

PORTLAND, OREGON. Entered as second-class matter, February 23, 1881, under post office number 315, Portland, Ore., authorized on July 16, 1879, under act of Congress, approved October 3, 1877, and authorized on July 16, 1879, under act of Congress, approved October 3, 1877, and authorized on July 16, 1879, under act of Congress, approved October 3, 1877.

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THE SLUMBERING GIANT

Eminent students of American history have expended much effort within the last few years to lay bare the motives and interests of the men who framed the Constitution of the United States. It has been shown pretty clearly that those men were neither saints nor inspired philosophers. They were moved by the ordinary feelings of human beings and in writing the Constitution they often had in mind the special interests of the social class to which they belonged. All this may be admitted without detracting from the substantial merit of their work. It is not, however, to be amended in fundamental particulars. It has not brought the millennium to pass, for the United States has its troubles like other countries and is confronted with problems crying for solution. The Constitution is not to be amended in fundamental particulars. It has not brought the millennium to pass, for the United States has its troubles like other countries and is confronted with problems crying for solution. The Constitution is not to be amended in fundamental particulars. It has not brought the millennium to pass, for the United States has its troubles like other countries and is confronted with problems crying for solution.

WATER, NOT MONEY, TO WASTE. The immediate question as to water meters is the authorization through a referendum of the people for Commissioner Daly to install 5000 meters. The large issue is a formal declaration of public policy on the water question. If the public approves, the meters will have been endorsed, and the Commissioner will pursue the policy of universal meter installation. Will Commissioner Daly, or any of the other members of the present board, avow a purpose then to limit the meter programme to a paltry 5000?

HEROINES OF FICTION. A writer in the Unpopular Review deserves great praise for a courageous attack which he has made upon the Americanism of the heroine of the novel "The Heart Interest." The heroine has become a popular figure since the days of Sir Charles Grandison. She simmers and swoons through the "Scottish Chiefs," meekly ambles through Dickens as the faint shadow of an alliance with the heroine of Scott and feebly annoys us in Thackeray. In current fiction the heroine is like an algebraic problem. She clamors for a solution which most of us are too much irritated to give her and which she would not accept if we would.

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW WRITER. The Unpopular Review writer to whom we refer speaks of the heroine as an "Incubance" and a "plague." She seems to be exceptionally annoying to him in Rider Haggard's stories, which are the only ones which he simply intolerable," combining "the staidness of a queen with the style of a professional euclyonist and the loquacity of a cook of duty." And yet all who wish to enjoy Rider Haggard's incomparable tales of adventure must put up with this disagreeable young lady. There are times when literary fashions almost force one to rise in rebellion.

THE CHELSEA BEE-NUGGET. The Chelsea Bee-Nugget, which is the oldest newspaper in Southwest Washington, has issued an anniversary number which is a beautiful edition of unusual merit. The souvenir is in magazine form and is printed on book paper. The cover is a beautiful photo-engraving of Mount St. Helens. Inside is much valuable information on the progress of the community, all adequately illustrated. Its issuance commemorates the close of thirty-two years of existence. It is a souvenir that any weekly newspaper might be proud of. The Bee-Nugget comes about as near being our ideal of what a small city weekly newspaper should be as any printed in the Northwest. Its columns are devoted almost exclusively to local news, which is written entertainingly and without padding or flamboyant expression. Moreover, practically every line in the paper is written at home, set up at home and printed at home. In addition it presents an ably conducted editorial page. The handsome souvenir is worthy of such a publication.

and his treatment of theological subjects marvellous. But we all know the predestined fate of sermons whether in prose or verse. Milton and Dante stand side by side upon the modern bookshelf both immensely honored and both unread.

A BILLION-BUSHEL WHEAT CROP. The United States seems in a fair way to make up deficiencies in Europe's wheat crop due to the war, as it did last year. The acreage in this country is about 14 per cent greater this year than last and the Government crop report for May indicates a yield of 632,000,000 bushels of winter wheat as compared with 613,000,000 indicated in April.

WHERE THE DECISION LIES. The Oregonian has from an ex-cited citizen—we guess he is a citizen—a letter charging that we are trying to "drag the United States into war." The letter ought to have been addressed to the President of the United States who is the sole author of the recent note to Germany and who is responsible for the policy it declares and the action it portends.

OUR MILITARY LIMITATIONS. At a time when the American thoughts have turned to possible war it is opportune to present a brief inventory of our war-like attributes and assets; not that a prospect is present that we shall be called upon to use them, but rather for the purpose of determining how powerful a case we might be able to present in that international tribunal of last appeal—the conflict.

THE WATER METER PEDDLERS HAVE fallen down—temporarily—in Tacoma. That city does not want water meters. It does not have them and the water meter peddlers have their eye on that city nothing can save them from the fate of Seattle. Argus.

MISSOURI IS INDIGNANT at Oregon quarantine on Missouri stock, and hence will have to be "shown." As to the note, so far so good, but we can't quite forget Vera Cruz as bearing on the issue at hand.

THE GREEK KING IS DOWN with a fever. Not the war fever, we take it. Arbitration hinted at. What music to the Bryan ears. For our part we ain't seen no files to await this fair. The vacation lure is beginning to stir us strongly. This is the weather that makes the roses.

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Press and President's Note. What Newspapers of United States Say Concerning the Communication to Germany. Compiled by Associated Press. Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier—Right-minded men of every party will approve its tone and tenor. The charges, the definitions with which the presentation is made can hardly be said to be fair. It seems to meet every requirement of American patriotism.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Express—There has been no backdown. Let the people's response go out from every corner of the land. We are Americans.

Albany (N. Y.) Argus—Dignified in its tone, logical in its argument and conclusions, firm in its demands, the United States note to Germany reflects the policy of the President, Woodrow Wilson, under most trying circumstances.

Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker Press—The note places the issue squarely before Germany for action; and an announcement that the United States Government, particularly a policy of sea warfare, must not long be delayed.

St. Louis Republic—There is not in the note sufficient hint that this Government will stop short of the fullest reparation for the wrongs done to the citizens of the nation of the full rights of American citizens in the future.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune—The statement of President Wilson which appeared in the protest sent by President Wilson, devoid of treachery, breathing the highest spirit of international justice, this is the first paper, replete with momentous possibilities, which has been published in a frank and an unmistakable language tells the Kaiser's government what the American people think of the situation.

Philadelphia Public Ledger—The Administration has spoken and spoken to the point. The German government cannot but be slightly doubtful as to its meaning. Will Germany listen to the voice of prudence—will it do so last?

GLEAMS THROUGH THE MIST. By Denn Collins. Songless. I cannot sing a song of Spring. For Spring is almost out of date; Nor can I sing of Summer ring. For there is still a month to wait; With one too soon and one too late I neither can I jubilate— O'er neither can I jubilate— So hanged if I know what to sing.

Soleman's Thought. I cannot sing a song of pride. About my friends I have no pride. My friend who's on the other side Against that sort of lyric pride: We ought to have a little pride. My British friend if I should fling A barb to the Tiberian braves— So hanged if I know what to sing.

Soleman's Thought. My friends, your differing tastes Go fall apart from me to sing. A song that I should please you all— So hanged if I know what to sing.

Soleman's Thought. We have seen more yardage made—and less rooting about in from the bleachers—in a brush college football game, than the combatants are accomplishing at present in Flanders.

Soleman's Thought. They may base, they may batter their forts if they will. But our shells seem to be holding out still.

Soleman's Thought. A mother's pride over her babe's first tooth is a weak and colorless thing compared with the pride of the suburban householder on beholding the first bean-sprout that gets clear of the ground in his back-yard garden.

Soleman's Thought. "Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, and I was instantly all attention for I knew that he had brought out another volume of the capsize classic on the "Five Inch Bookshelf for Busy Men." "In this volume," said the C. O. B., "we offer the busy public a two-minute version of Hen. Longfellow's famous epic of 'Cavanselle'.