

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1910.

ROOSEVELT AT THE SORBONNE.

Mr. Roosevelt's address at the Sorbonne in Paris abounds with those moral remarks which to many persons seem trite but which to a keener insight signify an abiding sense of the laws of the spiritual world.

We may call his address a sermon without departing very far from the truth. His text falls into two divisions, first the duty of the average man in the ordinary affairs of life.

Mr. Roosevelt's grudge against the mere critic, if it can be called a grudge, is of long standing. We find it in his addresses of years ago expressed with the same vigor as in the last utterance before the Sorbonne.

Roosevelt's great virtue thus far in his career is that he has been an extraordinary student of his own critics.

The good citizen will demand liberty for himself, and he will also demand for others "the liberty which he claims as his own."

broadened the basis of liberty. Mr. Roosevelt would make it as wide as the human race.

DELEGATIONS TO DEMOCRATS.

Democrats of Oregon are not so afraid as they look as if they were of all, for they are to hold a feast or assembly of their county chairmen in Portland, during the last flickers of the gorgeous pageant of the Rose Festival.

The 1200 Republican delegates to the Republican assembly, to be held two months later, will owe to the dozen untried leaders of the Democratic hosts felicitations of the hour.

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the languages of Schumann and Gounod.

Some time perhaps our musical people will recover from this abject prostration as they look for a better all, for they are to hold a feast or assembly of their county chairmen in Portland, during the last flickers of the gorgeous pageant of the Rose Festival.

Retirement of Aldrich and Hale is said to please President Taft. It will certainly relieve him of serious embarrassment during the next two or three years of his "test."

Taft has felt that he needed the aid of these men in order to carry his message in Congress.

Some citizens in Portland, evidently, don't know there ever were pioneers or town-builders here.

Benjamin Stark was one of Portland's founders and so was J. L. Morley, a 15-year-old boy at the time.

The country, or large part of it, is disgraced with the new tariff, with high cost of living, and with things generally. It is "tired" and wants something new, though it knows not just exactly what.

The trial of Dr. Hyde in Kansas City bids fair to present another of those exhibitions, too frequent in American courts, where the rules of technical evidence are preferred to the truth.

The charge that Dr. Hyde tried to kill the nurse by injecting the germs of typhoid fever into her arm is improbable because it may mar, the opening of a new era in the history of murder by poison.

The temperance of Taft is one of harmonizing. It is a judicial temperament that works through methods of conciliation and compromise.

A virulent Spring fever is incubating in Chicago, and will break out in the month of May.

The public demand for the product of the muckrakers is either on the decrease or the readers of the popular magazines are insisting on something more sensational than anything that has yet been attempted.

Some census takers are said to be coming to the kitchen to cook for the count. They must be well-fed husbands or hopeless bachelors.

It ought not to make delay if the census counter doesn't find the folks at home. The neighbors know all about things.

Still one dark spot in all this bright promise of Democracy—Mr. Bryan has failed to say he would not be a candidate.

When the sun first shines warm the foot and his underwear are soon parted.

when he put the envenomed dagger into Laertes' hand and made the King reinforce the dagger with a drugged drink. In this case a beneficent fate intervened to punish the intending murderer, but that unhappily occurred more rarely than one could have wished.

In the popular conception the poisoner is much preferred to a potter, and he makes his victim feel that he is dying. He loves to see an enemy writhe in excruciating pangs.

"The WOLTER CASE." "Albert Wolter, a degenerate youth, who gloated over lewd pictures and was 'cray about women,' must die in the electric chair for the murder of Ruth Wheeler, a 15-year-old girl.

First making love to the young girl, himself a youth of tender years, Wolter deceived her to his room and strangled her and burned his body in his fireplace.

The first quadruplets in Canada are four blue-eyed children of David Grant, a Scotchman, and his wife. The parents of seven, these people found themselves in straitened circumstances.

George Hafus, a wealthy Palouse farmer, is in jail at Colfax, charged with the murder of his brother-in-law, who was slain during a drunken row.

The boys and girls of the San Francisco public high schools are as tenacious along useful lines as they are in holding to their sororities and fraternities.

Thousands of rosebushes throughout the city, in foliage of tender green and bronze, and with buds upon all the new shoots, give promise of a gorgeous display at the Rose Carnival in June.

It is the business of newcomers in this city to learn the names of its streets. They are required to do in other cities all over the world.

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Poems by Sam. L. Simpson

Reprinted from the Advance Proof of the Forthcoming Edition of the Oregon Poet's Work.

We leaned on our guns and looked over the city. Enthroned in the days that eternally are...

"The pick and the shovel are rusted and broken. Faded the fires of the cabin and tattered the long roll has sounded, the tattered has spoken, the tattered has spoken on the hills that were rent."

"There's a smoke on yon hillsides that somehow will linger. Like a mist on the shore when the tide has gone down. Have you heard it—a luminous violet column."

"He was only an Indian, the son of Old Mary. Swarthy and wild, with a midnight of light in his eyes, that arose as he sped to the Lethian ferry."

"The night is near and the twilight falls. In banners: gloom from the sapphire walls. A crape of shadow is looped and hung from star to star, and the moon is swung."

"The peaks that glistened, the hills that gleamed. Away down to the vales of green. That slept in beautiful peace between. Are as serene and dark as the faded page of some old tale of the golden age."

"Oregon City will be host to the Open River Convention next Tuesday. Three hundred delegates, from nine counties in Western Oregon, the counties directly interested in maintaining the Willamette as an open river, will assemble on that day in the historic city by the falls to inspect the canal and locks on the west side of the river."

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