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RUNNING OFF AT THE MOUTH

Before the ring leaders among the doddering daddies of the United States Senate were ready to resume the wind-jamming gab fest on the treaty, some of the silurians broke out with a bad case of running off at the mouth.

They are so full of hot air that they just have to get it out of their systems.

They are making a spectacle of inanity and gibbering twaddle that must make the man in the gibbous moon look down in pitying disgust at the piddling, prattling piffle.

No wonder Marconi is hearing messages from Mars or getting wireless visions from Venus.

The worst of it is there seems no end of it.

If their seemingly helpless colleagues will let them, the wind-jammers will go on till their terms expire.

And there is no chance for them to talk themselves to death—though they have already talked millions of people throughout the world into their graves; waiting for peace and reconstruction that would follow the ratification and the consequent sitting in of the big brother in the great international game; the only big brother with the resources and disposition to put all things right.

SPELL IT WITH A "P"

I. W. W.'s and loafers generally will find little consolation in the latest dispatches from Russia. Lenin, it is a fact, has held his own there—but how? By employing an iron-disciplined army of over a million Slav conscripts and Chinese mercenaries and by putting in force a compulsory twelve-hour working day for Russian labor.

Not much Utopia about this.

It smells more of the Junker than of Karl Marx. Lenin, to make his dictatorship secure, is adding a preliminary "P" to Russia. But his sovietizing propagandists in the United States will, we imagine, think twice before risking the horrors of a twelve-hour working day.

Deportation now has a new significance.

"When Woodrow Wilson is a mover he may make room for Herbert Hoover." That's the way the Los Angeles Times rhymes and alliterates it. And the said Times declares that alliteration suits the nation.

Of course; all Salem will help make tomorrow, red hog day, a red-letter day. The Duroc men are the bred in the purple boys of the hog world.

Duroc day in Salem tomorrow.

Help the red hog men paint the town red tomorrow.

Any color is all right with the Duroc breeders—just so it is red.

The groundhog is a scrub, anyway. And all signs fall in Oregon.

The federal fair price people are after the potato raisers now. Will they boil 'em with the skins on?

Every little helps. The Nevada legislature will ratify the suffrage amendment this week.

You will all want to grow and eat spinach, whether you like it or not.

after you read the Salem slogan pages of Thursday.

If we are really getting wireless messages from Mars or Venus, the interpretation of them will be the biggest news story in all history.

Several cases of sleeping sickness are reported in different sections of the country. The victims ought to get jobs on a morning paper. That would cure the ailment.

Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts may not be nominated on the Republican national ticket this summer; but what he stands for will be written all through and between the lines of the platform.

Is it possible that the Germans are the first to appreciate that nothing but hard work will repair the waste of war? Production in this country ought to be speeded up in every department.

When will the American senate make peace? The people are getting mighty tired of the exhibition of childishness on the part of the alleged statesmen.—Exchange. Echo answers. But it is at least getting warmer for that cold-storage bunch of alleged statesmen.

THINGS PEOPLE DON'T WANT.

Whether "vox populi" is the voice of God or merely of "one crying in the wilderness," political leaders, statesmen, party managers, candidates and office-seekers who disregard it will return home with empty baskets.

The voice of the people changes its note from year to year, from month to month, even from day to day; those who would remain closely in touch with popular opinion must keep their ears glued constantly to the receiver.

At the start of the race for the 1920 election stakes the American people are in a peculiarly stiff-backed and hard-bitted temper.

In regard to the things they do want they are, as usual, very much divided, but about the things they don't want they have very definite and decided opinions.

In the first place they don't want the chariot of state to be dragged



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painfully along by any old, worn-out wheel-horses. They expect the new high-power American motor car to be run on gasoline, not hay.

They don't want a campaign of "glittering generalities." They are in a peculiarly practical frame of mind.

Sentimental and emotional appeals that did political service in the nineteenth century will leave them cold and uninspired.

Hyperbolic invocations to the spirits of the great dead will fill no ballot boxes. Lincoln and Washington and Andrew Jackson had entirely different problems to solve.

No one knows how they would have approached present-day controversies.

The future of the country is in the keeping, not of dead giants, but

chiefly of live medocrities.

For a candidate simply to claim that he is "100 per cent American" is in itself meaningless.

It sounds too much like a woman advertising her virtue or a man his honesty.

The mere fact of seeking the suffrage of American citizens presupposes this quality.

What the voters wish to know is precisely what is implied in the claim of a 100-per-cent Americanism and how the candidate proposes to put it to work. Governor Coolidge sprang into immense and immediate popularity because he gave the people a practical illustration of his personal brand of Americanism. On the other hand, the American people have not forgotten that they elected a president on the claim that "he had kept us out of war," to find four years later that he was just as obstinate in keeping us out of peace.

The voters don't want a campaign of muckraking and mud-slinging. They demand constructive, not destructive criticism. In the words of Will Hays, they are looking for a program of "Live and HELP live."

The people ask plain, crisp, succinct declarations from all who expect to serve the public interests after the next election. They require such statements of policy as a business manager draws up for a board of directors.

They don't want a fancy picture of far-fetched promises incapable of realization. A candidate's pledge will have to be as good as his signature to a check.

The people are in no mood to tolerate camouflage or evasion.

Women are going to have a large influence in the coming election and the women have developed a shrewd political sense that will not succumb to old-fashioned methods of working up campaign enthusiasm. Women are pushing the domestic problems very much into the foreground and the presidential candidate who wins their suffrage must be one who has proved his ability to handle domestic and economic questions.

Above all, the people are weary of paying for dreams and poetry and sentimental experiments substituted for solid business sense in the management of public affairs.

They have been war-taxed and price-fixed and charity-driven and propagandized and restricted and prohibited and regulated and government-controlled and socialistically-experimented-with till they have become hot under the collar.

The things they cheerfully endured while their country was at war they have not intention of allowing to be permanently established.

American individualism was never more alive than it is today.

At the present time a vast majori-

ty of the people are solidly bent on a return to power of the Republican party and the re-establishment of Republican principles.

But the party leaders must not fall into the error of supposing that the branding of a candidate as a Republican will on this account be a guarantee of his election. The Republican platform must be written in unmistakable language and no one be encouraged to run as a Republican candidate who does not measure up to its standard.

WEALTH WELL USED.

The New York Morning Sun says: "The late Henry Clay Frick was American to the core." His will shows that he recognized the fact that great wealth entailed great responsibilities. After making provisions for his family, the instrument returns the bulk of his capital to the source from whence it came through agencies that most readily suggest themselves. This is not a unique distinction for Mr. Frick. The Carnegie wealth went the same way. Russell Sage's great fortune has been diverted to good works and a score of other instances might be cited. All men are equal at the hour of birth and at the graveside. The best for the wisest or the richest is the shroud of the undertaker and the spade of the digger.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Ask for "HILL'S" FIVE MILLION PEOPLE USED IT LAST YEAR HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

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He—How do you make that out?
She—Because I shall fret myself ill if I don't get it, and you know what doctors' bills are!—TH-Bits.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley's Kidney Pills and Foley's Cathartic Tablets. J. C. Perry.

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