

The Oregonian

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Portland, Sunday, Feb. 24, 1907. ONCE MORE ABOUT GAS FRANCHISES.

The House at Salem killed the amended gas franchise revocation bill. It was a deliberate and deliberate hold-up of the City of Portland through the machinery of law.

Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York, in a series of articles published in Harper's Bazaar, has written under the above head that is worthy not only of perusal, but of careful study.

Success, or apparent success, of the gas company at Salem in defeating every reasonable proposal for correction and restraint is a victory over the whole people of Portland.

Investigation of the gas company by the City Council began more than a year ago. It might be imagined that under stress of universal complaint and exposure to the scrutinizing eyes of the whole public the gas company would make an effort to improve its service.

to be sure, the nominal price per 1000 cubic feet has dropped from \$1.50 to 95 cents. Yet it is within the common knowledge that the cost of gas to the average consumer in this city has increased.

It has been several months since predictions of approaching hard times being drifting out of the Eastern financial headquarters. At first these "crack-brained" were received with respect.

There has been some criticism over the failure of Congress to give some relief to the financial situation. The banks, however, seem to be holding a tight rein on borrowers, and are taking no chances, and it is this conservative policy which is doing much to head off the threatened panic.

BACK TO NATURE. In that fascinating excursion of fancy, "The War of Worlds," Mr. H. G. Wells describes an invasion of the earth by the inhabitants of Mars.

There will be some danger when the reaction from the ever-increasing price of all commodities takes place. In that readjustment both labor and capital will suffer.

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Two forces have been at work in connection with the status of women, one of them progressive and the other conservative.

At this pace, and the example given is fairly representative of its nervous, restless spirit, it is not too much to say that all the social dignity, courtesy and charm of social life are likely soon to be detached.

Bishop Potter is convinced that, as our cities grow and social demands multiply, it is not too far forward to adopt some such convenience as commerce long ago resorted to, and which has proven an enormous economy of time and temper.

the body to the germs by air, sunshine and nutritious food. Tuberculosis is a disease of civilization; the remedy, and apparently the only one, consists in an escape from the conditions which civilization has imposed.

LONGFELLOW. With the possible exception of Tennyson, Longfellow is the most popular of modern English poets. His rhymes jar, his meters halt, the melody of his verse is thin and monotonous.

For the first time since the young Queen of Holland made Prince Henry of the Netherlands "Prince Consort" he has appeared before the people and the world in a role of usefulness.

It does not mean a decadence of patriotism that there is no celebration of Washington's birthday.

There is no trace in his writings of the pessimism which has been so long a part of the modern mind.

Mr. Hammond plays no favorites. He sold one part of his railroad system to Mr. Hill and the other to Mr. Harriman.

The Legislature, which once decided to cut off two normals, leaving two, has appropriated \$35,000 for Weston.

Senator Depew comes grandly to the fore once more and defends Forester Pinchot. Depew has been lost in the woods for two years, and knows all about it.

Senator Stewart is Rich Again. Eight years beyond the allotted three-score and ten, W. M. Stewart, of Nevada, who retired from the United States Senate a poor man, has again won fortune.

hullaby tinged with complacent sadness. Poe's verse surges with passionate questionings. He sang for the immortals, Longfellow for the nursery and the young ladies' boarding school.

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. Under a spreading chestnut-tree The village smithy stands; The smith, a mighty man it is, With large and sinewy hands.

THE BRIDGE. I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose over the city, Behind the dark church tower.

THE DAY IS DONE. The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

THE RAINY DAY. The day is cold, and dark and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mouldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

THE GAS COMPANY. The gas company at Salem in defeating every reasonable proposal for correction and restraint is a victory over the whole people of Portland.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEDGER. Harry Libby, of Hampton, Va., has sent his annual gift of oysters to the members of the press gallery in Washington.

THE PRESS GALLERY OYSTERS ARRIVE. Philadelphia Ledger: Harry Libby, of Hampton, Va., has sent his annual gift of oysters to the members of the press gallery in Washington.

THE CHICAGO MURDER. This latest Chicago murder, in which Mrs. McDonald killed Mr. Guerin, seems to have started at the wrong corner of the triangle.

THE BIRDS WILL CONTINUE TO BITE AN OCCASIONAL CHERRY. The birds will continue to bite an occasional cherry.

FAMOUS POEMS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

On Wednesday, February 27, the Centenary of the Birth of the Great American Poet Will Be Celebrated.

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I saw her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden zephyr falling, And sinking into the sea.

How often, O how often, In the days that had gone by, Had stood on the bridge at midnight, And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often, I had wished that ebbing tide Would bear me away to the boom, O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of care, And the burden laid upon me, Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, And I'm at peace with the sea; And only the shadow of others, Throws its shadow o'er me.

And I think how many thousands Of care-embowered men, Each bearing his burden of sorrow, Have crossed the bridge since then.

At break of day, as heavenward The pious monks of Saint Bernard Uttered the oft-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air.

A traveler, by the faithful hound, Half-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand a scroll, That banner with the strange device.

There, in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!" For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today.