

Sunday Oregonian. ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITCOCK. Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 133 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

weight of militarism which is barbaric in its exactions. Our trust in the certainty of civilized progress may well be shaken or confirmed by the discussion which will arise on Armistice day. Meantime— The world is fuming with poison gases.

he receives nevertheless. It is one of the inexplicable verities. Marjorie, as "Secretary" must know, is a contract of mutual concessions and forbearance. The document attesting it is no more than a fleeting record of sentiments that may never be expressed in the language of the printed word.

will answer, "I do not know. I will state that I have seen Marjorie and that I am questioning genuine demonstrations of sympathy." "But," says the "Secretary", "it has been proved that auto-suggestion is the greatest power."

no reason why the lapse should pain her. She should worry. A great many famous folk, a great many literary people, and all of the democratic average, would bear her company. The dictionary bristles with words that once were slang, and now are of the elite, with phrases that though colloquial are nevertheless sound and sane and everywhere admissible.

readily apparent that some other force besides the antipathy of mankind and his strife against oblivious and dangerous insects is at work to hold the foe at bay. The prolificacy of insect life, if undisturbed by other agency than our hostility, soon would cloud the world with terror.

The Listening Post. Roosevelt.

"WATCH how a man handles his money and you can tell what manner of man he is," said a well-known banker one day. Have you ever tried it? Your typical American, free with his change, has it all loose in his trousers pocket. The frugal man never carries more money with him than he is likely to need during the day.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

In the multiplex hazards of battle it chanced that many a lad went to death among the unknown slain. They had a rendezvous with death, "by some disputed barricade," and fate decreed that they should reach the port of missing men. Battered by shell or bomb, or wasted by the air, they were never seen again.

BUILDING UP A RIVALRY.

There is a prevailing impression that one use of the shipping board vessels is to build up commerce through American ports and over American railroads.

DO THE DEAD SPEAK?

The wrong way to approach the field of psychic research is by the path of levity and intolerance. Such a mood gains nothing, learns nothing and achieves nothing.

A REVOLUTION IN TRAFFIC ROUTES.

The principle successfully invoked by Portland in the Columbia basin rate case, that in the making of roads this port has a right to the natural advantages of its location, is being applied to the railroad routes.

THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.

The ant is a comical little chap, and clever too. The yellow-jackets, our good friend, the living day after tomorrow, pounces upon household flies. He who has seen a fairly troop of trout flies issue from some dripping cavern of the rock, to live and flourish, is not without the imagination of a poet.

THE ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGN.

While the endowment campaign is on to raise a million or two for Pacific university, the Forest Grove News-Times is appearing as a daily newspaper to record progress of the money-getters mainly and incidentally tell the news of the day.

LITTLE FLY, GOODBY.

Mysterious little insect With those all-seeing eyes, That crawl and creep When you are fast asleep— Your antics I despise.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN.

The most positive person is the one who is most impatient. She is the one who is most impatient. She is the one who is most impatient. She is the one who is most impatient.

WHY THE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SAVED.

In centering its efforts on salvation of the children of the war-stricken countries the American Red Cross does the greatest permanent good possible with the means at its disposal.

WHY THE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SAVED.

Humility, denial, conviction—these are typical of the varying attitudes toward the unknown. With the tolerant vigor of denial we should be as wary as of the confirmed assurance of belief.

WHY THE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SAVED.

There spoke authority, and, as Miriam Hylan did not say, she spoke a mouthful. To speak slang before kings is not a dire offense, neither is it necessarily a proof that the user is not as well born and well bred as the king himself.

WHY THE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SAVED.

"I find, as the years go by," said the hermit of Rocky Butte, "that I am losing my earlier illusions about folks. They run average—just average. Every time I hear the quail whistle for 'Bob White' or 'Bob White' I catch myself wondering who the fellow is and whether he is worth it. There's more silver in that call than you'll find in a stack of dollars."

WHY THE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SAVED.

It was H. G. Wells, back in the years when he wrote fantastic novels, who caused one of his fictional characters to remark that the scientific method is to segregate the vital elements of nutrition, the growth-producing properties, and blend them in a strange staple that he termed the "food of the gods."

WHY THE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SAVED.

There's not a smile in Russia, so one reads. There isn't a Douglas, either, while we're on the subject. The spinster who bequeathed \$60,000 to kittycats evidently believed that cream makes puss purr.

I have done that which men call ill and found in it such goodness still. I have done that which men call wicked and found therein no brotherhood. But in the clash of mortal life I have seen that which is best in all. I have learned that, that good or ill, I need go naught save what I will. —GRACE HAINES