

The Oregonian

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South that, though the negro cannot fight back against lynchers, deprivation of the ballot and general race discrimination, he can get up and leave, and that the South cannot get along well without him.

STUCK IN THE MUD. The Oregonian says that Linn, Lane and Clackamas counties have, by their votes, announced their intention to become necessary to establish the claim of a traveling American to the protection of his own flag.

Call to the colors of every citizen between the ages of twenty-one and thirty has served to emphasize the fact that, as has been said, the importance of recorded vital statistics. Men who have not registered will not be put down as slackers if they can prove their immunity, which can be much more convincingly done by citation of book and page than by common hearsay.

EARLY RISING. One need not wait for the slow operation of the daylight-saving laws in these times in order to get a good deal of work done on his own account.

While the British army under General Haig is driving toward the German submarine bases on the coast of Belgium, the army of inventors striving to solve the U-boat problem, in other ways continues to multiply. The genius who proposes that ships discharge a "thick viscous substance which a torpedo cannot penetrate to reach the vessel's side" is not the least visionary of them, it would seem.

For years and years, since he succeeded the lamented John P. Jones, Willis H. Jenkins has gone up and down the state of Oregon as chief traveling passenger agent of the Southern Pacific system.

China is getting some sound advice from Uncle Sam, who does not propose to dictate the form of government the people shall adopt, but knows that agreement among the people is essential to progress.

Now see what's coming in the evolution of dress. England is talking of kilts instead of trousers—for men, of course. With women, the costume of today approaches the bathing-suit of the past, and nothing further need be feared for that line.

Principal Draper was a man who knew boys and there, as many glad they knew him. His influence had a practical side for their betterment.

Interest on the British war debt is expected to reach \$172,500,000 by the end of March, 1918. This is almost as much as the principal of the United States' debt before this country went to war.

The International Typographical Union has subscribed for \$50,000 in Liberty bonds. Individual subscriptions of members will aggregate ten times that amount.

The firemen will not be censured this year if the apparatus does not appear as units of bloom in the big parade.

Certain young men who failed to register are likely to be cured of the cigarette habit, at any rate.

The altitude of everything has hit the grandstand, and you'll be done two bits more for a seat.

Rose Festival visitors are appearing on the streets. Let each citizen be an information bureau.

Does anyone suppose Pershing asked the Queen to pass the butter at luncheon yesterday?

It was high time somebody "called down" Jane Addams in a gentlemanly way.

Buy a bond for your wife and make her the envy of the neighborhood.

The bells do not toll for your funeral if you buy a bond.

A Liberty bond is better collateral than a diamond.

If the baby wants a bond, let him have it.

Of an American arrested in London as a German spy, who was unable to obtain a birth certificate because his birth had never been recorded and because the doctor had died, and who was saved only by the timely discovery of an old letter describing the event.

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White are the clouds on a field of blue, Red, bright red, is the rose's hue— This is the flag we're flying and fly, Thus, the world we make our cry: "Called from play, to the country's weal; Festival song, to trumpet peal; Say, have our roses thorns of steel! The City of Roses answers: "Aye!"

Death is laughter and loss is gain, And tears are sweet as a gust of rain, When Death is dived and tears are shed To keep unsmiled those bands of red— Red as the rose, in sunset bloom; Red as the bands of battle thrown, Red as the blood of heroes slain— The brave, red bands of our flag outspread.

This is our fairest feast of flowers— Fair, though the blackest war cloud lowers— The flaming red and the white and blue, Shine in a symbol rich and new; The thorn of steel in the rosehedge runs; And her richest flowers, her fighting boys, By the City of Roses gives, nor shuns To offer, O Freedom, her best to you.

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, blowing in on a breeze of festive spirit, "I'll bet the Hohenzollern Head envies the king and queen of our Rose Festival."

"Why, so, son?" I queried. "Well," said the C. O. B., "they're in no suspense about when or how their reign will end."

G. Pythagoras Bimelack, our esteemed pote hound, has dispatched another free verse burlet from his latest capture, Aloysius Smythe (rhyming with a lie).

"I can't tell from the evidence whether he is genuine or not," he writes. "Please read this and try to figure it out."

"He says it is another of his moods of nature and is about the Multnomah Falls."

A black, shining witch Lives in the whirlpool. She reaches foam fingers, Endlessly, endlessly Dragging down a single silver raveling From the clouds that sleep on the cliff.

Last Friday we didn't write a column for Sunday. And this was because we had started on a trip to the LAST ANALYSIS all by ourself.

We took the BACILLUS ROUTE and we had got as far as the Good Samaritan Hospital, going strong, when Doc Brooks came up and called the trip off.

The route we started on will, we are convinced, take one there very expeditiously, but we advise no one to take that specific method unless he enjoys swallowing a thermometer every time Miss Leslie goes by his bunk, or thinks he'd enjoy reaching the LAST ANALYSIS in a rosewood sport suit, trimmed with silver buckles and lined with soft, mauve velvet.

In the garden of Eden the fairy queen Found a flower as perfect as ever was seen. She cultured it daily with infinite care, 'Till the angels in heaven pronounced it most fair. Then, applying her wand in a morning sunbeam, She tinted its leaves with a roseate gleam. And, distilling the dew from the sweet-scented air, She gave it a fragrance exotic and rare. Then she said to her nymphs: "Go and seek out a bower That will nourish and prosper this plant in profusion and give it a name That will mark well the spot in the annals of fame. So they hied to the East and they hied to the West. The Holy Grail had no more earnest a quest. And when they succeeded, returned to the queen, Inspired with love of the place they had seen. And recounting to her where wanderings led, And the forest they'd met, they happily said: "We have found where this flower in excellence grows, And henceforth we name it the 'Portland rose.'" S. C. E.

Children of William Penn. BAY CENTER, Wash., June 10.—(To the Editor:—) You tell me who William Penn married and how many children they had. Some folks who claim to be descendants are trying to trace their lineage. A READER.

William Penn's first wife was Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, she died in 1694. In 1696 she married Hannah Colwell of Bristol, Penn had two sons, Springett and William, and a daughter, Letitia, by his first wife. Letitia was married to William Aubrey. Two other daughters died in infancy. Springett died soon after his father's second marriage. There were three more children by the second marriage, John, Thomas and Richard.

Positions in Munition Plants. PORTLAND, June 11.—(To the Editor:—) Will you tell me where to write for information concerning positions open to women in munition plants? Or will you give me the names and addresses of munition plants employing women? A READER.

Write for information to Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C. 1916 information bureau is maintained.

Glams Through the Mist

By Deana Collins.

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Soldiers Extraordinary.

By Hakburg Liebe of the Vigilantes.

I saw all these fine warriors in one day, during a drive of 25 miles, and it made me glad to call myself a Tennessean. I was proud of the people of this section of the Old Volunteer State. I have no doubt that the people of the other states are doing just as well, you understand; I'm telling you this in order that you may know that Eastern Tennessee is trying hard to do her bit.

When I left town I saw the parkway around the home of one of our best men in Irish potatoes. Yes, Irish potatoes instead of the usual grass and prettily bordered carnations. More than that, there were Irish potato plants in the flower beds of that man's lawn. Also he had had his back yard spaded up, and that, too, was filled with potatoes.

The man who was with me was a Dollar American. If you don't know what that is, it's none of a cross between a polecat and a hornet's nest. He said to me as we drove by: "Why, everybody's planting potatoes; they won't be worth 50 cents per bushel!"

I hope to God they won't get me? I hope they won't be worth 20 cents per bushel. You'll have to stand a crowd of people or a family that has plenty of potatoes.

Leaving town, I saw a half-blind, decrepit old man down on his knees hoeing an acre lot of potatoes. I know him; he is fairly well-to-do; he didn't do that, really. As I passed him on my way home late afternoon he was still down on his knees to that potato patch—and therefore serving the Almighty and the American flag to the utmost of his ability. My woman, whoever you are that reads this, I say to you here that that old fellow, and a soldier extraordinary, and lesser men have won the Colonel's shoulder straps and been banqueted as conquering heroes. Down on his knees to that potato patch; it was finer, in this our time, than any other hellfire staking footloose over the world, than being down on his knees to a woman.

Back in the hills I saw an old granny woman and her daughter and her daughter's two half-grown daughters. They had no money, they had no land, they were practically wretched from the mountain wilderness. On inquiry I learned that the younger woman's husband was dead.

"What'll we do, we can't, ahore," the granny woman told me, "because the 's' ain't no war, sonny; I know that men folks can't do much good in a fight in an empty stomach. Acquire the belly and the heart, sonny, is closer akin than most of folks know."

"I've been in the trenches and I've fought on an empty stomach, and I tell you I know."

"I'll go further on I saw the wife of a railroad section foreman cultivating a part of the railroad's right of way. And less than two miles from the place I saw a young, vigorous, pretty 15-year-old girl plowing off furrows for corn. Now listen! She didn't have on Star-Spangled Banner hostery, she had on a blue denim dress, and she had a small metal edition of Old Glory pinned to her anywhere, but she was plowing for corn. Get me? She was a soldier in her trench, doing her bit. Aye, nobly doing her bit.

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When I think of women doing their bit in times of war, I like to think of them as God's brigade. And God's brigade is certainly his. It is this that makes war so insufferable, and a shadow of the sword is always a cross, always a cross, and it always falls heaviest on the hearts of women.

TOO FEW SEE NATURE'S WONDERS. Scenery, Like Prophet, Is Without Honor in Own Country. PORTLAND, June 11.—(To the Editor:—) We saw a prophet has no honor in his own country. We might say that the scenery is safe to say that not more than 20 per cent of the people of Portland have seen the wondrous beauties of the vicinity of the Multnomah Falls.

When I state that not more than 20 per cent of the people of Portland have seen the falls or seen the greatest panoramic view in the world from the top of Larch Mountain, I back it up with people. As high as two persons out of 20 have made the trip. These persons in their automobiles, as did also some of those who had never been able to make the trip.

If some of the people coming to our city during the Festival could only be induced to make the trip, they would have every reason to know why we boast the locality of our city. The total cost would only be about \$3.00 for the round trip, as the trip can be easily made in a few hours.

To the person who lives inland and has no other opportunity to see waterfalls hundreds of feet high tumbling cascades of creamy, foamy, rivers, falling sheer down the sides of mountains, it surely is an awfully inspiring sight. To the man from the prairie country, the view from Larch Mountain up and down the Columbia is a picture of a purely romantic spot, as he has it. It is an awful thing to move away from a part of the country where you have been living and have other things to do, and to see several thousands of miles at great expense, to see something you lived with in 50 miles of for 10 years and didn't see it.

It is a pity that so many of our people live within 50 miles of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for seven months, when I was 20 years old, I saw it. It is a pity that so many of our people live within 50 miles of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for seven months, when I was 20 years old, I saw it.

GEORGE W. SAUBORN. INVESTORS PLEASED BY RESULT. Congratulations on Election Come to Portland From Kentucky. LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 6.—(To the Editor:—) I am in receipt of your telegram of the 4th inst. congratulating me on result of last Monday's election, and for which I thank and congratulate you most sincerely, not alone for the pleasure and honor you have conferred, but also on the great principles involved.

Such an election is the outstanding of a new era in the history of Portland. Same and wise counsels have prevailed and one can now look forward to the building of a Portland Government that will drag out the last few years that Portland has suffered. The result of this election is not altogether watched with interest by people who have interests in Portland who have been most anxious regarding the outcome of same.

There are some business politicians who want to attain office by trying to ride in by some propaganda, notably against public service corporations; and there are some who are trying to get into a municipal fighting plant, etc. It seems "you can fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," and this your election showed.

There are people who are congratulating the people of Portland. M. S. KOHLER. Real Estate, 1610 Inter-States Bldg.

In Otherays.

Half a Cent Ago.

From The Oregonian June 12, 1867. Omaha—Three and-a-half-mile stretch of track were laid the Union Pacific Railroad on the morning of June 12, 1867. It is unparalleled in history of railroad building.

Paris—All powers having diplomatic relations with Austria except America, will be represented at the coronation of the Emperor Franz Joseph tomorrow. An amnesty will be proclaimed to all Austrian subjects charged with political offenses.

An Indian, says the Columbia Press, has announced his willingness to show where gold can be found in abundance in the Empire State. He has been from Umatilla. His discovery is fabulous and the rock he struck is said to be very rich. Where obtained it is not so certain.

Chicago—Sherman H. withdrew his troops to a southside of the Platte, between Fort Stanton and McPherson. The stages have been withdrawn from that section. Sherman will probably abandon the expedition to the heart of the territory and concentrate the troops to protect the stages and railroads, deeming that the more important.

Twenty-Five Years Ago. From The Oregonian of June 12, 1892. Berlin—The meeting between the Czar and Emperor William is the leading topic of conversation here this week. Comments of the newspapers show it is felt there is little room for congratulation over the result of a meeting, since it had the appearance of the Emperor running after the Czar.

Washington—The leveled forces are packing their gripes and moving on Chicago. The frequent conferences between Hill and Gorman have given rise to the suspicion that Hill is preparing to make the Blaine Campaign boss the residuary legate of the New York vote in the convention.

Cincinnati—Harrison's nomination was celebrated here tonight by the Lincoln Club with fireworks, speeches and a brass band. Arrangements were made to meet the Blaine Campaign return from Minneapolis tomorrow.

Colonel Mitchell, of the education, was made happy by the receipt of a letter from Directo Sousa, of the Washington Marine Band, complimenting him upon his selection of the American band of Providence, R. I., for the exposition.

The high water is a great blessing for the Ennis slide. It covers the lowlands and flows under the roadway where there is an accumulation of refuse of every kind, and carries most of the stuff away. It would be almost impossible to move the Ennis slide on Union avenue but for this periodical overflow.

Hindenburg's Mighty Pen.

By James Barton Adams.

When Haig assaults the boches' lines with his realists, he mows down a host of Kaiser men and puts the rest to flight, repulses the return attacks and holds his captured ground, while cheers of "victory" waft through the smoke-charged air, resounds, Von Hindenburg with firm set jaws grabs up the waiting pen and tells the people God has brought us victory, and all the German masses shout and toss their hats on high, believing he is infallible and cannot tell a lie. The German troops are in victory, and in Hindenburg confide believing that he yet will stem the fierce onrushing tide, and as they battle and fall back their chief in written words tells how they fight, repulses the return attacks and holds his captured ground, while cheers of "victory" waft through the smoke-charged air, resounds, Von Hindenburg with firm set jaws grabs up the waiting pen and tells the people God has brought us victory, and all the German masses shout and toss their hats on high, believing he is infallible and cannot tell a lie. 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