

The Oregonian

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Portland, Sunday, Aug. 22, 1915.

TAINTED MONEY.

The outstanding fact of the United States Cashier stock-jobbing swindle are that \$1,500,000 in cash and in securities and property was realized by the conspirators, and that \$450,000 went into their pockets as commissions.

COURTS ALONE CAN DECIDE.

Idaho's determination to fight the Ferris water-power bill at every point before the people, in Congress and in the courts—is an earnest of what is to come.

DICKENS AS A UNIFIER.

A writer for the New York Times has interviewed Mrs. Josephine Dodge Dakin Bacon. He asked her indignant question: "Every subject under the sun, and she answered with all the assurance of a Pythonesse on her tripod, as great literary lights are expected to do when their souls are being searched to provide material for a special article."

A LITTLE TENNIS RACKET.

Before the city accepts the recommendation of Park Superintendent Conwill that the \$50 claim for damages presented by the Rev. Mr. Richardson for injuries accruing from a game of tennis with the children in one of the water-park basins should be conducted, there is much at stake in this particular tennis racket; the acrimonious score now stands "love none" instead of love-all, and before the controversy is ended there may be the death of a king.

through its officials, has done a genuine service in exposing the crooked dealings of the Cashier Company's officials.

SUBSIDIZED PEACE LECTURES.

As a counterpart to the alleged industry of booming the munition business by propagating war sentiment, we now have the subsidized peace lectures. The Carnegie Institute is said to have paid for one hundred of them, offering their services free to local Chautauqua committees.

WHERE IS BRITISH FREEDOM?

The British nation is feeling the effects of war not only in the losses on the battlefield, but in the higher cost of living and the conversion of the country into a vast military camp, but in the curtailment of its liberties.

War is coming home to the British people in a manner they have not known since the whole country was in arms to repel the expected invasion by Napoleon.

Don't do it again, Wilhelm, said Woodrow.

Football practice is being taken up.

Of course, if it comes to the worst we might assemble our awkward squad and insist upon American rights.

"Red-eyed vireo in Oregon," says a headline.

We are going to raise a dollar for "dollar day," even if we have to pawn something.

Russia may move the national capital. Over into Siberia, is our advice to the Czar.

Anyway, the latest German crisis relieves pressure of the latest Mexican crisis.

Italy may break with Turkey. Where mouldy minds have groped for freedom's flower.

Retwixt Mexico and Germany our diplomats are kept on the jump.

Well, it's up to U. S. again. What are we going to do about it?

Bulgaria may join the allies shortly. But what's a few more!

Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Now to garner that bumper crop.

And school days loom nigh.

Glad to see you, Mr. Taft.

Goah. Some hot!

Suppose they should all ask damages?

Mr. Richardson resents the implication of being unparliamentary, naturally. He says there should have been a backslide in the ball wouldn't have gone into that supposedly neutral territory, but which, like other "neutral" territory nowadays, is pretty dangerous.

These are other things for the city to consider.

The Rev. Mr. Richardson must have felt pretty sheepish coming a-cropper before the wondering eyes of a lot of children who were there to learn from an expert some of the fine points of the game.

Under the defense of the realm act every citizen is under military law and subject to fine or imprisonment, or both, for violation thereof.

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Byron's dream is far more real than any passing glimmer of the sun.

But night is not hideous to all the poets. Burns, for example, agrees with St. Paul that those who are drunk are drunk in the night, but Tam O'Shanter's tipsy bout with the demons is gay rather than woeful.

It is the imagination when darkness settled down over the snowbound world and the fire crackled up the chimney, everything was bright and cheerful in the old farmhouse.

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CONTRIBUTED OREGON VERSE

"Ambition" started up a hill; Heer stopped, nor looked to right or left. He climbed each craggy ledge and cliff.

His eyes, uplifted to the crest. Heer saw the lovely scenes he passed. His plucking feet ne'er paused to rest. Nor wandered from the stony path.

And if some striving flower grew Between the stones that strewn his way. He tramped it, nor stopped to rue. The helpless thing he crushed to clay.

The other window, crystal clear. Was marked "The Window of Regret." It overlooked his whole career. The path he climbed, the trials he

And looking down the pathway dear. He saw the flower his heel had trod. And further on a wounded deer. Its labored breathing nearly hushed.

On either side the stony way. He saw the world's refreshing wood; Observed wee bypaths lead away. To dell of helpfulness and good.

I stood on the beach at sunset. A wonderful, roseate light Shone on the waters' surface. Its glory blined me quite.

I thought of our life at its noon tide. When we've grasped some truth at last. And we're learning to rise in the present. Through our mistakes of the past.

I stood on the beach at sunset. A wonderful, roseate light Shone on the waters' surface. Its glory blined me quite.

When I thought of life at its sunset. At the end of the strenuous flight. When man's heart is filled with charity. Ere the coming of the night.

Life, with all your delusions I love you. I love the stress, the striving for unattainable ends; Yes, I even love you for my failures. Could success be so sweet, had I never known the taste of pain?

But I listened to another's grief, my own is silent; It's easy to speak the word of hope, to assuage sorrow. And to create sunshine in lonely hearts; Send your darkest messenger, he will find me radiant.

WAKE UP, THOU CHILD. Wake up, thou child! From creeds' mesmeric slumber. Give heed to thoughts that bid thy soul be free.

Streams from the wilds in time will make a river. Along their banks, the flowers will sprout. Thought upon thought, the pearls from shells will sever.

Unfold thy soul and stir with it life's pages. Let truth and knowledge be thy guiding light. Stand by the rudder with immortal sage.

Unfold thy soul, this world shall bid goodnight. P. K. ENEBO.

Gleams Through the Mist

Methought I heard a voice cry: "Sleep no more!" And I awoke with loud and raucous roar. And felt the air squawk in the crimping heat.

Muse, it is tough upon a night like this To try to sleep with thoughts that measure miles. While the big sweat drops on the pavements hiss. And the whole universe walls about for ice.

Whether at Naxos or Babylon, Beneath the anger of the August sun; One's calm, sweet temper coaxes drop by drop. As down his neck the perspiration runs.

Let's sing to Beals a choroid ode, in measure full and strong! And let the clarinet be blown and smile the clarinet's gong, while loud the flute it prattles squeals in honor of E. Alden Beals, by whom the weather is controlled—who makes it hot and makes it cold.

Let's honor Beals whom all men curse and mostly unkindly twit, if weather goes from bad to worse when he is fixing it. For it is rather doubtful whether, when mixing up a bunch of weather, the job is done properly, done to please the whims of you.

I stood on the beach at nontime. The tide was at its ebb. And the sand was covered with debris. And weeds of an intricate web. The rocks stood barren and rugged. The snags were barren and white. All looked hopelessly sordid. In the pitiless morning light.

I thought of our life in its morning. And the many mistakes we make. Ere we learn to weave its pattern. With a sort of give and take. And the things we have started wrong. And we're frightened at the discord in the singing of our song.

I stood on the beach at nontime. The tide was at its flow. And the waves were singing a love song. With a murmur soft and low. There was no sign of debris. Now, on the white, white sand. Only the beautiful ocean. And the still more beautiful land.

I thought of our life at its noon tide. When we've grasped some truth at last. And we're learning to rise in the present. Through our mistakes of the past. And hope has given a hand. Through faith we have walked the waters. Till we're almost in sight of the land.

I looked out through the window glass; Methought I saw the ice man pass! His eyes were wild; his face was wild, and frozen dead was on his beard. But he looked not to left nor right and so he strode from out my sight, and my long way was parched and my eye was red and the electric fan sang overhead.

Methought the moon was a frozen bit Of dream in such a sky. And I strove and struggled to reach for it. But I never could come a-nigh.

And far I gazed from my window seat To the distant sea, to leave the sea. Like an ice cream cone in the vasty heat—And, gosh, the thing looked good.

And through the keyhole, carved in strange device, ancestral voices belted loud for ice. "Ice! Ice!" the warping walls and pavements screamed and a-m the English sparrows, snowbirds, screamed.

Then came a gray and grim old servitor with jangling ice tongs swanging at his thigh, but though he knew 'twas ice we clamored for, with stealthy, cat-like tread he passed us by, and a wild shriek from out our lips. His lips broke—his was the ice man giving us the shake.

On Linden, when the sun was low. All drifted away the untroubled snow. And stings went soothing to and fro; And there were jets of hot, I know. Take that, my face away, its features daunt me! Why should it come and stay and haunt and haunt me? I see it look my way and grin and taunt me! It fades; it melts into the whirling snow, and yet that visage grip I know, I know! It is the ice man, come to mock my woe!

Look yonder through the frozen colonades, who stalketh like a shade among the shades! Hoar frost is on his hair, his icy eyes are fixed on me while he approaches nigh. He holds his stick against my lip; upon my chest I feel he melts and drip. And then he vanishes and leaves me so, and yet that demon face I know, I know! It was the ice man, come to mock my woe.