

Sunday Oregonian

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ROMANCE AND THE MINISTRY.

The marked falling off in the number of students preparing for the ministry, which is emphasized by contrast with the large increase in attendance at the secular colleges, is a disquieting development of the times, particularly in view of the recent ambitious programme outlined by the churches.

HARDING STRIKES OUT ON A NEW LINE.

Appointment of J. M. Beck as solicitor-general illustrates the Harding idea of filling federal offices as opposed to the machine politician idea. The latter's mind is centered on maintaining the strength and integrity of his state or county organization, and he regards public office as a personal possession.

COVERING NATURE'S BALD SPOTS.

Areas denuded of forest by fire or logging in the Pacific northwest are so extensive that reforestation by natural means is a slow process. The government were to adhere to its programme of planting only 1500 acres a year, the waste areas would not be covered for several generations.

come a challenge to the imagination, even to the love of romance of the new generation. The way to unity is beset with obstacles, but obstacles by themselves never deterred the kind of men the churches need.

POPULATION AND FOOD.

Secretary Wallace expresses the fear that American population is outgrowing its normal food production and that a readjustment must be made. This new era if we continue to be a self-sustaining nation in an agricultural sense.

OUR EARLY BIRDS AND THE EXPOSITION.

The old maxim of the early bird and the worm, praised for its precocity of the former, might well be the text of a recent Washington dispatch in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, wherein the preparations of Portland for her 1925 world's exposition, however, are contrasted with the water powers developed as an incident of the scheme may be profitably employed.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA.

The ocean retains its mystery of mystery notwithstanding the supposed suppression of piracy and the development of modern means of instant communication. The summer of 1921, in all the annals of the sea, a sequence of events more baffling to the investigating mind than the recent disappearance of the freighter Herolt.

FLOOD CONTROL.

Not many centuries ago an occurrence such as the great flood in the Arkansas valley in the vicinity of Pueblo would have been regarded as a visitation of Providence, to be interpreted as an expression of the wrath of deity and on no account to be followed by corrective measures.

THE MOUNTAIN.

To previous ruin the house has gone, The porch has fallen in, The broken windows grin, They've cut the timber for miles around;

THE WALL OF THE CAVE MAN'S BRIDE.

Oh, Pithecanthropus Erectus, your love has grown distant and chill, No longer you glare through eyes, brows and hair to make me submit to your will.

SIXTY TODAY.

Sixty today? Are they days, months or years? For some of us have been months, Reckon age not by seasons, but by slow dropping tears.

"FREE VERSE."

And what is poetry in this strange day of varied thought? A sly glancing eye and there, A skip, a hop, a gasp, a stop.

be perpetual safeguard of national wealth. Exhaustive tracts in the aggregate will be made more valuable as the result of investigations just set on foot in the Rocky mountain watershed.

THE MYSTERIOUS NINETEENTH.

How dear to the heart of the old-fashioned golfer was the nineteenth hole! Such was its fame that the outlander, caring nothing whatever for the game, came to understand that in fiction nothing exists in the green ere the enthusiast came to road's end and rested on the smoothly perfect turf of the last, the memorable nineteenth.

A VETERAN OF THE WAR OF '48.

The recent death of William D. Stillwell of Tillamook, at the age of 97, in all probability severs the last link connecting the present Oregon with the horrors of the first Indian war. It is entirely credible that there is no other man now living, as Mr. Stillwell's friends believed, who took an active part in the Cayuse campaign of 1847.

THE BRITISH DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The British Duke of Marlborough has just taken his second American citizenship. A suitable declaration of independence by this one may prevent the eventuality of a third.

FIVE SLACKERS DELIVERED TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Five slackers delivered to the war department in one day won't make much of a dent on the total, but think of the uneasiness that must be felt by the rest of them!

THE FACT THAT THE COMET'S TAIL IS TO STRIKE THE EARTH SUNDAY DOESN'T WORRY US HALF SO MUCH AS WONDERING WHETHER THE TAIL-END BEAVERS EVER WILL STRIKE IT.

There is no telling what will happen to the feminine styles, now that their suppression has been urged on the ground that they destroy "morale."

MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION COMES HIGH, BUT THEN NOTE THE RESULTS.

Every last youngster of them will admit he knows more than his father does.

LIKE THE BUYER OF MANY AN AUTOMOBILE, THE SHIPPING BOARD IS BEGINNING TO LEARN THAT IT ISN'T FIRST COST SO MUCH AS UPKEEP THAT COUNTS.

STILL ADMIRAL SIMS HAS THE MEMORY OF THAT "SENDOFF" HE ROT IN LONDON TO CONSOLE HIM FOR WHAT HE GOT IN WASHINGTON.

HOWEVER, ADMIRAL SIMS GOT IT OFF HIS CHEST, WHICH DOUBTLESS HE CONSIDERS WORTH A PUBLIC REPRIMAND.

A Sadder budwaiser Germany is likely to emerge from the payment of those indemnity claims.

IT MUST HAVE COME HARD, AT THAT, FOR THE ADMIRAL TO HAVE TO TAKE IT FROM AN EX-MARINE.

THE SOVIET IDEA OF AN ANTI-PATRIOT seems to be a peasant who objects to being robbed.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS

Marine's Hoarding Sergeant Now Calling Home His Doves.

The United States marine corps recruiting station is in unofficial mourning out of respect to the retirement from the service of Sergeant "Foghorn" Kamp, according to the San Francisco Bulletin.

Down on the Farm.

By Grace E. Hall.

The sunset flames across the western rim In hues that baffle all the art of man A line of fire, tall alibouettes and slim, Stand guard above the valleys that

But, oh, there is a heartache in the scene; The empty house where youthful voices were, The verdant acres where the grain is green

That speak of stalwart boys; while soft wind stir The memory of a grave upon the hill; The whispering of the evening is a prayer;

As all alone they're waiting, waiting there. In the distant city's rush and roar, Caught by its tides and tangled in

THE MOUNTAIN.

To previous ruin the house has gone, The porch has fallen in, The broken windows grin, They've cut the timber for miles around;

Unchanged, the same, a regal queen, She proudly rears her head, In summer clothed in shimmering green,

Which autumn turns to red; In snow she wears a silvery white, She guards this one-time home, Where years ago my heart's delight

Now I am here, and well—ah me! I do not want to stay. The ice-cold spring has shrunk in its bed,

Through a broken pane a night owl files, And you, my love, are in the hill, So I will go—why should I fret, Or have a single care?

And the mountain still is there, J. B. RICE.

Oh, Pithecanthropus Erectus, your love has grown distant and chill, No longer you glare through eyes, brows and hair to make me submit to your will.

I miss your dear hand in my ringlets as you come through swamps to your lair, I miss the sweet way you would growl all the day and yank out

Of late, my dear, on the nose or the ear with a hunk of a dinosaur's bone, But, oh, you have changed and your kindness has filled me with woe

Your smile sends a shiver clear down through my spine, my eyes, my ears, and show that you care, I'm filled with the dread apprehension another Jane's captured you

Oh, how can you smother and wallop another and lam her with rocks from above? A fragrance not mine hangs about you when dawn brings you home for your dinner

Oh, Pity, my goddess, she has Auburn tresses for there's a red hair on your cheek, WILLIAM VAN GHOSH.

SIXTY TODAY. Sixty today? Are they days, months or years? For some of us have been months, Reckon age not by seasons, but by slow dropping tears.

That long sad procession—an hour's tick of the clock— But the heart beat ten years ere the new grave was filled; In that one night of silence—no cradle to rock— 'Twas the listening of years for the laugh that was stilled.

That betrothal—the wedding—the honeymoon— the wedding— the honeymoon— One had getting bald, and one turning gray; Your calendar's wrong! Sad days—happy days— Some days have been years; some years only a day.

So the almanac says that the sixty are years, I care not what you call them— nor the few that are left; I count tonight's beads by the smiles And the rosary's beads are finished, and then I shall sleep, ALBERT BUXTON.

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