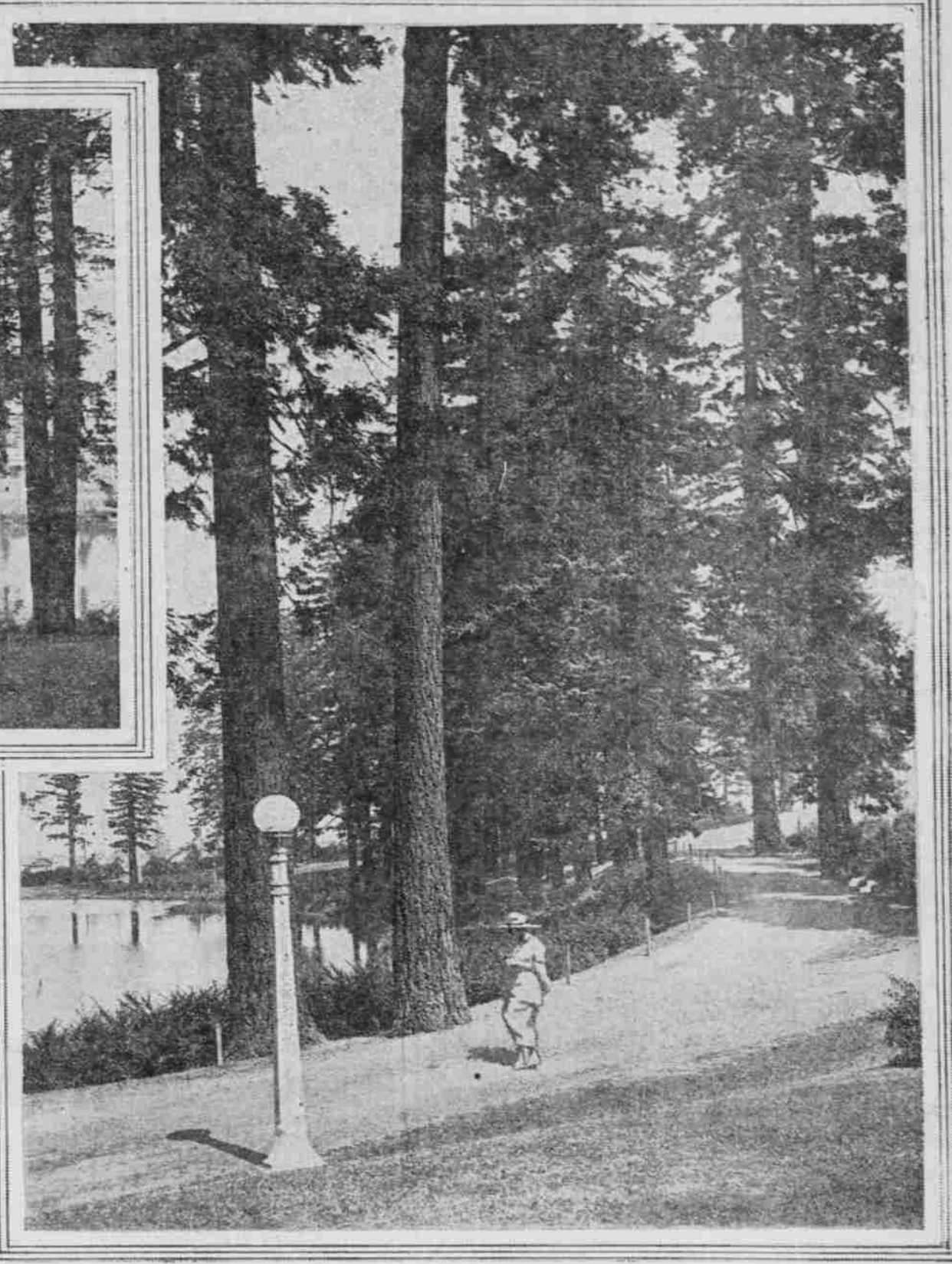
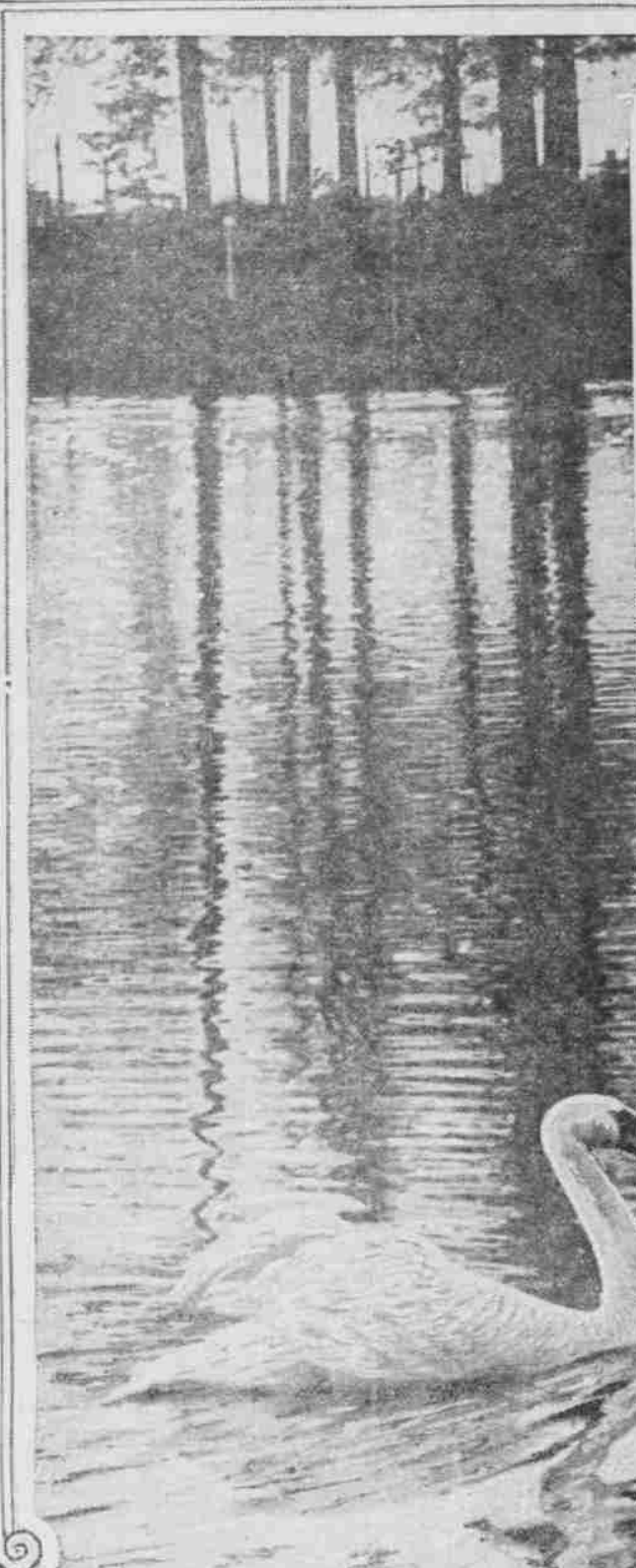




LAURELHURST PARK PRETTIEST SPOT IN ALL PORTLAND

Beautiful Little Lake, Three Acres in Area, Surrounded by Wide Variety of Choice Shrubby.



BY JAMES D. OLSON.
VIRGIN forests which in bygone days covered the area now comprising the large east side of Portland are brought to mind when one enters Laurelhurst park.

those who seek to rest, those who desire to commune with nature and above all, the delight of the kiddies who love to romp without restraint amid the natural beauties of the universe.

main automobile thoroughfare, the park has become one of the most popular recreation spots in Portland. On hot days, especially when Old Sol's rays are beating on the city's pavement, the breezes murmuring in the trees in Laurelhurst bring comfort to all within its confines.

Lake Covers Three Acres. The lake in this park covers three acres and furnishes the home of countless ducks and geese. In supreme control of this lake, its inhabitants and its trespassers is General John J. Pershing, the all-white swan, whose name, given him in honor of America's famous military chief, is a result of the swan's constant militant attitude.

"General Pershing" patrolling Laurelhurst lake at night. Center shows vista of park through tall trees which skirt the lake. On the right is one of the many picturesque walks found in this natural bower of trees and flowers.

the edge of the lake shore. For General Pershing believes, it seems, that the beauties of the lake can be discerned from a distance. As a result of his watchfulness, the officials of the park bureau say, many children have been prevented from falling into the lake and thus obtaining an uncomfortable ducking or, possibly, even worse, loss of life.

In addition to his "watch on the lake" General Pershing assumes parental attitude on each brood of ducklings which appears at Laurelhurst. Acting as guard over the nest, preventing overzealous amateur ornithologists from making casual or other investigations, has become a fixed duty in the life of this recognized supervisor of the lake.

Lake Once Favorite Swimming Hole. Many of Portland's austere, business men remember Laurelhurst lake as their favorite "swimming hole" 50 years ago. At that time it was much smaller and was fringed with tules. Then, as now, a spring fed the lake, preventing stagnation and providing a clear, fresh body of water.

The park bureau drains the lake once or twice each year, after which Bull Run water is used in refilling it. At all other times the flow from the spring is sufficient to keep it in fresh condition. A few years ago, when Portland was faced with an unemployment situation, with thousands of men seeking work, the old swimming hole was transformed into a lake by enlargement and deepening.

greatest variety of choice shrubs planted in one place on the Pacific coast, and this display exists in Laurelhurst park. The planting of these shrubs was done with the idea of having something in bloom at all times. The shrubbery is augmented by annuals and perennials which add to the color scheme and beauty of the park.

Asia Display Extensive. What is claimed to be the greatest display of native and foreign azaleas in the northwest can also be found in this park. The seed for the native azaleas were obtained in southern Oregon and planted some years ago.

wind around the lake and between the huge trees throughout the park. The landscape in Laurelhurst park is especially delightful because it is not flat and monotonous, and yet has no hills of particular steep grade. The park embodies beautiful nature in the very zenith of glory, embellished here and there by the hand of man.

The night scene there is of particular beauty due to the lighting system. The large highway lights, perched on high posts, produce an effect which attracts the attention of all passersby. The lights are so dimmed as not to produce a glare from any point, yet furnish sufficient lighting in the park at night, together with making a remarkable picture of beauty.

equipped and constantly supervised playground, which throughout the summer months is in use constantly by the youngsters who go to Laurelhurst park. Virtually every kiddie in Portland who is acquainted with park activities is familiar with Laurelhurst park, for every large parent, community sing or similar affair is staged here. The natural beauty of the park lends itself to pageantry far better than any other of the municipal playgrounds and parks.

NEWS OF "PEACE AT LAST" REACHES QUIET CORNWALL

Nurse Lanyon Tells of Celebration in the Quaint Old English Town Where She Resides.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.
IN CORNWALL, June 20.—Peace at last! We have been doing some preliminary celebrating in a small way. As soon as the glad tidings came through, the town band marched gaily up and down the streets playing cheerful tunes and all the flags went up like magic.

the food controller and a little ice cream cart drawn by a white pony is doing a roaring trade. I predict that many small children will have tummy-aches before bedtime. Some enterprising soul has propped up a placard in the sand telling of a war memorial meeting to be held tonight in the central hall.

This little Cornish town is not pretty in itself. The houses are balanced on the edge of the cliff anyhow; seemingly so paralyzed at the beauty of the view that they don't care how they look. The sea is so blue today that I imagine the local washerwomen are able to dispense with blousing and rinse their white clothes in the seawater.

The country inland is looking lovely, but for me each blade of hay lies in waiting like a lion in the path. I see the scenery through a thick blue veil instead of through rose-colored spectacles. The foxgloves (digitals), long stalks of rosy bloom, are more numerous than usual and look gay in the hedges. For the last few years they have been busy war-workers, gathered for use in the hospitals.

ered any more. No foxes need go gloveless this year, anyhow. We have had plenty of hot, dry weather and then drenching rain when we most needed it, so the land is very fertile. Farmers are in luck's way for once, but slow at admitting it. The gay little pigs who went bathing without asking mamma have come to the usual tragic end and are now pork and bacon.

The overseas men are wearying for home. When the Australians do a thing they do it thoroughly. I saw one hugging a girl on the beach last night and he certainly was doing that thoroughly. When our big Americans, Canadians and Aussies go away the average height of man will drop about a foot. Several of my Americans are home again now, mostly having left just in time to miss their parcels. Perhaps the treasured cake will follow its owner to the rich United States of America, where cakes are no treat at all.

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a dog to protect its own cat from strange dogs. Likewise have I known a trained sister become fond of her own V. A. D. and protect her from other sisters. One bad-tempered matron told a well-meaning V. A. D. nurse I knew that she considered the Red Cross on the bib of an apron nothing but a sign of incompetence. "Wow!"

Another surgeon, whom we were fond of because he lived things up a bit, would expect you to hand him the instrument of his fancy by mental telepathy. If you gave him any other he would fire it across the theater and say things. When theater-sister solemnly said she never heard a swear word, "even from the house surgeon," all the three years of her training I was amazed. Then I remembered that he went out to Salonika before she became theater-sister.

When I left that hospital I was loaded with parting gifts. I remember "sister" gave me a surgical needle, the dispenser gave me a box of aspirin tablets and theater-nurse several odd rubber gloves. An Indian doctor we had there used to say haughtily every time he got annoyed: "Ever since I was born I have been in authority over a thousand, or 'I have a thousand ancestors.'" It was most weird to be in the X-ray room with him when the lights were

turned out because nothing showed of him but his white teeth and his white linen clothes—just like one of those black and white advertisements on the backs of magazines, which leave the features to the imagination. He was very good to the children and after their first surprise they usually liked him, but I remember one small boy outpatient demanding: "Who's taking out patients today, nurse?"

"I asked 'Why?' 'Because if its yon black man, it's me for home.' That boy was proud of himself because he had five stitches in his face and could swank about it at school. He cut his face by falling on a milk jug, and after it was sewn up I covered the wound, which was alongside his mouth, with Whitehead's varnish and told him it looked just like a Charlie Chaplin mustache. That seemed a great comfort to him and he whispered: 'Shall I be able to go to school, nurse?' I said I thought he'd better take a holiday.

Now that peace is really here I suppose we amateur nurses will not be needed much longer. We shall all pretend that we are glad to retire to private life, but mingled with our gladness will be very real regret. Airplane Wood Tested by X-Ray. LONDON.—Airplane manufacturers are now calling science to their aid in making their machines safe. All wood used in construction in some of the most important plants is being first subjected to X-ray tests. In one instance the radiograph of a fine silver spruce plank showed certain light and dark spots. When the plank was split open it was found to be honeycombed by beetle borings.

FRENCH SOLDIERS BEARING NO GRUDGE AGAINST HUN MUSES

Attitude of Those Who Stopped German Advance Taken as Tip by Paris and New York That Strauss and Wagner Should Not Be Forgotten.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.
NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—(Special.)—There is much speculation as to the attitude of the public toward the programmes and musical offerings of next season. If one can draw a deduction from the manner in which the public received Clarence Whitehill's beautiful singing in English of Wotan's "Farewell," there will be no desire on the part of the artists to hurry German repertory back into the public ear.

As an artist Clarence Whitehill had his usual very great personal success. His appearance was the signal for a great outburst of applause, but when he finished the Wagner number there was no chance to misunderstand public sentiment. This was fortified when he sang the aria from Gounod's "Faust" in French because the outburst following that was as sincere and the tribute was as great as any he has ever received.

It may be of interest to note what is happening in France on this subject. The bitter fight which is being and has been waged by Saint Saens is the topic of discussion in a recent issue of that very admirable paper, Le Monde Musical, and its brilliant editor, A. Maignot, sets forth some phases which bear cogitating in this country. The French army of occupation formed a vast proportion of the audience attending the festival performance in Wiesbaden and Mayence. "Thus," continues the editor, "it is the pollus who captured the Rhine. It is the army of General Mangin who stopped the march of the Germans on Paris less than a year ago, who invite us to hear not only the classics of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, but all of the Wagnerian works

and the two most celebrated operas of Richard Strauss. This justifies sufficiently and far outdoes the end which we proposed that once peace was signed we should not be entirely deprived of the masterpieces of Wagner and that we find a modest place for them in our opera-houses and concert halls. 'Let us have 'L'Etrenne,' by Vincent d'Indy, 'File de Petrole,' by Camille Erlanger, 'Astarte,' by Leroux 'Scemo,' by Rachelet. But to renounce Wagner for the purpose of doubling the number of performances, already excessive, of 'Faust,' 'Thais,' 'Samson and Delilah,' 'Damnation of Faust,' 'Rigoletto' is a peace treaty to which we object. We must tolerate the whims of great men; we were told by one who was a trifle disturbed over our last response to Saint Saens. But we who are not great men—what would we be if we took from them nothing but their whims? We do not pretend to correct Saint Saens, but when he attempts to correct us in our love for the beautiful in order that we may prostrate ourselves before his legion of honor, we who have been down in deep waters, in the mud, in blood for four long years to free the world from despotism and tyranny, we cry out against him with all our force—no! no! no!"

It must not be forgotten that France never had Wagner in German. All operas are sung in the French language, for which reason they do not seem so aggressively German as in this country, where they are given as written. It is understood that "Parsifal" will be given in English, as will "Tristan and Isolde," and when it comes to that