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ON BURNING WOMEN'S COLLEGES... Not without reason, the declaration of a millionaire elevator manufacturer that it would be better for the world if all women's colleges were burned has created a hubbub.

OUR BROTHER THE INDIAN... Too late to be of practical value to the generations that have suffered, both red and white, as the result of our early misunderstanding of the Indian inhabitants.

WHICH KIND OF LEADERS?... The spectacle of General Pershing and Dawes speaking in Chicago against radical revolutionists, free riot, sedition in wartime and against tearing up the constitution presents some sharp contrasts.

THE LISTENING POST... THE family pet, a handsome old dog, had died. He passed away from old age and ease. His final hours were peaceful.

THERE'S A REASON... Have you tried to come up from the valley below? To the hills where the sunshine is brighter?

THE MILKING SONG... The farmer boy at close of day is peacefully whistling a ditty gay. The sun beams in the meadows say.

TWO CITIES... There's a city in the mountains, just beyond the busy street. Friends come off with roses laden.

TINKERIN... When father tinkers 'round at home—A-fixing chairs and things. He calls to all the family.

THE SIMPLE LIFE FOR ME... A rich man rides in his limousine from Portland to the sea.

THE SOUL'S VENTAGE... Dim and gray is the face of the sky when a few days ago we looked at the waste paper on the floor.

RAIN... Rain falls like motus of furried wing. Pale, drifting, aimless—On an impression of tall buildings.

THE Bigger and better Astoria... The "bigger and better" Astoria movement as a matter of course is already under way.

with whom they were dealing and which prevailed up to and throughout the period of the wars, by the slow and costly processes of which the natives were at length reduced to subjection.

MAKING THRIFT COMPULSORY... This is no pretense of philanthropy in the name of compulsory thrift which has just been put into effect by a number of associated public utility companies in Kansas.

A SUNDAY DINNER OF 32... There were gormands in those days. Little they recked of paying the landlord the princely sum of \$3 for each living dinner.

THE REAL HENRY FORD... What is the real Henry Ford? That is a natural question to ask in regard to the man who is reputed to be the second richest, if not the richest, in the United States.

OBSTACLES TO GOOD ENGLISH... Those who have recently wondered at the comparative failure of the schools to inculcate the habit of writing clear, succinct and expressive English have stumbled on a new problem.

THE season of colds has come again. It is appropriate to suggest that more fresh air and a higher degree of humidity in the living room is one of the best preventives.

Score one for the weather man, who doesn't always get the credit for accuracy that he deserves. He predicted the coming of rain within a few minutes of the time that it actually came.

Christmas strawberries are promised at around \$5 the quart. We can think of no more pleasing way to save \$5 than by going without the kind of strawberries that Christmas usually brings.

Queen Mary has set the example of doing the Christmas shopping for the poor. The result that she is swamped by crowds that govern their conduct by the queen's.

Scientists predict that they will soon be able to predict earthquakes with certainty. Somebody is always taking the rest out of life.

Revival of the desire to spend is noted in a review of business conditions. Only the wherewithal is needed to make the act complete.

The "bigger and better" Astoria movement as a matter of course is already under way. Are you putting a little seal on the back of every letter and package? If not, begin today.

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LEARNING TO DISPENSE WITH HELP... Great progress has been made by farmers in taking control of the marketing of their own products by means of co-operation, and in taking control of the means of credit.

Indicating both revived prosperity of farmers and progress in dispensing with the use of government capital is the statement that "the sale of federal farm loan bonds has exceeded the needs of the government."

American farmers show commendable aptitude in selling and financing and marketing of their business under their control. Their business never reason to believe that they would be less successful than those of Europe.

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young men and young women go to school than did so even half a century ago.

The suggestion that English composition is influenced by spoken language is thought-provoking, but putting an added burden of blame on the melting pot does not discover the cure.

It is more plausible that the breaking down of what may be termed the "family tradition" has made inroads on the forms of written language.

So, as he got off the car, the conductor called to him and handed down a white paper parcel, and he stepped quickly from the car carrying around the parcel all day long.

After another council it was decided to write "fins" to the cat career by burial. A bag of lime was purchased at the corner drug store.

Inside were two big, juicy sirloin steaks. Treachery lurks in the wild. Self-preservation forces birds and beasts to subterfuge and betrayal.

The first time Friar Tuck traveled this way he recoiled from the edge of the cliff and fell overboard.

There, hundreds of feet below, were piles of bones. As he stood, feet braced, firm hold on a tree, again came the whirl of wings and the hiss of the wind.

Friar Tuck says they were trying to lure unsuspecting animals to destruction. They were vandals who preyed on the weakness of those who went to ruin.

Not many of us squander more on a passing thought on the approach of the new year. So the civilized Christian seldom means more than another 365 days' struggle.

Down in Chinatown, with their New Year more than two months away, they are already getting ready for the season.

General Grant used to find comfort in the reflection that the other fellow was guessing just as hard as he was. Congress is probably wondering just as much what the people really want as we are speculating on what congress is likely to do.

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Have you tried to come up from the valley below? To the hills where the sunshine is brighter? Have you plumed every feather in your being to know why the burdens you bear are not lighter?

You will never be more than you're longing to be. For all effort must have a beginning. And the goal that you set is the goal you will see—Though beyond there are more for your winning.

There's a reason for everything under the sun. And it's certain no man can aspire to change the stars. If you love anything which your strength could have done—Maybe that is why fortune has mislead you.

The farmer boy at close of day is peacefully whistling a ditty gay. The sun beams in the meadows say. While the farm boy is gently milking—Whistling and milking and stripping—By the dim red light of the lantern.

The cow, and sheep and noble bay Are comfortably munching odorous hay. Nor seem to care if winter stay. While the farm boy is dreamily milking—Milking and stripping and humming away. By the dim red light of the lantern.

There's a city in the mountains, just beyond the busy street. Friends come off with roses laden. Oft they come, but none can greet. Here they sleep, but high and lowly. Rich and poor here equal mate. Hushed are all their stone-built mansions. Vine o'er-grow each bolted gate.

When father tinkers 'round at home—A-fixing chairs and things. He calls to all the family. To bring him nails and strings—And, where the scissors Mandy—Go get the hammer, John; Say, when you put those washers. Kate? Come hold this rivet on.

While he weaves into a sweet. And it sounds like things was done. When father works, you bet! But somehow when he's finished—And gone away downtown—And mugs goes to the top—The tool he's scattered round—She finds he's split the chair seat. Because the nails were big. And find it out of rig; And so she gets a carpenter. And calls the plumber in—But father says to him: It all—With a little tinkering.—JANETTE MARTIN

A rich man rides in his limousine from Portland to the sea—A rich man rides on cushioned wheels. But what is that to me? Trudging here on the pave—The farmer stares at the flashing car. With a look now fierce, now grave. But when a chance to go up—Beside his field, he welcomes me. With a friendly, glad "Hello!" And the farm boy laughs 'n' glee. And the farm girl smiles beside the well. With dear simplicity.—VERNE BRIGHT

Dim and gray is the face of the sky when a few days ago we looked at the waste paper on the floor and retrieved the following little bit: "Mrs. Abigail O'Deah is at St. Johns general hospital having a badly bruised leg taken care of. Reports are that she is resting easily, it having occurred in a fall."

What was it worth—all the sweet life growing. Beneath the blue? But that the year's gaud form is showing. Where the spirit grew.—MARY ALTHA WOODWARD

Rain falls like motus of furried wing. Pale, drifting, aimless—On an impression of tall buildings. A city, vaguely recalled as in a dream. That lifts its lights among the clouds. And casts anemic shadows. Rain falls like motus of furried wing. Like a phoenix upon the dead things of yesteryear. And flutters a faint damp life among the weeds.—KATHRYN EASTHAM