

More Truth Than Poetry.

the Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

SOMETIME.

When the little soil seed
have grown stronger,
earn past the nursery doorway
to stray
I'll look at the world from the
window no longer
visit the country that's over
the way.
I'll see great trees and the beautiful
flowers
grow in that happier, sunnier
me,
neath the lilacs for hours
ours
the big dog comes to scare
—sometimes,
we shall know all the
magical meaning
the secrets the houses have hid
from our eyes,
must contain treasures that need
all the gleaming
of our young hearts with de-

nted surprise.
 ne, we shall know all the
 urious people
 e and the puppies that
 ss on the street
 e pigeons that dwell in the
 owering steeples
 the pert little sparrows with
 three-cornered feet.
 ne, the big tom-cat, so fierce
 nd so furry
 t frighten us so with his big,
 laring gaze,
 hen we walk out he'll run off
 n't be so terrible, one of these
 ay!
 haps the old horse that goes

y, patter-patter,
 and he sees us, and stands
 and waits
 us around with a wonderful
 patter
 bring us safe back, by and by
 the gate.
 have these adventures on some
 ay or other,
 world must be much like a
 nursery rhyme.
 for the present we'll stay
 with mother
 not so today—but we're going
 sometime!
 * * *
Longfellow Used to Say.
 is fighting her way into
 by slow degrees, by Moor and
 * * *
Valuable Information.
 Using seven miles into the air
 has proved that high alti-
 tude is very uncomfortable.
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known world each human
is holding;
remote; no other can ex-
lore.
one can tell what storms or
tempests binding
raging there behind that fet-
tered door.
no would care to know what
raging billows
are surging in that un-
known world—
poking for a word of kindness
spoken,
anguish from the fiery acorn
of his buried!
joyful hopes like birds in
primetime singing.
a sunbeams break through
cloud and brightly glow
like the sunbeams like the
church bells ringing
held within, no other one can
now;
what calms, what deep
greet or mourning,
deep to find expression in a

As the birds are whispered sweet
 Within its keeping,
 No one knows, however close
 And dear,
 Your hearts could speak their
 Inmost message.
 Break the silence that has
 Laid them there, your
 Notes would echo to the gates
 Of heaven
 And thrilling strains of melody and
 Joy could cast aside the faults and
 Lilies
 Outward being manifests each
 Of our hearts' sweet lilies spill
 Their fragrance,
 And show their petals all along
 The way
 To much nearer friends could
 All together
 And in gladness through a
 Useful land
 Hearts could speak their hid-
 Den story,
 And neither hearts could hear and
 Understand.

—OLIVE F. PRUNER.

Not Business Requirement.
LAND, Oct. 12.—(To the Editor.)—I wish to take exception to a comment recently published in the Oregonian regarding the letter from the United States to the Oregonian in which it was stated that "you have to drink with and offer them drinks."

I am absolutely certain that Mr. Lloyd writes in his published work that he has had more than my experience in the building business, and that he has been in the business over 12 years, and during this time he has secured almost a million worth of business. I have never offered a drink to a client, architect or contractor drinks of it. I have found all of the clients nothing but gentlemen and I have never offered a drink. The statement made is so untrue that I cannot go by without being heard.

E. S. MINCHIN.

Speech Pointed Out.
Exchange.

story is told by Josephus former secretary of the state, which the late Lord said to this country. By Mr. Daniels "What was speech you heard in America Fisher immediately repeated Sampson's reply to my question at the big dinner in Philadelphia, when I warmly praised the American navy in the terms they deserved and expressed a sentiment which I have never since regretted. A great English-speaking naval Admiral Sampson wanted to elude to stop that day and without preface, made this brilliant speech: 'Well, all I say is this, it was a damned shame that hatched the American navy.'"

Stopping a Train.
World's Work.
A locomotive for a passenger train is a pound of fuel for every mile it travels. Each unnecessary mile with a heavy freight or a slow train is a pound of fuel

500 to 550 pounds of coal, depending on the weight of the train, much of the stop and the grade. A. A. Braley, an air leak on a 50 freight cars has been caused by a loss of as much as 500 pounds of coal in a 10-hour period. The loss of coal each time a locomotive pops off for five minutes is about 75 pounds. If locomotives were to save a little on one shovelful of coal out of 10 used, the total saving would be equal to nearly 1 per cent of coal handled.