

Morning Oregonian

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Lawyer Decisions Disclosed. Any plea that may be made in justification of the threatened railroad strike of 1916, to the effect that the railroad men would have acted within their lawful rights

A WORTHY CRUSADE. Ask almost any man whether he respects the constitution and you will evoke a spirited affirmative.

EMOTION AND BURGLARY. Two or three weeks ago one of the news columns in Los Angeles

WOMEN VICTIMS OF DEPRESSION. Few Who Always Ride Nightmares. ARE ONCE ALARMED OVER LIQUOR.

Those Who Come and Go. Woods in Autumn. More Truth Than Poetry.

and forsake forever the cap and bells. He has wearied of cleaning and dusting shoes.

A faith in the infallibility of appearance. To a man of broad shoulders and indicated sturdy and vigorous ways.

only skin deep. These are repeated with wisdom, from them is made. The special standards of the day have accented beauty to such a degree

Strange indeed are the persistent delusions some women possess. A few years ago it was the white slave traffic which was being heralded as a nightmare.

"All the unemployed in Oregon should be listed and registered," declares Charles Gram, state labor commissioner in town from Salem.

Count von Alven Sieben, who was very much on the early stages of the newspaper in the early stages of the Benson, from Seattle. He saw that Mr. Myers, at the time he had been with him, so he came over and spoke.

"The most important thing about planning the 1925 exposition," advised Frank Davey of Salem, "is the selection of the site for the exposition.

Ed Nell who has about 10,000 sheep more or less in the Butte creek country of Morrow county, is an arrival at the Imperial. Mr. Nell says that there has been a great reduction in the overhead in handling sheep brought about through necessity.

There must be money in the seed business. Allen Woodruff of Seattle, who sells seed to the growers of the Pacific Northwest, is said to have received \$80,000 for the seeds produced on 99 acres of ground.

of the wooden structure which is a work of art. The wood in autumn are a wordless song.

That floods my heart with throbbing melody. Colors of flame and bronze the notes of a melody.

The woods in autumn are as paintings hung Against the sky, with colors bold and bright.

The woods in autumn are a poet's treasure, laid upon a thousand hills.

October opens wide the magic door Into the world of earth and sky.

Teaching that death must come to everything. But that the breath and earth-decay are through.

We shall be called—to great an other spring.

Money, the socialist yelled, "Is but a flow."

What good is an arch? Blaine, Wash. has an arch on the British-American border. Most American towns on the same border have tunnels.

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