

Sunday Oregonian

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THE MELTING POT AGAIN

One is reminded that the process of transforming aliens to citizens is active by announcement of the most recent compromise almost two hundred applicants.

None who gain say the fact that the nation, over gracious in welcoming strangers, has in the past blundered to its own sorrow and bitter cost.

A ROAD TO THE CAVES

The bear that Elijah Davidson pursued into a cranny in a Josephine county mountain nearly half a century ago opened the eyes of Oregonians to another of the wonders of the world.

FRIENDLY OLD SHOES

When we go fishing, we are gratified to note, passed gradually and pleasantly away as thought reverted fondly to a battered and friendly old pair of brogans which rest behind the closet door.

CUTTING TERMINAL COST

Absorption of switching charges by the three principal steam railroads entering the city and reduction to the minimum of the charge for the Portland, Railway, Light & Power company will relieve business on the east side of the city.

THREE IN ONE

The spooky sketchbook, with its eerie but skillful drawings, has been informed by an eastern psychiatrist to be interesting to the psychological phenomenon but wholly without worth as proof that the ghostly fingers of the dead inspired the deft touch of the living.

THE TURK SURE OF IMMUNITY

All the fair promises of Europe to deliver the Christians from the tyranny of the Turk have simmered down to an agreement to send a commission to Asia Minor for the purpose of investigating the latest massacres and deportations of Armenians and Greeks.

A ROUGH AND READY SOW-SAVER

The Rev. Job Powell, whose memory will be honored by the Willamette valley Baptists at the settlement in the forks of the Santiam, which he made famous in the early days, was a unique and eccentric character.

pers to jingle. But if this inspiration, this vision lacking of imagination, subject to qualification, the sea lane back to the native shore should be unhesitatingly and invariably indicated.

THE PURPOSE OF A VACATION.

The annual exodus from mountains to seashore and to mountains is a reminder that the chief purpose of vacation is change. It is idle to argue that people need not go to the beach because those who are already there want to get away for a spell.

THE PRISON MEMOIRS OF DEBS.

The prison memoirs of Eugene V. Debs, as was to be expected, prove to be the blend of fanatic idealism and blind faith that is the texture of the man.

DEBS FOUND ONLY GOOD IN PRISON.

Debs found only good in prison. He was not discontented all prisoners to be mellow at heart and prison officials to be brutes in uniform. Thieves and murderers were his mess-mates, and in these he perceived virtues that a bitter world refused to see.

That is one reason why it is likely to be more profitable to go away for even a short distance to loaf than to stay at home and do the same thing.

The subject applies with equal force to those who have become "all run down" from having nothing to do. The vacation for that kind of people may be enjoyed at hard work.

The Mammoth caves of Kentucky, which for two generations were a mecca for sightseers from all parts of the United States, are hardly more wonderful; they surpass in all respects, but not at all in beauty, the caves of Oregon.

Not many men go, at a port in Europe, an American writer talked with representatives of the American immigration service whose duty it was to inspect aliens taking ship for the United States.

That, when a trio of peasant youths were standing on their heads toward ward in the streets, it was discovered that none of them had the remotest notion that his residence, his citizenship, carried an obligation to defend the repeated, once the lights glimmered home.

Save for a miracle, sound citizenship—less than two or three generations—cannot be constructed from such materials. Americanism is an ideal so vital the country, so essential to our national identity, that it were well to sound each immigrant upon his concept of it even before the gangplank are lowered.

For fishing and camping, too, they have proved indispensable, though the criterion in that regard should have differed in style. What streams have they not waded, gripping the moss of the river bed rocks, when there were days

to be spent in seeking ever around the next bend for the pool of the blue-tailed shiner. Extension of their not tramped ashes down, that time the bacon was hot in the pan and the flapjacks cold in the breeze?

The friendliness of an old shoe it needed no inspiration to evolve the simile that sprang from such a thought. Fashions in town and country shoes may come and go, wax and wane, but ever there will be those unregenerate nonconformists who know of a pair that cannot be improved on, and the respect of which shall be enforced by dilapidation alone.

It was last year, one recalls, that a learned German psychologist predicted the refusal of the people to indorse and accept the unnecessary enlargement of words occasionally attempted in careless "journalism."

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The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Barry. There is no permanency 'tis true. For all of life is memory. How soon an hour is lost to view. Classed with the things that used to be!

The Now is all that we may use. Is all that we may grasp or hold. The past may call, but we refuse To give the new day for the old.

The past, if it be sad or gay, Is gone, save where our memories cling. Like cobweb tendrils, that may sway In comment corners; everything Fades as the daylight wanes, we know.

And takes the mystic tones of In comment corners; everything Fades as the daylight wanes, we know.

That linger to the long ago. And what past days have brought— One second—that is now our share— 'Tis gone—that is our measured claim;

One speeding second for despair, How soon an hour is lost to view. The year that went—the pulse of life— Are but a memory first and last. For to our final breath the strife. The fret and joy—are things that passed.

ENVY. Twin sister of Despair, thy secret sting Is rival to the gentler thrust of hers Who leads her victims to an easy death.

There is a purity in just despair— He creeps on slow, sure, insidious. The meekness and the gentleness of fate Accepts—brings a certain silent peace. A quietness of breath and relaxed limbs.

But mark the man who once has shrunk in fear. The spectral touch of thy slime-oozing hand. New-drawn within the river of Despair. That crawls a thickening course around his soul. The slugs of life grow rapid with his struggles.

And buoyed by false hope thy hand has given. He flings his living corpse, that soon will feed Thy drooling, satiated appetite.

There grows a mighty rock on the sea. And beside it, a fish sprouted green blade. Waves and takes the dew with shivering hand. Drinks in the sunlight, rests upon the breeze. Accepts the storm and envies not the rock.

That holds the secret of Eternity. Within the walls of its unfeeling breast. While in thy sight, subservient to thy will. And to thy clan, the denizens of night. That breed corruption as a sore does the lion who makes his lair in a good deal of coin during the season.

Must man, the former demi-god of earth. Prostrate and abject creep his little way. Nor feel the glory of the wind in storm. The peace of repose lakes at night. With thy green fangs embedded in his heart? —KATHRYN EASTHAM.

TO A MAID WITH A BRAID. For one thing I'm searching. There's one thing I lack. As I tramp through the land With my little drab pack. If only I'd glimpse it. On some happy day. Though foot-sore and weary 'T would be ample pay. If my dream of my vision Should prove a real fact; A modest, sweet maid With a pretty brown braid Hanging down, away down in the back!

I have seen them with frizzes. And away wads of curling cuffs. With fringes and bangs and neck ruffs. I have seen them with frizzes. And away wads of curling cuffs. With fringes and bangs and neck ruffs.

When Luna holds her sway. Night drapes the court in somber hues. Of milk blue and gray; Sets in like jewels rare, the stars. When Luna holds her sway.

The queen her scepter takes in hand. Her court—in other words, give back The radiance of her glow.

The lone coyote a herald is— A herald of the queen; Announcing by a wailing cry Her first approaching beam.

The wee folk skip and dance? A mystic time, a magic time— Oh who would long for day. When agebrush hills are beauteous And Luna holds her sway? —MARGARET HUMPHREY.

EXPECTANCY. Through mists of snow The moon hangs low. No stars to hasten higher— She waits within the dawn's dark room. For Pentecostal fire.

In silken sheen. Of shining green. The pine lifts emerald spires. She waits for a wandering cloud to light. Them all with heavenly fires.

On buds that grow. The winds will blow; And touch them all with flame; And love will light my searching. And give my joy a name! —MARY ALTHEA WOODWARD.