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THE COUNTY COURT IS RIGHT

The Marion county court is right in refusing to include in the regular budget items handed down by the Legislature for which there is no money, and no way, under constitutional limitations, to get any money.

The court would have been pleased to provide for a county library and a county nurse, for which many have been contending. But there is no money for these, and no way to get any money, under the limitations.

It was said of old that one may not by taking thought add a cubit to his stature.

A legislative act has no magic in turning state house hot air into gold.

Any other course would cripple the regular service of the county; would especially hamper the ambitious road building program upon which Marion county has wisely entered, by mandate of the people at the polls.

A rather peculiar situation has been created, or rather pointed out.

And the Marion county court will probably in the end get the deserved thanks of the people of other counties for stepping out and passing up the problem for solution.

That 6 per cent. tax limitation has proven a nuisance. The Statesman is mean enough to say at this time that it opposed its enactment and favored the measure for its repeal.

Another thing: This shortage of houses in Salem might have a better chance of being soon corrected if all the men engaged in the building trades, including all the laboring men, would get together and agree upon a set of prices and wage scales. And make it reasonable, not too high and not too low; but, almost as important, make it definite.

There are so many things in this world that cannot be done by passing a law. What has been the result of the theoretical tinkering and the repeal of economic laws by the whims of the faddists which have controlled in Washington the past few years? Dear things cannot be made cheap by enactment. We can not produce production by a decree. We may set the clock back an hour, but the sun will still shine.

Guess no one now doubts that Salem is the Cherry City of the World, and will grow more so right along.

The next Salem slogan pages will show that this is a great pear country, for the right varieties.

Dr. Mayo says a man may prolong his life by drinking water and that nobody drinks too much of it. The system needs five pints a day; anything beyond that means longevity.

What is the objection to a few American cables to South American countries? Must we continue to depend on England for our communications with our southern neighbors?

It has been figured out that there are 11,000,000 unnaturalized aliens in this country, 80,000 of them radicals, and 500 papers here preaching revolution. Isn't it time we began to clean house?

In the present tense situation in this country the public has no option but to fight for its life. It must be supreme or not at all. No group can be allowed to become master of the whole—to have the millions at its mercy and exact tribute at will. There can be no compromise or capitulation.

Attorney General Palmer says the deportation of the Russian Reds will be continued, and he urges the American people to take a New Year's resolution to study, understand and appreciate the so-called "Red" movement. He will surely find the American people squarely behind him. They very generally now have the idea that we have been to patient with the Reds.

Several colleges back east announce a course in home economics where the girls are taught sweeping, dusting, cleaning and to look after the family market basket. They will do the marketing and plan and cook the meals and must arrange it so that



TWO IN ONE

For the middle-aged or elderly person who requires one pair of glasses for reading and another pair for out-of-door use, we recommend Invisible Bifocal or double vision glasses.

They are really two pairs of glasses in one—two lenses fused together without any visible joining. There is no prominent seam or joint to tell the public that the wearer is "getting along in years".

With Invisible Bifocals even your closest friends cannot detect that you are wearing double vision glasses. Call and see them.

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to spread their mischievous doctrine. The police, and the American Legion will be on their trail as soon as they attempt to get busy. Some of our "uplift" clubs and parlor Bolsheviks have seen fit to intimate, in a roundabout way, that the American Legion should not join in raids on headquarters of Reds, but should leave that to the police.

Such advice helps the Left Wing-ers.

Their object is to break up the present system of government, and every law-abiding person has the right to oppose them. More power to the American Legion!

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Americans who have just returned from abroad unite in the assertion that without American participation there can be no substantial league of nations nor any just and permanent peace for any section of the world, much less Europe.

If America mutely surrenders the lofty ideals for which she fought there is no hope left for the rest of the universe.

Upon that all observing travelers are unanimously agreed.

A friend at the writer's elbow suggests that it might have been a good idea to place the U. S. senate on a battleship and send it to other shores that the members might feel the pulse of the world for themselves instead of remaining in their splendid isolation.

SERVICE MEDAL SCANDAL.

The charge that politics has been permitted to mar the award of distinguished service medals to the country's naval heroes is one that congress will do well to investigate.

If it is true, as Admiral Sims alleges, that men who rendered notable service at sea have been overlooked and that the medals have gone to do-nothing stay-at-homes with a "pull," an insult has been offered to the valiant officers of the navy that the whole country should resent. Admiral Sims has declined to accept one of the medals for the reason that, in his opinion, they represent distinguished political and not military services.

This Medicine Has Cured Thousands—It May Cure You

Mr. L. P. England, a reliable citizen of Spartanburg, S. C., makes the following statement: "About twelve years ago I suffered with a severe spell of malaria and afterward was much troubled with rheumatism. I tried many remedies recommended for the rheumatism but failed to get relief amounting to anything. I saw Number 40 For The Blood advertised and purchased a bottle and found so much relief that I have taken several bottles and am well of the rheumatism. I keep Number 40 in the house all the time as I do not wish to be without it." Number 40 is demanded in blood poisoning from any cause. In chronic rheumatism, catarrh, constipation, stomach and liver troubles, under its use eczema and skin diseases disappear, sore ulcers and boils are caused to heal. Made by J. C. Mendenhall, Evansville, Ind., 40 years a druggist. Sold by Perry's Drug Store.

Many discouraging reports have come from government departments during the last six months; but there is none which will awaken more disgust in the minds of loyal Americans than the charge that the medals struck to commemorate valiant service in the navy during the war are to adorn the breasts of "deserving Democrats."

THE GREEN ISLE.

An American magazine publisher who has made a tour all over Ireland reports it as being the most prosperous and best fed country in Europe today.

There is over half a billion dollars in the banks and more than 500,000 head of cattle on the farms.

In the last five years Ireland has shipped more foodstuffs into England than America has and the island is a paradise of prosperity.

DOUBLE-CROSSING THE BAR.

Ocean steamers under the direction of the government's shipping board will have no bars nor canny liquors for the refreshment of passengers. The man who wants a bar will have to go overboard for it.

Although the prohibition amendment does not extend beyond the three-mile limit, the whole ocean will be bone-dry as far as Uncle Sam is concerned, even if his ships are going into booze-burdened harbors.

As a result the bulk of the sporty traffic for European or South American ports will doubtless be carried by vessels that fly the British flag. The tradition that champagne and strong waters alleviate seasickness is too old to be vacated by a constitutional amendment.

A local cynic says Tennyson's poem is being rewritten for the benefit of Uncle Sam's sailors and is now "Double-Crossing the Bar."

"LONGS FOR KANSAS."

(The following article, under the heading, "Longs for Kansas," appears in the December 20th issue of the Hutchinson, Kansas, News.)

An interesting letter has been received from a former Reno county resident who now lives in Oregon, but according to the tone of his letter, is sick of that country. C. M. Tissue is the writer, and he warns any who contemplate leaving Kansas to locate in Oregon, to buy a round-trip ticket. He writes:

Editor The News: As I have a little spare time today and thinking you people would like to hear from a former Reno county resident who has taken up his residence in this great state of Oregon, a much advertised and bragged-up state, which has been settled ever since the Lewis and Clark expedition, the garden spot of Eden of the Pacific slope, the land of sunshine, apples and duckers (the suckers are eastern grown)—but once caught are always here because they never make enough to get away; the only way to be able to get away is to bring your money with you and salt it away in your sock for future use.

Two Feet of Snow.

While you Reno countyites are shivering with the cold and the thermometer is hovering away below zero and you can't get any coal to burn we Oregonians are basking in nice winter weather with two feet of snow on the level and the thermometer registering 8, 9, 10 to 14 degrees below zero consecutively, trains tied up and traffic completely blocked.

I can look out of the window and see the Hill Billies going by on horseback and afoot packing out groceries, etc. Also see the men breaking trail with horses out to bands of sheep which were caught out on the range in the storm and packing feed to them on horseback to keep them from starving. All of this in the grand, old state of Oregon, where the winters (in this part) are always mild and it rains, rains, but snow, oh, no, seldom, or never.

A Rich Valley.

This is written in the great Willamette Valley, situated 100 miles south of Portland on the Columbia river and about 50 miles from the coast. A narrow valley of diversified farming and fruit. But judging from the improvements, buildings, etc., it belies its name as a rich valley, or else they are salting their money and refuse to build or paint what they have got. The little valleys which run up into the mountains have little ranches in them—they call them ranches here whether two or an hundred acres—and the people who live on them merely exist, as they work in the logging camps or wherever they can catch a day's work during the summer, and then hole-up during the winter and eat what they have made, and are ready when spring comes to repeat the operation.

Works in Logging Camp.

I am one of the army which works in logging camps, but am a little more fortunate than some of the rest as I am staying with my wife's people during the winter as my father-in-law made a little extra by working in the shipyards during the past year and I was afraid he would eat all

ANOTHER JOLT FOR THE H. C. of L!



the grub; so when camp closed down for the winter, I came to his rescue, so I think we will be able to make a clean-up by spring and both start out even again.

I almost forgot to mention that I took the old shotgun down the other morning and went after jackrabbits to replenish the larder. I succeeded in bagging three, that is, the little dog and I together. We think they are quite a delicacy here, in fact I have hunted in several states, but I never until here, killed any game where the seasoning was all ready in them, but these rabbits are seasoned with onions and all ready for the chef to do the rest.

I challenge any place on earth to equal it. Of course they may not have been this way before the war. This may be a result of "Hooverizing" in order to conserve on onions; I am not saying.

Live on Tourists.

We have lots of scenery in this state and it seems to be the sore arm here to build roads to this scenery to accommodate the tourists; anyway it is a noticeable fact that the west in general, seems to figure on the tourist crop as the most remunerating of all and I believe from what I have observed that it is the best crop grown here.

They don't seem to try or care to get roads to the rural districts, where it will help the agriculturist, but always driving one through to some extinct crater or lake on a particular mountain where the scenery is just grand.

The Columbia highway is an example of this. It is, or will be, when finished, second to none in construction, but it is absolutely a tourist thoroughfare as a benefit to the agriculturist where it is situated, it is secondary, as they can ship their stuff on the boats anywhere and at any time cheaper than they could transport it any other way and I have no doubt but if they would start down the highway with a truck heavy loaded that there would be a howl go up high and loud as to the injury

it would do the road making it unfit for the autoist.

Now this is written in a somewhat humorous strain; but as the old woman said: "There is a whole lot more truth than poultry in it," and any of your people in Kansas who own a farm don't be in a hurry to part with it just to come to Oregon; but if come you must, just take 30 days off, buy yourself a round-trip ticket and take in the scenery and sights, and listen to the wind jammers and then go back home and pat yourself on the back that you still live in one of God's most favored spots on this earth in good old U. S. A.—Kansas. A former resident. —C. M. Tissue.

While the article of Mr. Tissue, written in what he terms a "humorous" vein, is largely a tissue of falsehoods, it is easily accounted for.

In the first place, the first and second men in the world were both liars and the tribe of liars has been growing ever since.

And in the second place, the "call of the wild" is a persistent atavistic attribute.

The nation of slaves just out of bondage in Egypt longed for the flesh pots and their former bondage, as soon as Moses began to ration them, on their way to the Promised Land.

An inhabitant of Tierra del Fuego was a few years ago brought to New York and surrounded with the luxuries of civilization. But he was miserable. His great longing was to get back to his cave in the land where it rains every day in the year, at the tip end of South America; and where he could wallow naked in his native mud and filth.

An Eskimo brought out of the frozen Far North always longs for his former snow but and his blubber.

The dog returns to his vomit.

There is a law of reversion to type in all nature.

But there are thousands of former Kansas residents in Oregon who have grown wealthy and done well here, who have no desire to return to Kansas. There are several hundred

in Salem. They know that Kansas is a great and good and rich state; but they also know that Oregon is potentially a greater and richer and better one—and that she is fairly on her way.

These former Kansans would no doubt be willing to contribute a little towards aiding Mr. Tissue to wipe himself from Oregon's map; to make for him his stay here a mere scrap of paper. And it is evident that, according to his own testimony, he "never would be missed," excepting in the conservation of the visible supply of provender—for he is obviously doing nothing but eat his head off; or rather the wooden dome that stands for the northern part of his physical geography.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

1920 came like a lamb.

This is Leap Year; what are you doing about it?

Nothing is going to be allowed to get in the way of Marion county's great road building program.

And that will extend the city limits of Marion county's cities and towns about 150 miles into the country.

When it is fully carried out, no one will know where the cities and towns end and the country begins.

Too many people use the injunction to take no thought for the morrow as an excuse for being a fool today.

When democracy was young, there were none to teach the doctrine that love of liberty is synonymous with hatred of property owners.

The best proof that Heine considers himself licked is the fact that he is willing to refer something to the Hague.

Any way, the Harvard bunch realized that it had been in a fight. Its winning score was more a matter of luck than superiority over the boys from the cow counties of Oregon.

These are wonderful days for the window shopper.

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