

Morning Oregonian

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1883, and was administered with fidelity, though its field of operation was slowly but surely being narrowed by President Arthur, himself a champion of the old system.

QUOTING CONFUCIUS. Judge Gatens could have found a thousand quotations in Holy Writ applicable to the unfortunate church controversy which has resulted in excommunication for Dr. Morrison.

How to Resist—Send postage money to the publisher. Send no money to the publisher. Send no money to the publisher.

GARFIELD AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM. James A. Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, was shot on July 2, 1881, just forty years ago today.

And we ain't got none! From time to time we blush with confusion at being told that America has no true civilization, alias culture.

REST MAN OR BEST PUGILIST. The experts and the inepters agree that, barring a fluke, the thing which is a match fight and is called a boxing contest, at Jersey today, can end but one way.

A SELFISH SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS. There is no being quite as selfish as the idealist. He follows the gleam with never a thought aside, and shards and thorns but seem to prove to him the sure divinity of his quest.

Men fond of statistics, with little else to do, can register the number of cars stampeding from the city today for over the Fourth.

CHARLES S. HOLBROOK. A CONJUNDUM. I have a strange conjundum. To write in verse for you—And if you fail to solve it, Give me a dollar and a half.

YOUNG MAN. "I think you need more footlights on the stage," said the theatrical manager who had hired the hall for a performance.

HOPE OF CANCER CURE BRIGHT. New X-Ray Treatment Invented by Bavarian Scientist. Remarkable efficacy of a new X-ray treatment for cancer is reported from London in a cable dispatch to the New York Times.

Those Who Come and Go. Tales of Folk at the Hotel. "There is more water in the reservoir of the Warm Springs dam than some people believed could ever be impounded," catch one?

BURROUGHS NATURE CLUB. Copyright, Houghton-Mifflin Co. Can You Answer These Questions? 1. What are the animals or insects called peepers? How big are they? Is it possible for worker bees to lay eggs?

More Truth Than Poetry. By James J. Montague. WORSE AND WORSE. Though bitter our lot, when the winter blows chill, And always cast fortune to buy, We find that existence is bitter still.

Unhappy we were, when a new pair of pants Meant getting water deep into debt, And hooking our salary weeks in advance.

As long as meagre trifles like foodstuff and coal Were soaring about in the sky, We abated our load with a song in our soul.

And Once Was Enough. France wants to try the Kaiser, Germany tried him once with highly unsatisfactory results.

In Other Days. Twenty-five Years Ago. From The Oregonian of July 2, 1896, Hartford, Conn. — At noon today Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," passed away at her residence in this city.

Natural-Born Citizen. PORTLAND, July 1. (To the Editor.)—My wife, born and married in Austria, have one child born in Austria and one child born in Portland.

A Color Page of Tributes to the Flag. Here, folks, is a feature for the day before the Fourth! Turn to the magazine section, cover page, of tomorrow's big issue, where the Sunday editor has assembled nine poems that celebrate the splendid ideals of the red, white and blue.

Stuck a Feather in His Hat.—Who did? Oh, go on, you know very well who did! And William Almon Wolf, one of America's best known authors, correctly assuming that The Sunday Oregonian for the coming week would be incomplete without a yarn of the glorious Fourth, forthwith spun one for your pleasure and so entitled it.

How to Dance the Toddler.—What is the "toddler," anyway? Of course, all the younger set know that it's a dance, but how is it danced discreetly? This burning question Arthur Murray has undertaken to answer, and in the terpsichorean whirl Mr. Murray is some tonic.

Putting the Oyster to Work.—Through the oyster is proverbial wisdom and mum, the secret of its pearl formula has long been known to man. The oyster is irritated when he sets about to produce a pearl. He is vexed as much as any bivalve can be vexed, and in his petulance he produces gems for the throat of beauty.

She Hates Curls, Now Isn't That Curious?—Mary Pickford asserts that curls are extremely distasteful to her, however much they may have contributed to her conquest of the motion picture patron. And they have wrought sweet havoc, as all will testify. This odd revelation, with many other interesting asides in the life of our Mary, is made in the Sunday issue, where her autobiographical account is now appearing serially.

All the News of All the World THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN Just Five Cents

soned dish of weather-beaten dried duck, garnished with eggs that were vigorous and old enough to vote when the empire built its celebrated wall.

Logically to pursue the same conclusion, we incline to a belief that the cultural offerings of all our critics may sensibly be appraised by the same standard.

BOY SCOUTS IN CAMP. The approach of the camping season of the Boy Scouts calls attention anew to the spirit of a movement that deserves success because it furnishes an outlet for the buoyant physical energy of youth while it furnishes it with beneficial guidance.

A little work, a good deal of play, and a moderate restraint, such as the Boy Scout programme contemplates, are learned by the boy by a thing for the average boy.

Is it laudable to stimulate the spirit of public service by offering reward, as does the plan recently inaugurated in Philadelphia by Edward W. Bok?

Portland's grain exports for the year that ended Thursday were more than 23,000,000 bushels, of a value more than \$4,000,000.

Perhaps one reason President Harding named Mr. Taft for chief justice was that no other chair in the supreme court is big enough for him.

Daugherty says he will not be at the rightside today out of respect for opinions of people he represents. Well, there's the desk phone handy.

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One thing that makes us think Carpenter really has a chance is the unanimity with which the experts pick him to lose.

Judging from the frequency with which young essay writers speak of "raw materials," they must think them something to eat.

Banker Stillman would be entitled to more respect if he were something like his name.

Dempsy is letting the hair grow to save his face!

You never can tell.

There is more water in the reservoir of the Warm Springs dam than some people believed could ever be impounded, catch one? 2. Is it possible for worker bees to lay eggs? 3. Please describe the Townsend solitaire and tell something about it. Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

These are patches of especially well nourished grass that show dark against the surrounding lawn, and starts very smut from one or two plants. The old mushrooms decay at the end of their season and leave a deposit of nitrogen in the soil, which feeds the grass immediately.

Do rattlesnakes eat snakes? No. Most varieties of rattlers eat only warm-blooded prey, like small mammals and birds.

Can swans sing? What is meant by an old fabie swans were supposed to sing sweetly on the approach of death.

DUTY OF ALL TO HELP SCHOOLS. Bachelor Has Both Social and Financial Obligation.

PORTLAND, July 1.—(To the Editor.)—The taxpayer for 45 years' most be right in asserting that we have an extravagant set of officials in our city hall, and he seems to be right.

Albert Abraham of Roseburg, is trying a case in the federal court. Mr. Abraham was formerly a member of the state senate and at one time was candidate for governor.

When Milton A. Miller is no longer collector of internal revenue, he may follow in the footsteps of those other illustrious democrats, William Jennings Bryan and Tom Marshall.

Everyone in the hotels yesterday talked of nothing but the Dempsey-Carpenter battle. Almost every one on the hotel floor was talking about the writers and from the clerks to the bellhops had a little bet down.

Ever hear of Snark? Not The Hasting of the Snark, nor The Snark, in which Jack London sailed the south seas, but Snark, Or? It is in Tillamook county, the railroad, and W. H. Hughes' Snark is among the arrivals at the Hotel Oregon.

J. E. Reynolds, who farms near La Grande, arrived in town yesterday. He is a member of the state fair board of directors and has been named as an aspirant for the position of grain man with the co-operative association of Oregon growers.

H. E. Sloan of Belknap Springs, on the north fork of the McKenzie river, is at the Imperial. There isn't an automobile in the town, and he hasn't been there or plans on going to that haven of trout.

Not all the motor traffic is headed from the United States to British Columbia. It is also headed from the west coast and has registered at the Hotel Portland.

Washington, D. C. Star. "Some of the greatest work of literature and philosophy has been in obscurity."

Worse and worse. Though bitter our lot, when the winter blows chill, And always cast fortune to buy, We find that existence is bitter still. Now summer illumines the sky, For squandered on taxes and house ahead and bread, our cash is low, And similar follies, our cash is low, And never a dollar were getting ahead and bread, our cash is low.

Unhappy we were, when a new pair of pants Meant getting water deep into debt, And hooking our salary weeks in advance. But now we're happier yet, These prices for clothing, examined, Seem hardly a fit or a tattle, When moisture, to dampen oblivion's Costs forty-five dollars a bottle.

It seemed pretty hard that a room and a bath Cost as much as an average cow; It always excited our murmurous wrath. Yet it didn't seem anything now, Our troubles were tough, but they seem to be getting harder, and we are amazed.

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