

Special Columnists, Free Lance Writers Vie for Reader Attention

Civilization's Advanced Marked by Near-Extermination of Bedbug

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

THOU WINST
Mr. T., we've read your verse,
In the Statesman, March 15:
Sleeplessness is not your curse,
That is very plainly seen.

Didst thou slumber ever woe
In a bed by bugs beset?
And didst thou find thou couldst
not do?
If thou didst thou didst,
we bet.

—A. T. Silvertorn.

The bedbug (cimex lectularius) is not a particularly pleasant subject for contemplation. It is not strictly speaking, a menace to society, but it is, or was in times past, one of the greatest of encouragers of sleeplessness.

It is one of the most annoying of insects. It is almost as annoying as the insect one sometimes sees and hears in the picture theatres, which insect, having in some mysterious manner become imbued with an idea that a flow of sixth-grade dialect and silly contortion of the facial muscles will cause audiences to roar with laughter, induces itself upon a long-suffering public. The public has varying tastes in humor, but it is of one mind as regards plain and helpful description.

However, it is not the most serious matter in the world. I have not seen or been attacked by a bedbug for years, nor have I heard a vaudeville performer spring a bedbug gag. The gag was once highly rated by vaudeville performers. As a matter of fact, it was a close second to the mother-in-law gag. It was occasionally done into song. Perhaps some of you remember the touching old minstrel olio number, beginning "Beneath the willows she is sleeping, and the pillow which follows her is beginning 'Beneath the pillows they are creeping.'"

I reckon civilization is really advancing. It may be that late scientific methods (on sale at all drugstores) have virtually exterminated the bedbug. So far as we have observed, no millions were appropriated by the N. R. A. to research on the bedbug. This might fairly lead to the inference that the number of bedbugs has been greatly reduced, if not entirely exterminated. The N. R. A. administration would not have been likely to miss bedbugs had bedbugs been present in numbers great enough to warrant the appointment of an office and field force to combat the evil.

There are days when the headlines in the newspapers stimulate memory and there are days when they do not. In looking over the flood news from the east during the past 14 days, I have been reminded, somewhat hazily but clearly enough, of Johnstown and the flood of 1889, which resulted in a loss of life to somewhat more than 2200 people. I see a railway train creeping over temporary crack, and I see a hill-hemmed stretch of river bottom strewn high with wreckage, and I see how bodies being placed in rows for identification. There had been no time to escape. A dam in the hills up the valley had broken almost without warning, and the waters had come down in a wall 40 feet high and rushing with the speed of the wind.

It was not much of a sight to see, the wreckage and ruins that resulted in the tragedy, but I had. Had there been any reason for my being there, beyond the satisfaction of a thoughtless curiosity, it would have been different. I had been stampeded by the headlines in the Chicago papers, and had changed my plans, which included a trip to Montreal and the St. Lawrence and a daylight ride through the green hills of Vermont. I wondered, I say, why I had come to Johnstown. Nothing more than a great mass of wreckage and an assortment of dead folks whom I had not known in their lives. The gratification of an idle curiosity and quite futile, as I understood the meaning of that word. Well, I suppose a fellow must learn in one way or another. Perhaps it is as well that it happened so.

But more trouble was to come from the notion I took into my head to see Johnstown. Events detrimental or otherwise, come in sequences. This is a good thing to remember. The Pennsylvania road in those days ferried its New York and New England passengers across the north river at Jersey City. It was past midnight when our train arrived. I was told that the dock office that no trains for New York would be leaving the Grand Central until morning, which was perfectly satisfactory to me. So I leaned on the rail and watched the harbor lights, and when we docked at New York I told a cab driver to take me to a hotel, and he drove me to the St. Nicholas at Washington Square, took two dollars and a cigarette away. At the hotel desk I discovered that while I was leaning on the ferryboat rail watching the harbor lights some small-time gangster or racketeer had removed my entire cash capital from a hip pocket. It amounted to somewhat more than eight dollars. The cash money I had carried in another pocket. My railroad ticket was safe in a pocket of my coat. The situation was not so bad. Still, never having been in New York before, stony broke at one o'clock in the morning, I was somewhat puzzled as to the next step. I finally decided to put the matter up to the clerk at the desk.

TOWNSEND PLAN AGAIN

Editor Statesman:
I wish to make a few statements showing what the Townsend plan will do, and then as a writer wishes to know "what it will not do," I will inform of that also.

The question, "who will stop the manufacturer from passing the prices on," is answered thus. Dr. Townsend estimates the minimum wage for common labor, whether in a full operation or in a part operation, will be \$150,000 per month. Now there are 12,000,000 idle men in the United States. This means they have no income, no money to spend for clothes, food, nor tax of any kind. With \$150 per month coming by changing their labor in producing goods, which the annuitants will demand, they will, when they spend this money, pay the transaction tax of \$3 and still have \$147 left more than they have now. If we have the money who cares if the tax is passed on, to the consumer? We will all come down to earth, or go out of business.

When we get the power to put the McGroarty bill into effect we will have the power to get other laws passed, and one of the first will be to prevent profiteering by wholesalers.

The money to start the plan will be raised by the transaction tax, which money will be put into circulation by passing through the hands of the annuitants by enforced spending, and thereafter it will cost no one anything, because of the enforced spending and turning over each month of enough to finance itself.

This enforced spending is just what makes THE TOWNSEND RECOVERY PLAN.

Next, Mr. Dawson asks, "How will an old man spend his money?" That will be his business. If he cannot spend it he will not be able to GET IT. However, here is a fair sample of how one can spend it. He can buy a home, pay off a mortgage, buy some furniture, hire a girl to help his wife, buy a radio, buy a new car, and hire a driver. Have some dental work done, then some optical work. Buy groceries, clothing, etc., and when he gets stocked up he can present his last year's furniture to some needy family, and buy a new outfit. Next he can buy a cow for some poor widow, or buy a home or car for someone who will be very grateful that such a man is living.

How much would he have left at the end of the month? Let us see: Chauffeur \$150 per month, hired girl's salary \$50, groceries and fuel \$25, church and charity \$20, (the amount allowed by the bill) doctor and medicine \$5, (and \$10 to \$20 per day if he had a trip to a hospital.) gas and car upkeep \$10. I think this a very conservative estimate, and it totals \$260. If there were two doctors, dentists and more doctors, he would mean more doctors, dentists and more doctors. He would have the privilege of spending \$20 more for charity. Well, what would they do with the balance? They might wish to travel a little, and if they did not they could hire an agent to figure out how they could spend it, and give him a salary of \$100 and then they would be broke before they got their next check.

Their duty will be to work at their government job of putting this money into circulation to help bring stability out of near chaos, food and clothing to millions, work for the idle, which would spell recovery, just as Dr. Townsend has planned, and just as we will have it before we stop the fight.

Now let us see what the Townsend Plan will NOT do. Mr. Dawson, it will not give you a chance to ever go to the poorhouse! For they will ALL BE CLOSED. It will not demand of you only about one-half as much tax in the future, for it will abolish the upkeep of the poorhouse, all old people's homes, all forms of relief work, and at least one-half of the present expense of crime. It

will not force the United States to be loser of \$25,000,000,000 annually in production, as we have since 1923, and this loss is a half more than will be needed to finance the Townsend Plan.

It will not cause thousands of dependent suicides each year as the depression is doing. It will not prevent the young men and women from obtaining work as our present governmental setup is doing.

It will not bring chaos as the present mode of administration is destined to do.

There are a great many more things it will not do, but the principal thing it will do is to bring recovery and make the United States "safe for democracy."

B. I. PLUMMER.

Editor Statesman:

One who was uninformed on reading the report of the state liquor control board, would get the impression that the liquor situation is in a very good condition and getting better and that the law is really being enforced. However, the picture is far different from the one painted by the liquor board. It is a strange thing that intelligent people will try to make other intelligent people believe such absurd things. For instance, the above mentioned report contains the idea that temperance is increasing because more and more are being sold. They would have us believe that only "hard" liquors are intoxicating. Those who really know tell us that a beer drunk is the worst kind of a drunk. Alcohol is alcohol, regardless of whether it is contained in beer, wine or whiskey, the only difference being the percentage of content in the three kinds of liquors. What is the difference when a man or woman becomes drunk whether they got drunk by drinking beer, wine or whiskey?

It is easy to prove by the Knox liquor law itself that the law is not being enforced. For in section 18 it states that the commission may suspend or cancel a license for certain reasons and one of them, No. 8, says such licenses may be cancelled or suspended for the reason that "the licensee knowingly sold alcoholic liquor to persons under 21 years of age, to persons known to be drunkards, to intoxicated persons, or to persons visibly intoxicated at the time of sale." All one has to do to know that the above section is daily being violated is to walk along the streets with one's eyes open and see the "desires" to come from the little huddle 2 per cent transactions tax. It at first looks easy and smooth, but do people stop to figure what this amounts to? To signify myself I took my pencil and did some figuring and to say the least I was surprised and astonished.

My figures showed that the two billion acreage with our 120 million people amounts to over \$12.00 per capita, and for the 24 billions it amounts to \$200

per capita then on the hypothesis that there are five persons to the family it would amount to \$1000 per family coming from the 2 per cent transactions tax. Then I wondered if half the families in our country have a gross income of one thousand per year. I was not able to locate statistics of family income, so therefore I only put it up as my estimate; then with one-sixth of our population out of employment I figured that perhaps one fourth of the families income would fall below \$500 per year. Another set of figures figured up; and that was how much financial turnover or transactions would be required to meet this enormous sum and here is the answer: It would amount to two trillion 160 billion dollars. Then I was lost in oblivion to comprehend how this could be possible. I thought if we were doing half that much business that we are a wonderful people.

These another problem confronted me and that is if the Townsend plan would work as smooth as it is claimed it would, then why are we paying interest on thirty billions debt. To square the books the transaction tax should be increased to five per cent for the first year and by using the extra three per cent our debt would be erased and the state would sail away on a smooth sea once more. Then the world would about blessed be the name of Dr. Townsend.

It is represented that these billions are to be doled out in the way of pensions. It seems to me that the word pension is poor English. Webster defines a pension when coming from the government as "an annual allowance of a sum of money to a person by the government in consideration of past service, civil, or military."

Now as it is not for service why did they not put in the proper word "charity"? But the only way people think of it in the light of an old soldier's pension. Now it seems to me that the time has come when we should resort to minding words or speculative theories. I am not saying whether the Townsend plan has merit or not but I submit the above for your careful consideration.

N. U. BERBER.

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND TAXES

To the Editor:
Fifty years ago our national debt was less than two billion dollars. It looked like an awful sum and many did wonder if ever we would be able to pay it. After 50 years we find our national debt increasing at the rate of over three billions per year, and it is so staggering that we are almost ashamed to put it down in figures. Some way people don't seem to think of a billion dollars like they did in those days. We are so used to seeing it no more concern than it was a small purse of pocket change.

And so the money problem seems to be rolling on to inevitable ruin. In the last two years we have heard so much about the famous Townsend plan, doing our two billion dollars, to do the old people, and it is supposed to come from the little huddle 2 per cent transactions tax. It at first looks easy and smooth, but do people stop to figure what this amounts to? To signify myself I took my pencil and did some figuring and to say the least I was surprised and astonished.

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How is Your Garden?

Now is the Time for All Good Gardeners to Rid Lawns of Moss Condition

How is your GARDEN? SUN BY LILLIE L. MADSEN

What to do to rid the lawn of moss has become a big question among gardeners this past week. I have had at least three inquiries in as many days on this same problem.

As I have written before, moss is usually the result of a starved lawn. If clippings are removed and no food put back into the soil, grass can not be expected to grow. Lillie L. Madsen well. Rain packing the soil during the winter will also cause moss. In the latter case the lawn may be loosed by the aid of a fork used as a perforator. The holes should be six inches deep and not more than three or four inches apart.

Fertilizer Important Most moss will disappear within another month. But it is well to fertilize the lawn at this time of the year with a quick acting fertilizer such as ammonium sulphate. A pound of this in two gallons of water should be sufficient for 250 square feet. However, if the weather is rainy, the fertilizer need not be applied in solution. Commercially dried poultry manure is reported as being exceptionally fine for a lawn. This is used at the rate of 12 pounds to 1000 square feet. Bone meal may also be added, particularly if the grass be of the blue grass variety, but this is slow acting. About 18 pounds to 1,000 square feet is the recommended amount.

Weeds should be taken out, the holes filled in and seeded. If you are using the sheep manure, put it on with a light dressing of river sand.

A top dressing recommended for lawns contains a bale of peat moss, 50 pounds of commercial fertilizer, 100 pounds of raw home meal and one yard of sand.

Tips on Althaus A Salem correspondent writes to tell me that she planted an Althaus a year ago and that it looks as if it were dead. She wants to know if she can stand our climate here, what sort of soil they should have and when they bloom.

Certain varieties of Althaus (Hibiscus) live throughout winters here nicely. The shrub may not be dead. They are very slow to leaf out in spring and they do not as a rule, bloom until August. They prefer a rather rich soil and tolerate some shade. A sandy soil, devoid of humus, is the Althaus's one dislike.

C. B. of Woodburn writes to ask about the Goldenchain and what other name this shrub has. Goldenchain is a Laburnum. It likes a well-drained soil, especially limestone. It will endure shade. I understand that summer dryness and heat are more injurious to this shrub than the cold weather. Goldenchains are sometimes called Beantrees or Peastrees. The fruit is poisonous. The long clusters of yellow flowers in May and June are very attractive.

Vines to Screen Porches Again I have a request for the names of annual vines which can be planted for screening a porch or back fence. These would include Ballon vine, Cardinal climber, cypress vine, moonflower, morning glories, Scarlet Runner and Purplebell cobaea (cup-and-saucer-vine.)

As an example, figures that have been compiled by experts, show that when the great TVA, Tennessee Valley Authority, project is finished and the government starts distributing power to the people, if the above is expended, not the original \$50,000,000, but \$300,000,000 and to offset this, the proposed added expense, the rates will be higher than the existing companies can now distribute power for. Several private companies will be forced to close and thus cause a loss to some five and a half million investors.

Historians show us that with one or two major exceptions this policy has always been the best and so why are we so different that we need the government to show us how to run a business? The above example is only one of the many power projects not to mention the thousands of other government financed projects that will be competitive to private individuals.

Some may say that "propaganda" and "yellow journalism" have influenced me in writing this, but when government figures and prominent officials agree with everything I have said, I'll take that kind of so-called propaganda.

Yours for more and clearer thinking, DAVID HOSS.

MORE ON DR. LAUGHLIN Editor Statesman:

Chloroform for the feeble-minded? Might be okay, but what if we did decide to save money that way? Would we really think that by the time we got through with the agencies by which to do the job, we would not be any ahead. Of course, it would require a special board to appoint a corps of investigators, alphabetic machinery, you see. There would be nothing by the PDQ. So we might find ourselves voting new bonds or asking congress for an allocation before we get through with a long drawn out process of elimination.

That is not all. According to the bible, the unfortunate should never cease out of the land. They would ever be among the people to "call into exercise their sympathy, tenderness and benevolence." (Continued on page 14)

In answer to a Mt. Angel gardener: Japanese anemones should be bought and set out in the spring of the year. Anytime now is suitable. This plant likes considerable moisture during the summer but does not want to be placed in a location where water stands during the winter.

On Planting Delphinium You may also set out delphiniums at this time of the year. They prefer a sandy loam, deeply worked and well-drained. Barber, the delphinium king of the west, says to use good garden soil and in planting to fill each hole with one-half well-rotted manure and one-half strong soil. The crowns should be placed two inches, no more, below the surface and the roots should be well spread. To fertilize delphiniums, dig in a trowelful of bonemeal around each plant in the spring of the year.

Delphiniums should be divided after their third year. Their third year, according to Barber, is about their best year. Spring of the year is the time to divide them.

If your delphiniums become yellow, they are diseased. In this case they should be taken up and the diseased parts cut off. The rest should be set in a new location and it is well to dust the roots with sulphur before planting them out. In case of black rot cut off the affected parts and dust the remainder with sulphur. If delphiniums are sprayed at this time of the year with Bordeaux, much of this disease can be prevented.

Start Hollyhock Spray This is also the time of the year to start spraying your hollyhocks. I have noticed an occasional leaf already beginning to show rust. In a case yours do this remove such leaves with one hand. Then spray your plants with Bordeaux. Hollyhocks have many uses in the garden if they are treated correctly, but they are subject to rust and should be watched for this. The earlier you start spraying for this disease, the more sure you are of having good foliage and good blooms on your hollyhocks. The ground about the plants should be sprayed, too, to catch any rust spores which may have wintered over beneath the plants.

I have a request from McMinnville for material on the culture of Fawn lilies; how they can be secured and also what location they should be planted in.

As Fawn Lilies Fawn lilies, I find, is another name for Erythronium, perhaps the best loved of our native flowers. We were taught to call them Lamb's Tongues, while some call them Dog-Tooth violets and yet others call them Adder's Tongue.

There are a few western growers who show us a specialty of their growth. It would be better to secure a few starts from a grower than to try to transplant them from their native haunts. One grower here on the Pacific coast has a great number of varieties.

The Erythronium prefer partial shade and a soil that is not soggy. Shaded pockets in the rock garden are splendid for them and I have seen some delightful clumps of them in such locations. A little piece of woodland, such as one finds along Lake Oswego is also ideal. About two and one-half inches of cover over the bulb is sufficient.

I have a request for a crabapple tree which gives "good fruit and is still pretty." Siberian crab is recommended by one of the local nurseries.

A Book Review

"Monogram" by G. B. Stern (Macmillan, 1936) is not conventional autobiography. One learns very little about the facts of Miss Stern's life. A mental biography would be a better description, for one learns a great deal about the flavor of the author's very individual mind. There are fleeting glimpses of personal history, but they are so crowded and witty notations on almost everything under the sun, that one completely loses track of the personal.

Autobiography, says Miss Stern, "Must naturally include dates, events, places and people. Therefore, any person whose life is not crowded and sensational would have a harder task in writing a good autobiography than one whose outward life has been hectic and leisurely, with plenty of pauses and very few ups and downs. For events are such husters, they pile out and then they send it reeling off the pavement."

But events have not crowded Miss Stern's thoughts off the pavement. "Monogram" is so much all thought and event mixed and stirred together in such a manner one cannot tell where the one begins and the other leaves off. Even in the paragraphs telling how she came to write "Monogram" Miss Stern puts as many thoughts as events:

"When my publishers deliciously suggested that I write a book about anything I liked; anything I jolly well liked; anything I damn well pleased; in a word, anything I wanted to write for days across these boundless prairies, I began to suspect that they were altogether too boundless, and that what I needed were a few horizons laid down here and there. They had not only put me outside the pale, but they had erased the pale when I was put outside it."

"Finally, having been given all heaven and earth and the bottom of the sea to choose from, all the past, present and future, all history and abstraction and fantasy, all history and geography, I ended in the only predictable way, when one is given no restrictions by accepting every restriction and choosing myself as a subject, with as much as possible of myself to be left out."

Miss Stern puts her belief that everything is linked to everything else, and that there is hardly an object, however recently acquired, that will not start an association with some incident or some place. She divides her book into three parts and chooses three objects from which to start: a little blue and white glass dragon, a bit of the grand canyon, and a log pile of wood on a road packed with rubbish, a heap of a villa in South France.

To follow her mind, is like following a number of interesting roads leading off the paved highway of conventional autobiography. One doesn't know where Miss Stern will lead one, but it is evident early in the book that blind allies are taboo. Many things along the wayside attract and hold her attention for a bit of time. There is, for instance, the subject of "words," all kinds of words:

"Words that were utter nonsense but sent swarming about in small groups, amering to the name of wit. Words: an avalanche, a concentration, a superfluity, a redundancy. . . . Life and Rogot's Thesaurus arm-in-arm."

From there her mind wanders over an amazing array of thoughts, theories, people and places:

"I see no necessity, now, for looking back on this phase of my youthful taste. . . . On the contrary, I am inclined to write a Hymn to Middle Age, valuing the companions of my maturity; their subtle understanding of what need not be said and of what can be said for granted; varied by their sudden and changeable 'desires' far removed from mere juvenile crudity of blurring out the truth."

Miss Stern touches on Peter Pannery and the curious reluctance of the Englishman to be events, places and people. There is a very good account of the first night of "Journey" in Berlin under the title, "The Other Side." There is an interesting bit about the California earthquakes of 1933, which caught Miss Stern in the bathtub.

There is a really rare bit on "plastic ladies" and "professors."

"Scholastic ladies, I am convinced, have a vocation which they neither can nor desire to elude. It is not a matter of post-school careers, but goes back earlier than that. It has a pre-natal shape to it. . . . Very rarely do I meet one who has a vocation; usually they are three or four groups of friends. They wear friendship like a warm, durable cloak that does not fray. . . . They do not insult one another; they tell gay teasing stories to show up each others' good and generous qualities, and while they are doing so, the subject of their story all in good fun, stop their tongues, whereas we, the rest of us, naturally feel the bitterest disappointment if anything happens to interrupt or distract the conversation while lovely things are being related to our advantage. . . . My awe of professors, especially of those and mathematicians, is even more colossal than my veneration for scholastic ladies."

There is much on the Elsie books, which to all who have as children read the 28 volumes, is particularly amusing.

"Monogram" is good reading. It is better reading than most autobiographies. It is not Miss Stern puts it, "a cargo of 'I's.' It is more interesting than most biographies because it is not so personal; Miss Stern did not take account of her material from "the heap of all the things that can only be interesting to yourself," but from "the other heap of things (the two heaps representing the division of one's life) that just may be interesting to those who read them."

The garden catalogue will, this spring, have to divide interest with the great number of new garden books which have been timed to come off the press with the spring oiling of the lawn mower and dusting of the hose and spade.

Among the more useful ones are such as "How to Grow A n n a l Flowers" by Victor H. Ries, Doubleday, Doran & Company; "Trees and Shrubs" by Arthur Carhart, Doubleday, Doran & Company; "A Year in the Rose Garden" by J. H. Nicolas, Doubleday, Doran & Company; "Flower Garden Primer" by Julia H. Cummins, The Macmillan Company; "Four Seasons in Your Garden," by John C. Wister, J. B. Lippincott; "Garden Design of Today," by Percy S. Crane, Charles Scribner's Sons; "American Ferns" by Edith A. Roberts and Julia R. Laurence, MacMillan; "How to Make Garden Tools," by William Leasinger, Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Salem, March 23.—Dear Mr. T.: When you say a moving picture comedian is funny, it is funny or not funny isn't it or isn't it? Isn't it possible that you may be almost alone in your opinion?—G. I. P.

No, my dear. Such statements here are invariably judged by audience reaction, quite regardless of my personal opinion in the matter. That which pleases 200 to 1000 men, women and children must have some good quality, and that which is met in glum silence, with perhaps an occasional stilly titter, may fairly be said to be lacking in that which it pretends to be.

A man waiting for a bus at the terminal station, having remarked to a companion that he disliked wind, was asked by a motherly-looking woman if he had ever tried common baking soda. The man did not forget his manners. "Yes, ma'am," he said gravely, "but the wind kept right on blowing."

It is pretty hard to stop a March wind.

One might as well try to curb the ebullition of a Mickey Mouse club audience.

And mention of Mickey Mouse reminds me that the Spring Follies show of that lively and numerous organization Thursday night was a great success. Everybody was happy—the management, the performers and the audience. Which leaves nothing more to be said, except, perhaps, that this cannot truthfully be said of many home talent shows.

Whether it happily happened so, or was deliberately planned in the Hal Roach studios, cannot be said. Probably something of each. However it may have come about, the Bohemian Girl, shown at the Capitol during the week, was as nearly a perfectly-balanced picture as has been seen in this town since the last fair and warmer weather forecast came out of Portland.

The music of the Balto opera, the drama surrounding the life of the girl who was stolen from her home by pirates, and the comedy act of Messrs. Laurel and Har-

old, combined to create entertainment that reduced to a marked degree the audience the flu and coughs and the most recent cold wind brought to town.

When a man or a woman whose nose and throat are tickling fails to snuffle and snort at a picture—well, it is a distinct compliment to the picture. It just goes, I suppose, to prove something or other.

Charlie Chaplin, in "Modern Times," at the Grand, has caused a heap of talk during the week. Most of it favorable. This is the first Chaplin picture in four years. The old Chaplin appeal for sympathy for the under dog. A big bag of Chaplin tricks, but, beyond a song by Chaplin and synchronized orchestra, silent. Pantomime still has a place in the amusement world, and Chaplin is still the greatest of pantomimists.

All my mispronounced words. As a matter of fact, when I meet up with a person who does not pronounce words I suspect him of having a disagreeable disposition. Noted the past week in a beautiful scene of the Canadian Rockies: The "best mountain is called 'the mountain of them all.'" Such things are interesting to a critic only because it gratifies him to know that he has plenty of company in his mispronouncing.

Papa Dionne has written to King Edward, asking that the monarch's guardianship of the quintuplets be annulled. He says he and Mrs. Dionne are lonely for the babies. When he means it, I reckon, that if the king wants some quintuplets he can get some for himself.