

The Oregonian

Entered at Portland (Oregon) Postoffice as second-class mail matter... Portland, Sunday, Sept. 3, 1916.

nomics. The Federal laws of the United States have obtained protection for many birds that destroy insects...

IS ARBITRATION A CRIME? The railway managers, relying upon a "kept" price to back them up...

MR. WILSON'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE. If the American people were to judge President Wilson by his words...

IF THE RAILROAD MANAGERS AND THE brotherhoods might have been persuaded to agree to arbitration...

MORE TENURE OF OFFICE. Insistence by one of the teachers in the public school on her right to hold...

COLLECTING POSTAGE STAMPS. Debate among the members of the American Philatelic Society...

AN OBJECT LESSON IN SHIPPING. The marvelous escape of the International Mercantile Marine Corporation...

nothing else to do. The international postal convention is not what it was a brief two years ago...

its of their possessions. This is still an affair of much ceremony where the custom has been preserved.

With our own diplomatic situation in Europe further complicated by Roumania's participation in the war...

Figures of the cost of the epidemic in New York, which is only one of many affected areas, are impressive.

The world's available tonnage of steamers in July, 1914, was 24,809,000. Of these it is estimated that war losses have run 1,520,000 tons...

Those St. Louis moving van drivers who are on strike would be doing the people a good turn if the strike had the effect of putting a check on the habit of building up again...

A speaker at the Teachers' Institute yesterday advised against the study of algebra as of little importance in after life.

China's reluctance to borrow from Japan is easily understood, and so also is her willingness to accept the money when it is found that other sources of funds are closed.

The assistant professor in animal husbandry at Corvallis, who has just become the father of twin boys, is deserving of congratulation.

California murderer heard "If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live" played on the phonograph just before his execution...

Decision to speed up road work shows a high sense of appreciation of the uncertainties of all weather in 1916.

Running around on her launching day is getting experience pretty fast, even for a submarine.

"Slide closes Canal again" grows monotonous with reiteration.

Hiram was "too much Johnson" for them.

price is a supporter of the President. It coincides closely with the policy which has been advocated by The Oregonian...

The cost of the navy necessary to protect a great merchant marine should not deter us, for it would be a species of insurance...

Mr. Wilson said one thing in his speech of acceptance which would better have been left unsaid. It is this, referring to the St. Louis platform:

The President is overbold in crediting the American people with short memories. He not only assumes that they have forgotten the record of progress...

Democratic tariff policy, repudiated, the wildest extravagance practiced where economy was promised...

If President Wilson had been able to induce the railroads and the men to arbitrate their differences, it would have been a triumph for him...

When the President climbed from the ruin which he had made of the Baltimore platform and, ascending that newly made at St. Louis, pointed proudly to the wreckage...

Debate among the members of the American Philatelic Society, which closed its annual convention after an interesting study of new conditions governing collection of postage stamps...

Yes, despite these adventitious circumstances, it is possible in one time to fix with some degree of certainty the price of most stamps...

The surprising statement has been made credibly that there are in the United States alone no fewer than a million and a half collectors of used and consequently useless postage stamps...

Stamp collectors know the story of the wealthy Britisher who set himself to the task of obtaining one specimen of every stamp ever issued by the Australian colonies...

For seventeen centuries a town in Yorkshire, England, has observed the custom of planting the bunny hedge in the bed of the River Esk.

Villa's threat to raid the border again seems to have been timed with the departure of the Oregon infantrymen, but he would do well to have a care...

China's reluctance to borrow from Japan is easily understood, and so also is her willingness to accept the money when it is found that other sources of funds are closed.

The assistant professor in animal husbandry at Corvallis, who has just become the father of twin boys, is deserving of congratulation.

California murderer heard "If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live" played on the phonograph just before his execution...

Decision to speed up road work shows a high sense of appreciation of the uncertainties of all weather in 1916.

Running around on her launching day is getting experience pretty fast, even for a submarine.

"Slide closes Canal again" grows monotonous with reiteration.

Hiram was "too much Johnson" for them.

nothing else to do. The international postal convention is not what it was a brief two years ago...

The cost of the navy necessary to protect a great merchant marine should not deter us, for it would be a species of insurance...

Mr. Wilson said one thing in his speech of acceptance which would better have been left unsaid. It is this, referring to the St. Louis platform:

The President is overbold in crediting the American people with short memories. He not only assumes that they have forgotten the record of progress...

Democratic tariff policy, repudiated, the wildest extravagance practiced where economy was promised...

If President Wilson had been able to induce the railroads and the men to arbitrate their differences, it would have been a triumph for him...

When the President climbed from the ruin which he had made of the Baltimore platform and, ascending that newly made at St. Louis, pointed proudly to the wreckage...

Debate among the members of the American Philatelic Society, which closed its annual convention after an interesting study of new conditions governing collection of postage stamps...

Yes, despite these adventitious circumstances, it is possible in one time to fix with some degree of certainty the price of most stamps...

The surprising statement has been made credibly that there are in the United States alone no fewer than a million and a half collectors of used and consequently useless postage stamps...

Stamp collectors know the story of the wealthy Britisher who set himself to the task of obtaining one specimen of every stamp ever issued by the Australian colonies...

For seventeen centuries a town in Yorkshire, England, has observed the custom of planting the bunny hedge in the bed of the River Esk.

Villa's threat to raid the border again seems to have been timed with the departure of the Oregon infantrymen, but he would do well to have a care...

China's reluctance to borrow from Japan is easily understood, and so also is her willingness to accept the money when it is found that other sources of funds are closed.

The assistant professor in animal husbandry at Corvallis, who has just become the father of twin boys, is deserving of congratulation.

California murderer heard "If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live" played on the phonograph just before his execution...

Decision to speed up road work shows a high sense of appreciation of the uncertainties of all weather in 1916.

Running around on her launching day is getting experience pretty fast, even for a submarine.

"Slide closes Canal again" grows monotonous with reiteration.

Hiram was "too much Johnson" for them.

nothing else to do. The international postal convention is not what it was a brief two years ago...

The cost of the navy necessary to protect a great merchant marine should not deter us, for it would be a species of insurance...

Mr. Wilson said one thing in his speech of acceptance which would better have been left unsaid. It is this, referring to the St. Louis platform:

The President is overbold in crediting the American people with short memories. He not only assumes that they have forgotten the record of progress...

Democratic tariff policy, repudiated, the wildest extravagance practiced where economy was promised...

If President Wilson had been able to induce the railroads and the men to arbitrate their differences, it would have been a triumph for him...

When the President climbed from the ruin which he had made of the Baltimore platform and, ascending that newly made at St. Louis, pointed proudly to the wreckage...

Debate among the members of the American Philatelic Society, which closed its annual convention after an interesting study of new conditions governing collection of postage stamps...

Yes, despite these adventitious circumstances, it is possible in one time to fix with some degree of certainty the price of most stamps...

The surprising statement has been made credibly that there are in the United States alone no fewer than a million and a half collectors of used and consequently useless postage stamps...

Stamp collectors know the story of the wealthy Britisher who set himself to the task of obtaining one specimen of every stamp ever issued by the Australian colonies...

For seventeen centuries a town in Yorkshire, England, has observed the custom of planting the bunny hedge in the bed of the River Esk.

Villa's threat to raid the border again seems to have been timed with the departure of the Oregon infantrymen, but he would do well to have a care...

China's reluctance to borrow from Japan is easily understood, and so also is her willingness to accept the money when it is found that other sources of funds are closed.

The assistant professor in animal husbandry at Corvallis, who has just become the father of twin boys, is deserving of congratulation.

California murderer heard "If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live" played on the phonograph just before his execution...

Decision to speed up road work shows a high sense of appreciation of the uncertainties of all weather in 1916.

Running around on her launching day is getting experience pretty fast, even for a submarine.

"Slide closes Canal again" grows monotonous with reiteration.

Hiram was "too much Johnson" for them.

nothing else to do. The international postal convention is not what it was a brief two years ago...

The cost of the navy necessary to protect a great merchant marine should not deter us, for it would be a species of insurance...

Mr. Wilson said one thing in his speech of acceptance which would better have been left unsaid. It is this, referring to the St. Louis platform:

The President is overbold in crediting the American people with short memories. He not only assumes that they have forgotten the record of progress...

Democratic tariff policy, repudiated, the wildest extravagance practiced where economy was promised...

If President Wilson had been able to induce the railroads and the men to arbitrate their differences, it would have been a triumph for him...

When the President climbed from the ruin which he had made of the Baltimore platform and, ascending that newly made at St. Louis, pointed proudly to the wreckage...

Debate among the members of the American Philatelic Society, which closed its annual convention after an interesting study of new conditions governing collection of postage stamps...

Yes, despite these adventitious circumstances, it is possible in one time to fix with some degree of certainty the price of most stamps...

The surprising statement has been made credibly that there are in the United States alone no fewer than a million and a half collectors of used and consequently useless postage stamps...

Stamp collectors know the story of the wealthy Britisher who set himself to the task of obtaining one specimen of every stamp ever issued by the Australian colonies...

For seventeen centuries a town in Yorkshire, England, has observed the custom of planting the bunny hedge in the bed of the River Esk.

Villa's threat to raid the border again seems to have been timed with the departure of the Oregon infantrymen, but he would do well to have a care...

China's reluctance to borrow from Japan is easily understood, and so also is her willingness to accept the money when it is found that other sources of funds are closed.

The assistant professor in animal husbandry at Corvallis, who has just become the father of twin boys, is deserving of congratulation.

California murderer heard "If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live" played on the phonograph just before his execution...

Decision to speed up road work shows a high sense of appreciation of the uncertainties of all weather in 1916.

Running around on her launching day is getting experience pretty fast, even for a submarine.

"Slide closes Canal again" grows monotonous with reiteration.

Hiram was "too much Johnson" for them.

nothing else to do. The international postal convention is not what it was a brief two years ago...

The cost of the navy necessary to protect a great merchant marine should not deter us, for it would be a species of insurance...

Mr. Wilson said one thing in his speech of acceptance which would better have been left unsaid. It is this, referring to the St. Louis platform:

The President is overbold in crediting the American people with short memories. He not only assumes that they have forgotten the record of progress...

Democratic tariff policy, repudiated, the wildest extravagance practiced where economy was promised...

If President Wilson had been able to induce the railroads and the men to arbitrate their differences, it would have been a triumph for him...

When the President climbed from the ruin which he had made of the Baltimore platform and, ascending that newly made at St. Louis, pointed proudly to the wreckage...

Debate among the members of the American Philatelic Society, which closed its annual convention after an interesting study of new conditions governing collection of postage stamps...

Yes, despite these adventitious circumstances, it is possible in one time to fix with some degree of certainty the price of most stamps...

The surprising statement has been made credibly that there are in the United States alone no fewer than a million and a half collectors of used and consequently useless postage stamps...

Stamp collectors know the story of the wealthy Britisher who set himself to the task of obtaining one specimen of every stamp ever issued by the Australian colonies...

For seventeen centuries a town in Yorkshire, England, has observed the custom of planting the bunny hedge in the bed of the River Esk.

Villa's threat to raid the border again seems to have been timed with the departure of the Oregon infantrymen, but he would do well to have a care...

China's reluctance to borrow from Japan is easily understood, and so also is her willingness to accept the money when it is found that other sources of funds are closed.

The assistant professor in animal husbandry at Corvallis, who has just become the father of twin boys, is deserving of congratulation.

California murderer heard "If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live" played on the phonograph just before his execution...

Decision to speed up road work shows a high sense of appreciation of the uncertainties of all weather in 1916.

Running around on her launching day is getting experience pretty fast, even for a submarine.

"Slide closes Canal again" grows monotonous with reiteration.

Hiram was "too much Johnson" for them.

Glens Through the Mist

By Dean Collins.

HOT WEATHER POME. I stood on the bridge at midnight, Observing the gloaming gloam, And I said to myself: "If I did right 'I'd go home and scribble a pome: pome that is lit and swinging, And I'd hope to see you for singing, But never an idea came winging To perch in my sun-blistered dome, Nor to roost in my moon-silvered dome, And my clothes, they were moist and they were missing..."

And my clothes, they were moist and they were missing, As sudorous torrents were springing, And my collar was ready for wringing, And my brain cells had nobody home, "And yet," remarked the Courteous Office Boy, as to my side he stole, "one must employ some kind of verse, philosophy or wit when by his hand a column must be writ..."

I seized him by the ankle and the knee, and in the river hurried the C. O. B., but as he gulped and vanished from my sight the thought occurred to me: "The boy was right; I have no right in idleness to sit when I have got a column to be writ. Lay on, McDuff! I'll publish right or wrong. I have no theme, but must produce a song..."

I went to seek a train of thought In vain I sought for one, But all my seeking came to naught, And my hope to grief was brought, For though I tried away apace, I found it would not run, And said my inner spirit: "I care not what you like; Though well you oil and gear it, Your train is stuck, I fear it— Can get no crew a-near it— We've called an idea strike..."

And so I hastened to the mart, all in the sultry night, and leaped into the leaman's cart and shoved with all my might, and in this crude, rough way I sought to substitute a train of thought, And seated on a cake of ice I chilled the air with songs, And loud I twanged, as on a harp, upon the leaman's tongs, And sang: "With heat the world is hot And I'm not doing my prelude yet, And still I grin away apace, And fill the space and fill the space! With humid heat the world is hot; You'll read my lay, and yet, and yet, You'll soon forget, you'll soon forget..."

Oh for the stretch of the cool early beaches; Oh for the rivers of broad tranquil reaches; Oh for the forest and mountain, for each is Heaven to him who must stay in the town, Stay in the town where the asphalt is crawling, Stay in the town where the traffic is brawling, Stay in the town when the country is calling, Stay in the town with the sun broiling down.

Oh for the song that the pine harps are making, Oh for the voice of the waterfall quaking, Oh for the bird call when daylight is breaking, Calling to him who must stay in the town, Stay in the town where the whistles are blowing, Stay in the town where the toll thunders, Stay in the town where the tumult is going, Wild through the streets in the sun broiling down.

And here the ice began to melt, And as I tightened up my belt, Prepared to sing another verse, The heat grew worse and wores and wores, Thermometers along the street, Began to blow up in the heat, And as along the way I came My leaman's cart burst into flame, Far, far down the street I see, A groat of burning me, I cannot see them well and yet, I think, I think they have a net, And here I went and here I wailed, And with the tongs my head I flailed, "Why bring a net, when well 'tis known That 'm a harmless ice cream cone? I am the last one of the batch, Which they don't need a net to catch; An ice cream cone, which soon is past— For I am melting very fast..."

Oh for the cheese frozen into the salad, Oh for the snow mountains haughty and high, Oh for a lemonade honest and valid, Oh for a shade to stick over the town, A nice pea-green shade, trimmed with buttons and laces, With whalebone insertion in several places, Beneath which I'd sit and make hideous faces, Right up at the sun if he came broiling down, Oh I'm a biscuit and done to a turn now, Throw open the oven or else I shall burn now, And dash me with buttermilk out of the churn now, And sell me, with doughnuts and soap, in the town, Ho, I am asphalt all oozing and thick, Step not upon me because I am sticky, And asphalt is bad for white slippers, by cricky, Here in the town with the sun broiling down, Oh for a lemonade straw or a pickle, Oh for an iceberg to carve with a sickle, Oh for the North Pole, to take it and tinkle, The ribs of this shimmering, shimmering town, Oh for the South Pole to poke us and punch us, And cool polar bears to play with us and crunch us—

And off of the ice cart I tumbled unconscious, Here in the town with the sun broiling down, At the Races, Judge, "Tough luck! Fellow gave me three winners at yesterday's races," "What's tough about that?" "I didn't play them."

With the Oregon Poets.

ON RIVER BEACH. If shorn of all pleasures, this life would be dreary, Our faces would never be softened with smiles, We'd hope through the long days, disconsolate, weary, As glum as Siberian cheerless exiles, But O, glory be! there are joys in full measure, And one peerless group lies at Portland's back door; A spot of enjoyment, a haven of pleasure, The river-kissed beach on Columbia's shore.

This beautiful city's bright sons and fair daughters, Unclad to the limit, as fashion decrees, Disport in the wonderful river's cool waters, As mermaids and mermen slosh 'round in the seas, They sun their damp shapes in the warm-bodied sand on The beautiful beach floor in groups and in pairs, Their undress display in quite reckless abandon, And they don't a jitney for onlookers' stares.

And little ones—bless 'em, the darling home treasures, Their bright eyes alight with the sparkles of fun, In rapturous spirit enjoy the rare pleasure of wit when by his hand a column must be writ. Lay on, McDuff! I'll publish right or wrong. I have no theme, but must produce a song..."

And so I hastened to the mart, all in the sultry night, and leaped into the leaman's cart and shoved with all my might, and in this crude, rough way I sought to substitute a train of thought, And seated on a cake of ice I chilled the air with songs, And loud I twanged, as on a harp, upon the leaman's tongs, And sang: "With heat the world is hot And I'm not doing my prelude yet, And still I grin away apace, And fill the space and fill the space! With humid heat the world is hot; You'll read my lay, and yet, and yet, You'll soon forget, you'll soon forget..."

Oh for the stretch of the cool early beaches; Oh for the rivers of broad tranquil reaches; Oh for the forest and mountain, for each is Heaven to him who must stay in the town, Stay in the town where the asphalt is crawling, Stay in the town where the traffic is brawling, Stay in the town when the country is calling, Stay in the town with the sun broiling down.

Oh for the song that the pine harps are making, Oh for the voice of the waterfall quaking, Oh for the bird call when daylight is breaking, Calling to him who must stay in the town, Stay in the town where the whistles are blowing, Stay in the town where the toll thunders, Stay in the town where the tumult is going, Wild through the streets in the sun broiling down.

And here the ice began to melt, And as I tightened up my belt, Prepared to sing another verse, The heat grew worse and wores and wores, Thermometers along the street, Began to blow up in the heat, And as along the way I came My leaman's cart burst into flame, Far, far down the street I see, A groat of burning me, I cannot see them well and yet, I think, I think they have a net, And here I went and here I wailed, And with the tongs my head I flailed, "Why bring a net, when well 'tis known That 'm a harmless ice cream cone? I am the last one of the batch, Which they don't need a net to catch; An ice cream cone, which soon is past— For I am melting very fast..."

Oh for the cheese frozen into the salad, Oh for the snow mountains haughty and high, Oh for a lemonade honest and valid, Oh for a shade to stick over the town, A nice pea-green shade, trimmed with buttons and laces, With whalebone insertion in several places, Beneath which I'd sit and make hideous faces, Right up at the sun if he came broiling down, Oh I'm a biscuit and done to a turn now, Throw open the oven or else I shall burn now, And dash me with buttermilk out of the churn now, And sell me, with doughnuts and soap, in the town, Ho, I am asphalt all oozing and thick, Step not upon me because I am sticky, And asphalt is bad for white slippers, by cricky, Here in the town with the sun broiling down, Oh for a lemonade straw or a pickle, Oh for an iceberg to carve with a sickle, Oh for the North Pole, to take it and tinkle, The ribs of this shimmering, shimmering town, Oh for the South Pole to poke us and punch us, And cool polar bears to play with us and crunch us—

And off of the ice cart I tumbled unconscious, Here in the town with the sun broiling down, At the Races, Judge, "Tough luck! Fellow gave me three winners at yesterday's races," "What's tough about that?" "I didn't play them."

Oh for the stretch of the cool early beaches; Oh for the rivers of broad tranquil reaches; Oh for the forest and mountain, for each is Heaven to him who must stay in the town, Stay in the town where the asphalt is crawling, Stay in the town where the traffic is brawling, Stay in the town when the country is calling, Stay in the town with the sun broiling down.

Oh for the song that the pine harps are making, Oh for the voice of the waterfall quaking, Oh for the bird call when daylight is breaking, Calling to him who must stay in the town, Stay in the town where the whistles are blowing, Stay in the town where the toll thunders, Stay in the town where the tumult is going, Wild through the streets in the sun broiling down.

And here the ice began to melt, And as I tightened up my belt, Prepared to sing another verse, The heat grew worse and wores and wores, Thermometers along the street, Began to blow up in the heat, And as along the way I came My leaman's cart burst into flame, Far, far down the street I see, A groat of burning me, I cannot see them well and yet, I think, I think they have a net, And here I went and here I wailed, And with the tongs my head I flailed, "Why bring a net, when well 'tis known That 'm a harmless ice cream cone? I am the last one of the batch, Which they don't need a net to catch; An ice cream cone, which soon is past— For I am melting very fast..."

Oh for the cheese frozen into the salad, Oh for the snow mountains haughty and high, Oh for a lemonade honest and valid, Oh for a shade to stick over the town, A nice pea-green shade, trimmed with buttons and laces, With whalebone insertion in several places, Beneath which I'd sit and make hideous faces, Right up at the sun if he came broiling down, Oh I'm a biscuit and done to a turn now, Throw open the oven or else I shall burn now, And dash me with buttermilk out of the churn now, And sell me, with doughnuts and soap, in the town, Ho, I am asphalt all oozing and thick, Step not upon me because I am sticky, And asphalt is bad for white slippers, by cricky, Here in the town with the sun broiling down, Oh for a lemonade straw or a pickle, Oh for an iceberg to carve with a sickle, Oh for the North Pole, to take it and tinkle, The ribs of this shimmering, shimmering town, Oh for the South Pole to poke us and punch us, And cool polar bears to play with us and crunch us—

And off of the ice cart I tumbled unconscious, Here in the town with the sun broiling down, At the Races, Judge, "Tough luck! Fellow gave me three winners at yesterday's races," "What's tough about that?" "I didn't play them."