

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Rippling Rhymes.

HOMESICK

I am sitting in my palace, which is strictly up-to-date, and my Aunt Jermina Alice says I am a lucky state; my existence should be sunny should be sweet as shredded honey, for I have a stack of money, and a flinty by the gate. I am sitting in my palace as the evening shades draw near, drinking from a jeweled chalice many quarts of kickless beer; luxuries are all around me, and no creditors confound me, and no sorrows ought to hound me, yet I spring the scalding tear. For my heart is sick with longing for the scenes of childhood know; for the woods where birds were thronging, and the pastures wet with dew; all the day I'm longing, wishing, for the creek where I went fishing, and old Dobbin, tall as swishing, and the cow that murmured "Moo!" Oh, my present lot is splendid, but I'm thinking, with a sigh, of the school that I attended in the happy days gone by, and I hear the buzz and clamor when the teacher used to hammer all the rudiments of grammar into boys, and made them cry. So I weary of my palace, though it is a sight to see, and I'd like to break a gallus climbing up an apple tree; for this stale life never varies; and I'd like to swipe some cherries, and some melons and some berries, and to rob a bumble bee.

"Giant Beans" Not Beans At All Experts Declare.

East Lansing, Mich.—That the so-called "giant beans" grown extensively in Michigan during the last two years, particularly by city gardeners, are not beans at all, being in reality gourds, is the startling information sent out by the botany department of the Michigan agricultural college.

"Some of these 'beans' have been produced in Detroit that are more than a yard long and weigh 20 pounds," declares Dr. E. A. Bessey of Michigan Agricultural college. "Growers all over the state are vying with each other to see who can produce the largest specimens and apparently they think that they are turning out record beans."

"There are hundreds of types of gourds, some round and some long. The latter are often called snake gourds. Some enterprising seedsmen with a large supply of round seed of tatter type on hand conceived the idea of disposing of it at a handsome profit. Accordingly, the papers were flooded last spring, as well as in 1918, with advertisements of 'Giant Butter Beans,' 'New Guinea Butter Beans,' etc. This is a fraud, since these are not beans at all, but gourds, closely related to pumpkin and squash.

"When full grown, the large fruits are practically valueless in this country. When young, they are edible and taste much like summer squash. It is questionable, however, whether it pays one to grow these things except as curiosities."

Newspapers Buy Stock In Hawley Pulp & Paper Co.

Portland, Or., Nov. 13.—A syndicate of Pacific coast newspaper publishers has concluded negotiations for the purchase of a majority of stock in the Hawley Paper Mill at Oregon City. It was officially announced here today. The consideration is reported to be \$3,500,000.

This mill is one of the largest institutions in the country manufacturing printing paper.

Abe Mailin

Once in a long time we meet some happy days gone by; and I hear the lives. Constable Newt Plum says all the pay roll handouts are in favor of higher wages.

WALL STREET'S PANIC.

THERE was a crash in Wall street yesterday. Wild panic prevailed, stocks of all kinds hit the toboggan, securities were recklessly sacrificed and the lambs properly shorn.

In the old days, such a crash would have seriously upset the financial condition of the entire country. Scared bankers would have called in or curtailed local loans and an era of business depression ensued.

The nation can thank the federal reserve banking system for the changed financial conditions. It is no longer possible for New York speculators to upset the financial stability of the nation or for New York bankers to artificially create a national panic. The stock exchange panic will be beneficial as it will check the wild orgy of speculation and release money for legitimate business needs.

It is estimated that nearly a billion dollars, used in speculation, will be returned to local enterprise. Attracted by the high rates for call money paid by Wall street gamblers, banks throughout the country poured their cash into the New York call market, thus extending the period of speculation that began with the signing of the armistice. With the collapse of speculation, this money will be used at home in development and industrial enterprises.

Of course many of the millionaires of a day will have to go back to work, but the entire country views their plight with amused indifference, and the nation needs workers. The nation also needs the money they tied up, for only by increased production of necessities can the high cost of living be lowered.

DEPORT BERGER.

AFTER months of needless delay, the House of Representatives has ousted Victor Berger, elected congressman a year ago from Milwaukee by Socialists. Berger had been convicted of disloyalty to the United States during the war and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. Since his election, however, he has, while out on bond pending appeal, been drawing his salary and perquisites as representative of the government he sought to destroy.

All loyal Americans left the foreign controlled Socialist party when it adopted its seditious platform and displayed its pro-Germanism in the early days of the war. Berger, however, remained one of its leaders, opposing war measures against the national enemy, but favoring bullets instead of ballots to change the form of government.

A movement is underway to deport Berger as an undesirable alien, fathered by the American Legion, which proposes to cancel his citizenship. There is no good reason why he should not be deported for German socialism is the mother of Russian bolshevism, both having the destruction of democracy and the inauguration of class dictatorship as their purpose.

The radical program was set forth in literature recently seized by the government in the raids at New York as follows:

To shoot the prominent military and police officers must be the concern of the revolting working people. In the work of destruction we must be merciless.

We must convert small strikes into general ones, and convert the latter into armed revolt of the laboring masses against capital and the state. We must mercilessly destroy all remains of governmental authority and class domination, liberate prisoners, demolish prisons and police offices, destroy all legal papers pertaining to private ownership of property, all field fences and boundaries and destroy all certificates of indebtedness. We must take care that everything is wiped from the earth that is a remainder of the private ownership of property.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idaho McGlone Gibson

JOHN'S MOTHER

John's mother made no reply. He strode by her and up the stairway. Not knowing exactly what to do, I stood still in the hallway, which I noticed in spite of my confusion was very elegant and ornate in an "interior decorated" sort of way.

Madame Gordon made an attempt to follow him. For the moment both had forgotten me. This one-track mind seems characteristic of the family. As John reached the top of the stairs he called:

"Come on up, Kate," and then seeing his mother close behind him said: "You needn't come mater. I can do all that's necessary now."

He threw open the door of what I recognized as a man's sitting room, for I had followed meekly up the stairs behind my mother-in-law rather than stand alone in the lower hall. Any man might have inhabited this room. It was a masculine place, but surely there was nothing of John Gordon in the room. Again I felt the depression that wholesale decorating always creates in me. I thought of my dear old father's room at home. In my mind's eye I could see his wheel chair drawn beside the low table, on wheels also where he could easily reach his favorite books. I recollected the old-fashioned steel engravings on the wall and the colonial furniture that had come to him from four generations back.

It has been said that houses grow to resemble their owners, but by no stretch of the imagination could the house I entered be made to look like either John or his mother. Madame Gordon was quite as handsome and impressive in her way as John, but the impression she gave me then was of great coldness and self-sufficiency.

She had not spoken to me since I came in and never since I have known her has she permitted me to feel as other than an interloper in the family. I felt myself choking, but I was determined that the tears which were very near my eyelids should not fall. They were burned up, however, at Madame Gordon's question: "What are you going to do about Bessie?"

It seemed to me that John hesitated a moment. I did not dare to look up to catch the expression of his face. Then I heard him exclaim impatiently: "Good heavens, mother, what on earth are you talking about? Why should I do anything about Bessie?"

What do you mean?"

Madame Gordon did not answer, except to say: "She is visiting your sister now," and turning, she left the room with great dignity.

She had done exactly what she wanted to do—she had placed an arrow of envious jealousy in my heart. Who was Bessie?

Then and there I decided that I should live in this house with that woman no longer than was positively necessary. I went up to John and put my arms about his neck and begged: "Take me away, dear, take me away. Your mother does not want me. She will never be happy with me, and in the end she will make us both unhappy. I cannot bear to be the bone of contention between you. It is not right, dear, that you should make me the cause of friction. Take me away, please taken me away!"

This had the directly opposite effect on John than I intended, but I will give him credit for thinking that in doing what he did he was vindicating my position.

He put his arms about me and kissed me very gently, even while saying in a voice that was almost harsh with decision:

"My dear, we will stay in this house, and it shall be made comfortable and pleasant for you. Anyone living here who cannot conform to your wishes will have to leave."

"Oh John! John! I don't want to make trouble between you and your mother!"

"Nonsense, child, the mater'll get over it. We've had these kind of Janiborees ever since I was a kid and she always comes around in the end. You see, mother knew she couldn't live with Alice. They are too much alike. Neither one of them has an unselfish hair in her head. Mother'll come around when she gets it into that beautiful white head of hers that it is for her interest to do so."

Alas, Madame Gordon never came to the conclusion that it was for her interest to be nice to me. She soon made John feel that she bowed to his ultimatum because she loved him; and because she loved him so much, she never could quite be satisfied with me.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. See. (Adv.)

or anyone as his wife. As John opened his bedroom door I slipped in and he said: "You won't mind if I leave you here for a few moments, will you? I might as well settle this matter now."

I shook my head, and oh, the sensation of relief I had when he closed the door. I threw myself upon his bed to sob my heart out. I had never thought marriage would be like this!

(Continued tomorrow.)

Open Forum

Editor Capital Journal—Believing that you desire to give unbiased reports of matters referring to the labor movement, I take this means of calling your attention to several inaccuracies in the report of last night's labor council meeting. It is said therein that I had resigned from the Salem Weirbas commission because Messrs. Simeral and Arnold, the other two labor representatives on the board, were "opposed to taking any real action."

My resignation did not give any reason therefor, but in my statement before the labor council last night I said that I had withdrawn from the commission for the reason that Messrs. Simeral and Arnold, after agreeing to vote for a certain award, based on evidence which they themselves had secured, failed to keep their word by voting for a lesser amount than their evidence showed the printers and pressmen were entitled to receive thereby "double crossing" the men who had placed their case in the hands of Messrs. Simeral and Arnold with confidence that they would receive a square deal.

I am not associated in any manner with a movement to oust Mr. Simeral from the presidency of the labor council and am not pulling any one's legs from the fire. This charge is made merely in the interests of petty union politicians for the purpose of gaining a support which it is feared is slipping away.

Neither am I a "radical" as the term is used in your article, but I am a "progressive" in every sense of the word. I am opposed bitterly to any form of I. W. Wism, anarchism or "radicalism" that aligns itself against law and order, and should the time ever come when it is necessary for me to choose between unionism and Americanism, you will find that I will ally myself with the government of the United States. Therefore, believing as I do, I hope that you will accord me the courtesy of your columns to the extent of publishing this communication, in order that the readers of The Journal will not be led to believe any like reports in the future.

—FRED C. SEFTON.

SAVE ARMENIA

To The Capital Journal:—As I write this moment on this important topic, there moves before my mind a series of visualized interrogation points. These points all relate themselves to the poor little country Armenia. Why have the allies and the peace conference left her in her present status? Why after such a gracious financial response on the part of our people in their behalf, do they now seem to feel as if they were through with the Armenian problem?

Why the indifference in the face of a known condition existing in that poor harricid country at present?

Let me say a word as to the present status. Armenia is not at present asking for money primarily. This country the cradle of Christianity, and a people of indomitable spirit, is in the hour of national realization threatened with the loss of national life. If we do not arise to her need there will not be enough of them left to form the nucleus of a new nation. At this present time Armenia is hemmed in by the armies of the sick man, and other Kurdish or Tartar tribesmen, and with the withdrawal of the British armies she is in the death grasp of these fiends and butchers. They are crying out for help. In the stir and clamor of other national issues she cannot be heard. The Hun armies and their European allies are practically unarmad but the unspeakable, unsatiable Turks are left to plunder and kill the rest of a noble race, for whose independence we fight anyway? Are they not included? Have we set the Belgians free and then left them to the mercy of the Hun whose barbarity is or has been enough to make a Tartar tribesman blanch with shame? Have we left Serbia to the mercy of the Bulgarians and other predatory factions? No; those other countries are near to us. I fear it is the remoteness of the Armenians that cause us our in-activity. But in the spirit of the age, we cannot afford to let our interest wane in a great issue because it is not at our elbow. If we do not arise to the Armenian situation and protect them, then all our gifts are as though we had thrown a piece of bread to an orphan and said, "run along I hope you

will find a home and protection somewhere."

Why is it the concern is so little manifest at present? Why is it that the French in Turkey are so indifferent? They have troops there and could call a halt. No, the French have been awarded the mandatory control of Syria, and they are encroaching on Armenia. They are now seeking to cut off a slice of it. I believe they will try to take it all the way it looks now. Of course they are silent. Is it out of respect for the noble French that our congress is so hesitant about acting? We were quick to say "no" to the French in their desire to gobble the Suez basin and keep it. We now in the obstinacy of our noble president refuse to allow the Italians to take Fiume. Now will we allow the illegitimate partitioning and plundering of this impoverished nation?

Armenia's faith is of a particular stamp. They are the pioneers in the Christian faith and have died for it as nobly as Paul or Stephen. We talk of the zeal of a fanatic, and the audacity of a mohamadan, in fighting for his faith. These people, the Mohammedans fight for their faith for the plunder and rapine there is connected for it. Armenians like Christians fight for a principle, and a conviction that in them is the indwelling God. Because of this ideal the Christian fights or gives for his faith when he sees no particular material returns for him but God's sanction. These people threw themselves into the world war with an abandon that knew no reserve. They saved at a critical time, the Russian army from capture, torture and annihilation. Many of them fought in Europe to win the freedom for Belgium, which is now guaranteed with the signature of the allies. Over eight thousand of them fought in the American armies, and now shall we adopt a policy of watchful waiting, watching and waiting for the unspeakable Turk to wipe them out? Is it billions for Belgium in men, money and guarantees, and mere sentimentality without action for Armenia? God forbid. Wait a little longer and no need for memorials and petitions to intervene. The harvest of death will be over. Only a favoring favoring Christian civilization has protected the Turk in his wanton destruction of this defenseless nation. England, France and all have connived through secret treaties and commercial arrangements, to allow the Turk to thrive, now it is about time we had an end to him.

You ask what can we do? Well there is something all can do. There is now somewhere in the hands of some foreign relations committee a bill to have your Uncle Sammy take over the responsibility for the protection and guarantee of sovereignty (not the exact wording)—of this nation. It is not being urged by congressmen because they say there is no prevailing sentiment behind it. But we can get behind it. We are accepting responsibility for other peoples, according to the decision of the peace conference. We can do this we can send a letter to each of the Oregon representatives, asking in a sensible concise way, that they do all they can to further the measure. Postage is the only thing that has come down in price. It will only cost a few moments and a conviction that we ought to favor the saving of this noble people. God helping us we can do no other.

—JOHN D. WOODFIN.

An aged man named Kaplinger, who was living alone in a cabin at Mill City, was found dead a few days ago by his son. He was 88 years old.

"SYRUP OF FIGS" CHILD'S LAXATIVE

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