence, and get us value for money expended.

The present members of the Highway Commission have too many duties to perform, and should be relieved of this responsibility. A Highway Commission consisting of, say, three members, could be appointed by the governor, and the governor might be made ex-officio chairman.

The Highway Commission should be men who serve without pay, but with power to hire a competent engineer and assume full responsibility for the success of a road program.

A very necessary step is to provide funds, which would be not less than one mill state tax levy, which along with available government and land grant fund would in a few years give us a good start on State Highways.

I would first give attention to grading main trunk lines according to need and importance of each particular road and each road or proposed road should be classified as to its importance and taken up in rotation.

The Pacific Highway from Portland to Medford on both sides of the Willamette as far as Eugene and Columbia River Highway from Astoria to the Idaho line are of equal importance, and the two most important projects in the state, next would be from The Dalles to Coos Bay and Tillamook, and later would connect every county seat and populous community with some trunk line.

A small sentiment is being cultivated in favor of the state's building individual farmer's lines to the railroad track first, and trunk lines later. This would be commencing backwards, would get nowhere and would benefit but a few at the expense of the many.

Multnomah County, which pays thirty-eight (38) per cent of the state taxes, and does not ask for a cent of state road funds, will never support such a program.

Hard surfacing is another problem, which will come later according to requirements. In this there is but one thing to consider; get the best for the money, but don't leave the decision to a paving promoter.

Some good pavements are patented. This is not in itself objectionable if the price is reasonable, besides it will be but a short time until the patent expires on our best type of patented pavement.

There are strong hopes also that the alleged cement trust will be busted some of these days when we will cease paying \$2.40 per barrel

for cement when the average selling price in the United States is 84c a barrel.

All we ask in Portland is, that Highway funds be spent economically, and where it will do the greatest good to the greatest number, and that will be on trunk lines.

## THE SHEEP HERDER'S STORY. (Heppner Hearld.)

We set out on the Trail on a Sunday.

We were feeling as fresh as could be.

We just couldn't wait until Monday.

Teddy and Dutch and me.

So we trailed and they'd bark and I'd cuss them.

It was awful the things that I said.

Every once in a while we would rush them.

Dutch and yours truly and Ted.

And over the rocks we went scrambling.

Our feet hurt but we didn't mind much.

Just as long as we kept them a rambling.

Ted and yours truly and Dutch.

So we tramped on and kept on a tramping.

My feet felt as heavy as lead.

We longed for the evening and camping.

Me and poor Dutch and Ted.

When we reached camp we felt pretty wear.

And so hungry we ate rather much.

But the fire made us feel nice and cheery.

Ted and I and Dutch.

And I sat there and tho't of the morrow.

Tho' I knew I'd be better in bed.

And I felt just a slight pang of sorrow.

Dutch and myself and poor Ted.

I carefully rolled out the bed.

Then I sat down and rolled me a pill.

Quivering heart strings, I says to 'em, "Peace be Still."

### EXTRA

I had just got to bed and was snoozing when I woke

At the sound of a bell.

I looked up and saw they were going, and I whispered out Loud.

"Ain't it Hell!"

F. Dickson.

### Used It Eleven Years

There is one remedy that for many years has given relief from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Mrs. Chas. Rietz, Allen Mills, Pa., writes: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar for the past eleven years and I would not be without it." It promptly relieves hoarseness, tickling throat and wheezy breathing. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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## Finnegan's Philosophy

BALAAM

Well do I mind the story, said Finnegan. Balaam was a highbrow that knew less than his Jackass. He took an office to curse the people. The Jackass saved them. 'Tis all in Numbers Twenty-two. Och hone! 'Tis different these times. The Jackass knew better till Balaam tamed him.

"Lave me ride ye," says Balaam, "an' I'll make ye the biggest Ass in the world."

"Great," says the Ass; "what d'ye feed?"

"Pork," says Balaam.

"Me savior," says the Ass.

So Balaam mounts. But soon the Jack balks.

"Phwat is it?" says Balaam.

"Snakes," says the Ass; "Ut looks like the jawbone uv me mother."

"G'wan," says Balaam, hittin' the Ass a clip, "'tis me furren' policy," he says.

"Phwat's ut for?" axes the Ass.

"Ut deffinds the nashun," says Balaam.

"How?" says the Ass.

"Falth," says Balaam, "ut takes a bigger Ass than you to know that. Lave it to Brine," says Balaam to the Ass; an' the Jack walks on meditating.

"Hee, haw," says the Ass, baltin' an' klickin'.

"What now?" says Balaam.

"Divil a Jackass ever seen the like," says he, "for ut stands up in front, an' sits down behind; an' 'tis mostly mouth," says the Ass. "Ut has white feathers," says the Jack, "wid yaller streaks, that changes," he says, "to Very Crooz Red, or Niagara Blue, an' now they're Carrysall Yaller again," says he. "Hittin, have I been drinkin'?" screams the Ass to Balaam.

"Saints be praised," says Balaam.

"Me Watchful Waitin' can still change its mind," he says. "G'wan, where glory waits," he says. "G'wan, in the service uv Mankind," says Balaam to the Ass, touchin' him up. An' the Ass shuffles ahead, wavin' his ears in admiration.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" says the Jack, rearin' up wid his eyes bulgin'.

"Phwat's grippin' ye now?" says Balaam, impashunt like.

"I dunno," says the Ass. "Ut looks like the Flyin' Dutchman with a Socialist Crew," he says.

"'Tis me Ship Bill," says Balaam.

"Side step to the right," he says; "side step to the left," says he, waitin' him.

"Back up," says Balaam, near wrinclin' off the Jack's jaw. "Now forward for the Merchant Marine an' fifty millyun pork," says Balaam wid a shower uv blows; an' the Ass goes on thremblin'.

"Wah-bee! Wah-bee! Wah-bee!" says the Jack, shyin' so he near threw his rider.

"I'll learn ye to shy at me Naval Bill," says Balaam, dr-rupin' the baste so he cud scarce stand.

"Ye can't pass ut widout wearin' Republican clothes," says the Jack in a coarse whisper.

"Ye Ass," says Balaam. "Don't ye know that anny cloes is better nor nakedness? G'wan," says Balaam, in tones uv thunder. So the poor baste lopes on, limp'n' wid pain.

I've not time to tell ye all the adventures they had, but they kep' on over rough roads, now an' then crossin' a ditch on a wan term plank, which made even Balaam unassy. Irvy time the Jack kicked, he got short rations an' a wallup. So when the journey was near over, the poor baste was all in, and far too proud to fight. Any Jack-Ass can be that when he's licked.

Wan stormy night, the Jack blooms into a harmony like a Dimocrat Tariff Hymn played on a gaspipe wid the feet.

"Phwat ails ye now?" calls Balaam, clubbin' him wid both hands.

"Nivver did I pass the like," yells the Ass, ewentin' and thremblin'. "Ut says ut's an eight hour law. Oh, phwat is ut?" screams the Ass to Balaam, feelin' wagglin' his ears.

"I dunno phwat ut is meself," says Balaam, "but I know phwat ut's got," Balaam says.

"Phwat?" axes the poor Ass.

"Five hundther thousand votes," says Balaam, wid a pious air. "G'wan, ye big Ass, an' doant ye argue wid an idaylist," says Balaam to the Ass.

"We can't pass ut in the dark," pleads the Ass. "Lave us wait for light," moans the Ass, weepin'.

"Nix," says Balaam, "There's a hot time comin' an' the votes'll spile. Do ye thurst for sixteen more years in the wilderness? Giddip," says he, "purgin' ye'r heart," says Balaam, "iv Irvy thought that's selfish," says Balaam, "or personal," chants Balaam to the poor Ass ticklin' the Jack's slats wid a couplin' pin.

By this time, the Ass was so wore out wid his ardyous labors, that he knew no more than Balaam himself. So, wid one despairin' cry, he dropped his ears, as he an' his master stumbled forward into the dark.

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## Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
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On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

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# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

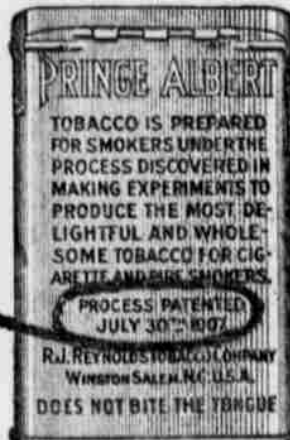
YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on top no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into. For, Prince Albert is right there—at the first place you pass that sells tobacco! The tippy red bag sells for a nickel and the tily red tin for a dime, then there's the handsome pound and half pound tin humidor and the pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such bang-up trim all the time!

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

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This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tily red tin. Read this "Patented Process" message-to-you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

### "Pure Bunk."

All talk about a \$100,000 Court House and increased taxes is pure bunk. Everybody knows there will be no heavy investment made no matter where the County Seat is located, until the people want it and authorize it. — Jefferson County Record.

The ruins of the Coliseum were used as a background for scenes in the Eternal City. To be shown at The Bend Theatre.

For farm land loans see J. Ryan service.—Adv.

Easier to Stop Now It is easier to check a bronchial

cough now than later. Coughs grow worse the longer they continue. Foley's Honey and Tar stops tickling in throat, allays inflammation and irritation, restores sore and discharging membranes to healthy condition, opens congested air passages, and affords longed for relief. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

# For the man who wants to own his own home

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