

Sunday Oregonian

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GIVE US MORE LAWS... By all means let the Marion county grand jury recommendation of legislation to prevent repetition of the bond transactions involving the state treasurer's office be adopted.

It is easy enough to go half way across the continent and denounce the truculent and bitter-end Reed. But why overlook Chamberlain?

It is in this instance that is illustrated the full fruits of the self-nominating system which prevails in Oregon. The people chose from among a number of voluntary candidates for the office of treasurer of the state.

KEEPING A PARTY'S PLEDGES... The Oregonian is gratified to have the approval of an original advocate of the platform, such as Judge Lowell, to its recent suggestion that a platform convention would be an appropriate step toward organized political effort.

AGRICULTURAL FRAUDS... About this time of year the fancy of a certain class of promoters turns to exploitation of "wonder" plants, usually varieties that have been tested and rejected by competent authorities.

THE FACE THAT KILLS... Those who are inclined to belittle the "safety first" movement will find profit in reading the statistics of automobile fatalities in recent years.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE WEST... How great an injustice is done to the west by the Pinchot conservation policy is set forth in plain figures by the figures in the following letter.

FINE FEATHERS... Nine-tenths of the value of the gorgeous creation in millinery which the news dispatches say the president of France has "refused to permit" Madame Deschanel to accept as the gift of the nation.

life insurance experience is that more than one-half of the deaths caused by automobiles occurred among children under 15 years old. Department scientists would be pardoned for a little professional impatience over the annual recurrence of these seed swindles.

BY PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES... Wooden Lark Disorganizes Railroad System in Pennsylvania... Charles Wilson and his pig leg disorganized the Tyone & Clearfield railroad system in Pennsylvania for a day so far as schedules go.

SCIENCE AND THE SPIRIT MESSAGE... Psychology no less than the whole structure of scientific teaching is on trial with the lapse back to belief in spirit agencies and in unrecognized forces which has been among the evidences of intellectual upheaval following the world war.

METHODIST BAN ON AMUSEMENTS... In the effort to revise the section of the constitution which forbids Episcopal church relating to forbidden amusements which has recurred at every session of the general conference since 1900.

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and to be scrupulously careful in this matter to set no injurious example. We are sure that the question for a Christian must be, not upon which of the two courses is relatively immoral, but whether it will dull the spiritual life and be an unwise exercise of the larger part of the budget.

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What Professor Jastrow calls the "general instability issuing from the providential security of the social, political and educational institutions upon which the twentieth century had pinned its faith."

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Put self aside a little while. And if you wish to see some. Be sure another needs your smile. The kindness of your tongue; So oft in vain, and in vain, By keeping quiet apart. And seldom does the thought occur Of another's empty chair.

Why, there are moments in each life So vital with distress, That just when a smile might strife Means more than you can guess; I've had a cheery greeting-brush; New ideas in my cheer; When hope had spread its magic wing And left me numb with fear.

On a would I were a weaver of words She'd attempt to do for me; In a beautiful outpouring of lines All I know of the charms of May; On an emerald warp of grassy strands A wad of apple-bloom shreds I'd weave, along with the colorful tones Of rain-faded flower-beds.

When finished—I'd carefully needle in The brightness of golden strings, For the glorious glow of her sunshine spread And the soul-warming cheer she brings. But alas, I bungle these perfect threads, For I'm unskillful am I. Till they knot and snarl on my stupid loom No matter how hard I try.

When I know that only a laureate's pen She'd attempt to do for me; For all the wonderful months of the year None beggar description like May. —EVELYN RITA GREEN.

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