

TIMELY CARTOONS DRAWN BY F. G. COOPER, FORMER OREGONIAN

EXCITING MOMENT IN THE WORLD SERIES



THE AUDIENCE HAS DWINDLED TO A DISTINGUISHED FEW



PSST! CONNIF! TEACHER'S LOOKIN!



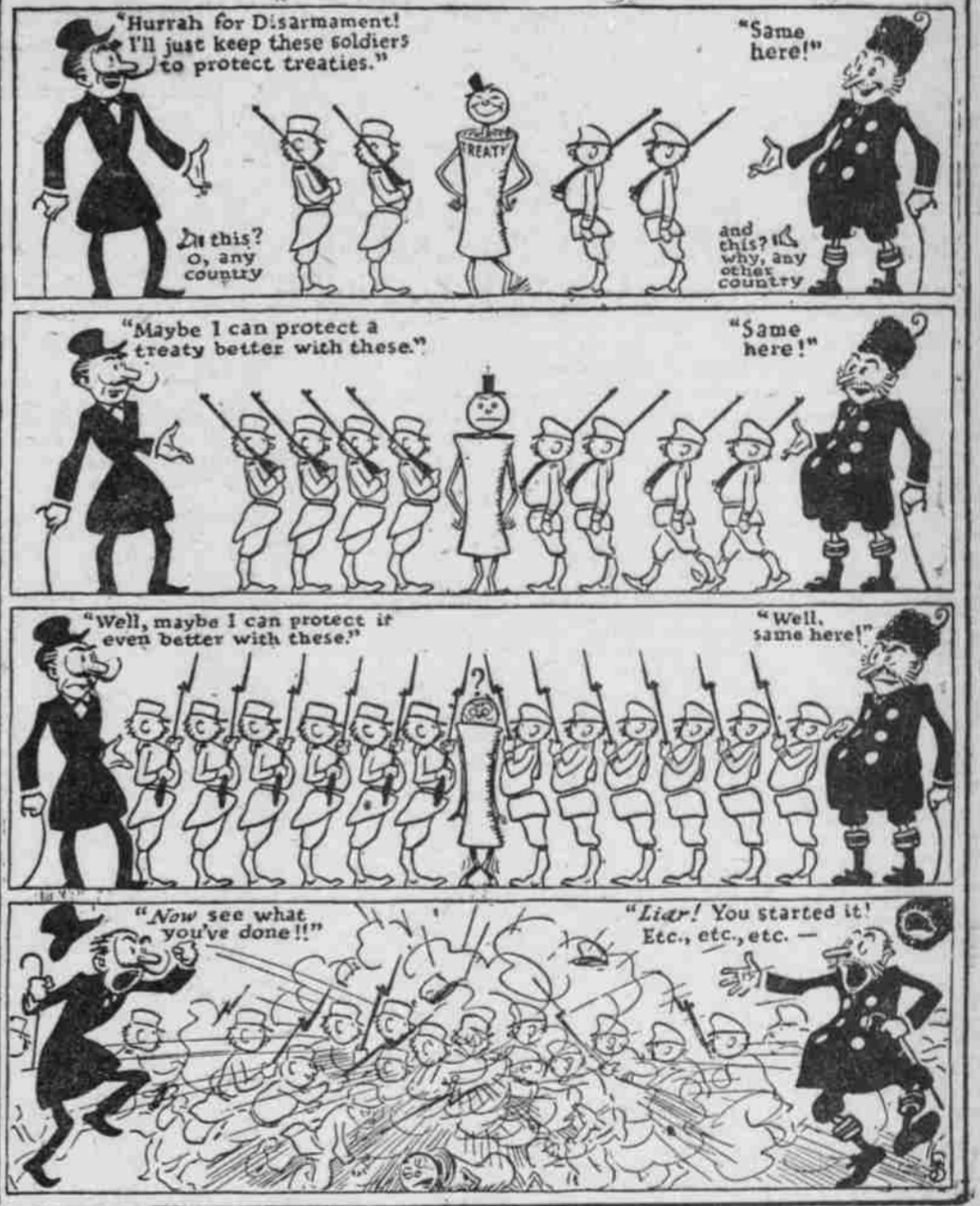
RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE



A NATIONAL ANTHEM



LET'S SEE THAT NOBODY GETS AWAY WITH THAT SORT OF FUDGING.



PRIDE OF RESIDENCE AND UPKEEP ONE OF REMARKABLE POINTS OF PORTLAND

Houses Are Kept Painted and Yards Are Fitted With Sod, Flowers and Shrubby in Twilight Zone, Just Outside of Retail Section—Contrast With Other Cities Strong.

This letter is the fourth of a series appearing in The Sunday Oregonian. They are written by a newspaperman who has lived in Portland from the middle west. Although familiar with the principal cities of the west, this is his first trip to the Pacific coast and he is recording his impressions of Portland and its environs.

DEAR AGNES—You say that the winter weather does not frighten you—that if it could approach Kansas City at any time in the next few days you would be glad to see it. Well, my dear, rain of the winter months is the only question mark raised here as to the perfection of this place this side of paradise.

But I give you fair warning that the old timers here—those who have lived in this section 10 to 45 years—tell me that it usually takes one to two years for newcomers to get thoroughly acclimated. After that they say you would not leave for love nor money. Really I have begun to feel that, for the lure of the atmosphere is beginning to take hold on me.

One of the most attractive features of Portland as I see it has not been touched upon in any of my previous letters. It has to do with the twilight zone of the city—that part where the retail section leaves off and the old residence section is beginning to be encroached upon.

If you decide finally to come out here take a final look at the decrepit and disagreeable section of Kansas City in the section there similar to the one I have described in Portland. You will find tumble down houses, unpainted, rotting siding, porches falling down, residences on Nob Hill, once the homes of the wealthiest in the city, gone to decay and disrepair in appearance and in occupancy.

The yards, you will find, are still a disgrace, filled with tin cans and other rubbish, fences falling over, alleys in a bad state of sanitation and bleak hills standing where houses have never been erected.

You will find the houses filled with negroes or very poor, shiftless laborers. You will find the owners sons and daughters of former leaders of the city or speculators who have bought up land waiting for business to come along and make their disreputable looking places valuable business property. In the meantime they are getting income from what sources are obtainable to help pay taxes and they are refusing to ex-

well kept, are even more beautiful than in the newer portions of the city. Like many cities this section of the city is growing old beautifully.

Parkings Are Beautiful.
What I am saying holds good even to houses and yards down near the river next to loading docks and industries. But I am not speaking about the places out from the city in what is known as the industrial center. I do not know about that yet for I only caught a glance of it as I came in on the train.

To top all this pleasant surrounding to the downtown section of the city there are beautiful parkings about one block wide and stretching blocks and lined on either side with boulevards. These parkings are filled with beautiful old trees and there are comfortable benches and drinking places. It is a touch that is beautiful. You remember how delighted we were when we first went to New York and found similar breathing places in unexpected places just off the busiest business sections.

To tell you the truth this artistic touch to Portland, which shows the spirit of the people within more truly than any other touch, is what draws me to the city more than any other item. You understand I am not talking of the scenery outside of Portland. That is nature. What I am talking of is human nature and its expression within the limits of the city. Remember me as ever.

YOUR SEARCHER FOR THE GOLDEN PLEACE.

Greatest Thing Is to Describe.
John Ruskin.

The more I think of it, I find this conclusion impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way.

Bright Sayings of the Children

WE HAD just bought a pigeon, and we invited the little fellow next door to look at it. The pigeon had two identification rings on its legs. When Bobbie saw these he said: "She's married, isn't she, but where's her husband?"

A. B.

Marjory brought her baby sister over to see me, and while there the little one pulled several books from the table, for which act Marjory apologized with: "She's so little her know better hasn't grown yet."

L. R. C.

Louise and her mother were playing a game; each in turn described an animal, to be guessed by the other. Louise described an animal that had whiskers, a long tail, and that said mew.

"What color is it?" said mother, not wanting to guess it right away.

"Gray," said Louise.

"But," said mother, thinking of cats, "is it always gray? Isn't it sometimes black, or yellow, or spotted?"

"Not this kitty," said Louise.

H. F. M.

Mrs. S. was scolding her son for using slang. Dorothy, an interested listener and evidently anxious to emphasize her mother's reproaches, piped up: "How do dey det dat?"

V. A. E.

Virginia has a water spaniel named Brownie. Up in the next block is another spaniel almost identical. One day she took Brownie up to see him and when she got back I asked her if Brownie was tickled to see him and she said: "Yes, he was. At first he thought it was himself." J. E. S.

A. B.

Everybody in the family had been humming and singing and whistling popular songs. Alice protested that she was tired of it and did not like it any more.

I was rocking her and began the same old tune, but said, "O, you don't like that song, do you, dear?"

She looked sweetly into my face and said, "O, I likes it pretty well when you sings it, dear ma!" M. H.

Little three-year-old Willis was in the habit of calling on our next door neighbors a little too frequently. His mother thought he was getting to be a nuisance to them and so she told him not to go in any more unless they asked him.

One day they saw him standing on the outside looking in. Seeing that he wasn't invited in, he called out, "I can come in if you ask me." E. O.

Perry wandered away from home one day and found his way to the local high school. One of the teachers, who knew him, invited him in and engaged him in conversation. She asked him finally if he knew his A. B. C's. He said, "How could you expect me to know them? I've only been here five minutes." J. H. B.

Elizabeth, when dressed for a walk, pointing to her first pair of half socks said: "Murrer, I tant go with my socks hanging out." D. H. B.

Coming in from school, Dorothy told about one of her schoolmates who had 18 cousins. She said, "He has two sets of triplets, two pairs of twins and eight common children." G. F. L.

A neighbor was passing one cold wintry day and saw Clarence out playing without suitable clothing and asked, "Hey, there, Fatty, what are you running out without a coat for?" Clarence replied, "O, I'm fresh airing myself!" M. Z.

Little Anna, who is four years old, came to our house the other day all dressed to go out. I asked her where she was going and she replied, "O, We're going downtown and we won't come back until the lights are lamped either." J. T.

Mary was taken to the park zoo and was particularly interested in the reindeer. After looking at them for about ten minutes she said: "O, mother, those are the horses that Santa Claus rides on, ain't they?" W. O.

William's little brother had been half sick and fretful for some time, and not a very satisfactory playmate. At last, one day, William coaxed the child into his lap to look at a picture book and called to his mother, "Look, mamma, Bobbie's getting tamer." C. M.