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Rippling Rhymes.

BY WALT MASON

DARK DAYS

There is no cent in sunset hue, and vanished is the crimsoned glow, and so it's with a chancy grin I call on men to sing and smile. The tearful children cry for bread, for shredded oats and better fuel; I have to give them hunks burned, and they won't throw us grub like that. For everyone in town has struck for this or that or t'other boon; a shorter hour, an extra bunk, a meringue on the pale-faced moon. My wife demands a ton of coal, the house is like an arctic lair; I only murmur and condole, and watch her freezing in her chair. I'd buy her wood, I have the price, but there is neither coal nor wood; the dealers hand me chunks of ice, and say that they are just as good. Was ever such outlandish luck? Our rents won't buy the goods we need, for all the loony world has struck, and industry is gone to seed. All day the wintry wind has whooped, the men foretell another storm; around a candle we are grouped; alas, it fails to keep us warm. The country's full of useful trash we need, and have the wealth to buy, but all the world, it seems, has struck, and so we sit and freeze and sigh.

Mrs. Lafe Bud talks some o' openin' a candy factory. A gal never knew there's often somebody left to ever successfully feed heaven a lot o' mean things about th' forefathers o' anybody that's likely t' sit opposite.

If your tea tastes bitterish and puckery, or is not the rich and delightful beverage that tea should be, you are not paying enough per poond. You are getting more tannin-taste than tea-taste.

The costs of getting tea from the tea-garden to your kitchen are about the same for good tea as for common tea—and they are much greater than the original cost of the tea in the Orient. So pay a little more per pound, and get tea with twice as much tea-flavor.

That's what you want—real tea-flavor. You get it in Schilling Tea, the fine economical practical tea of this country.

There are four flavors of Schilling Tea—Japan, Ceylon-India, Golden English Breakfast. All one quality. In parchment-lined moisture-proof packages. At grocers everywhere.

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CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

LITTLE Rhode Island is attacking a big issue from a new angle. It is assailing in the federal supreme court the validity of the prohibition amendment to the federal constitution on the ground that a legislature cannot delegate to the federal government a power which the people of the state have never delegated to the legislature and which it does not possess.

Rhode Island contends that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment by legislatures in states where the people have not given legislatures the power to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcohol beverages is invalid because it conflicts with the Tenth Amendment to the constitution, which provides:

> The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

The power to prohibit the making or sale of liquor is admittedly one of the powers reserved to the people and no state legislature has ever attempted to enact prohibition laws except as authorized by vote of the people of the state upon a constitutional amendment. In ratifying the dry amendment, state legislatures in wet states delegated to congress powers which they themselves could not exercise—powers never delegated to them by the people—powers they did not possess.

Rhode Island's brief holds that the powers of the legislatures are defined and limited, and that they exist at the will of the people of their states, that they cannot surrender rights which they do not possess to the federal government or any other agency and declare that if the legislature can surrender one right of the people without the people's consent or authorization, they can surrender all rights and that state government is in jeopardy.

Rhode Island has raised the question of the constitutional rights of the people.

STABILIZING THE DOLLAR.

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER, the Yale economist, declares that the high cost of living is due to inflation, of three kinds: Gold inflation through the three billions of gold sent America before the war to pay for supplies for belligerents; paper inflation and by deposit inflation, due to war financing.

Many people bought liberty bonds by borrowing from banks, thus increasing loans and increasing deposits, thereby increasing the purchasing power of the country without increasing the value of goods purchased—and prices rise in consequence.

As a remedy he suggests "stabilizing the dollar," that is making the gold dollar fixed in value instead of in weight, secured by varying the weight according to an index number of prices, so as to maintain a constant value and thereby help solve not only the problem of high cost of living, but the problem of industrial discontent growing out of it, as well as simplify the financal problems of the world.

The general level of prices is determined by the relative abundance of goods and the means of paying for them. The stabilized dollar would vary in weight, reflecting these conditions. It may be an unworkable theory—but almost any scheme would be an improvement upon the present system, which penalizes persons of small and fixed incomes, and an experiment would be worth trying.

At any rate the dollar will never go back to its old purchasing power—we are on a permanent level of high prices and had better adjust ourselves to it.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

John Has an Uncomfortable Evening

John came into the room, purposely making a great deal of noise, but I pretended to be asleep.

I sometimes wonder what would happen if in a strange world of ours if there were no hypocrisy, no line between those who are bound together by ties of love or relationship.

I believe it would make for a better world and a happier home life if we were all perfectly sincere with those with whom we come in contact every day.

I said something of this kind to Julia's sister, Alice, the other day, and she did not agree with me.

"The only people I know," she objected, "who pride themselves on being honest are the most disagreeable people one can imagine. I always steer clear of the woman who says: 'Well, I don't lie to any one. I say what I think!' because I know she is either lying at that moment or else she has a carping, destructively critical, envious mind.

"But, Alice," I said, "wouldn't it be just as easy to say the things instead of the truths of other people?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "At least the people who make that frankness a virtue never seem to have anything bright good to say about any one."

Curse to Convictions

As I thought over this conversation I chided myself for being unfair to her last statement by allowing John to think I was asleep. I excused myself, however, by thinking that I was too tired of it all—the years of the constant bickering to try to make any more explanations or even to listen to his.

Again I felt myself smiling at John's tempting attempts to wake me without actually speaking my name. He threw a rocking chair across the floor with a sound almost like a siren whistle; he dropped one shoe after another with a thud; and as a climax, knocked an exquisite statuette of Patience off her pedestal in the corner breaking it into small bits.

This caused a pyrotechnical flow of words as he took down to consider the damage he had done. It was almost fire by this time that he knew I could not be asleep, but I kept perfectly still, even when he picked up the gold pocketbook he had given me, from where it had fallen among the debris of the shattered statue. To a disinterested spectator the scene would have been unfortunately funny, but I was in no mood for humor.

John held the pocketbook in his hand for a moment, looking at it carefully. His profanity ceased and he gazed at me with the expression which seemed to say:

"There are no words which can do justice to my feelings at this moment!"

Proceeds to Undress

Then with a grunt of impatient rage he thrust the poor little gold purse which had made so much trouble, into his pocket and I heard I had won the last of it. He then proceeded to undress.

After preparing for bed, however, he seemed to grow enraged again and wrapping himself in a blanket which he dragged from the closet, he laid himself down upon the divan, leaving the electric lights to full blast.

For a short time he tossed and turned, and then with another vocalization of a picturesque vocabulary he angrily rose and turned out the lights.

I do not know when he went to sleep, because at once all the lights were out I fell myself becoming an anthetic mass, without power to think or capacity for emotion. Yet I was not asleep. I had a distinct consciousness that the bed was soft and comfortable and that the lamp were dry on my bedside. My forehead had lost the cold sweat-drops and my hands ceased to grow softly human once more. Up to then they had been shriveled and hot and claw-like.

I know now that I had reached the point where physically I could go no further, and merciful sleep must have touched my eyes with its promise of surcease from all pain.

When I wakened in the morning John had gone.

Rapping at the Door

It was many seconds before I could realize that what had brought me back to all the worry of everyday life was an impatient rapping on my door. I tried to speak and was not quite sure whether the effort was too great physically or whether mentally I was too inert to make a sound.

It did not seem to matter, however, for after the continual tapping had become an angry pounding, the door opened with a bang and Madame Caudoy entered the room.

I did not realize that I was staring into her face with wide-open eyes until she spoke:

"Good gracious, Katherine, what is the matter with you? Are you dumb as well as deaf? I have been pounding on your door for at least five minutes! Don't you know that it's after 11 o'clock? John was up and out very early, and I, notwithstanding my age and infirmities, arose and call breakfast with him. That is something I have not done for years but I felt he needed me this morning. He told me, however, to let you sleep, but I decided that you had slept long enough to recover from any sort of fatigue. A number of letters have come from your home, addressed to you here and I want to know what you are going to do with them?"

Tomorrow—Miss Gordon

Open Forum

Salem is infested with beings who have no regard for the rights or safety of others or for their own safety. Such persons are the common "jay walker" or those who cross streets diagonally at an intersection, or at the middle of a block.

Pedestrians who deliberately and carelessly walk out into the path of a moving vehicle are flirting with death. Those people who disregard their own lives and the lives of the motorist should be ruled for just as the inmates of our state hospital are cared for. If the ordinance prohibiting such carelessness is not enforced our city of Salem will have a record not to be proud of in the way of accidents, for the number of machines is increasing rapidly and the jay walked seems to be more in evidence each day.

A pedestrian crossing the intersection of two streets diagonally takes chances of being struck by machines coming from four different directions and street cars from two directions. If he crosses the street at the intersection and parallel to the street he is taking practically no chance for he has to look but one direction, to the left, until he reaches the center of the street when a glance to the right will tell him whether or not it is safe to proceed to the other side.

It is a common idea among those not accustomed to driving that a machine can stop instantly. This is not so even though the machine is traveling at a very slow rate of speed when the pavement is at all wet, the dangers of applying the brakes quickly are two—first that the machine might skid and into the foolish one who defies the driver to run into him; second if he could stop, there is danger of another machine bumping you from behind on account of not having sufficient warning that you were going to stop.

In case of an accident of this kind, the one directly responsible for the damage to both machines and the danger to the occupants of both cars is the foolhardy jay walker. But who pays such damages? Not the responsible one, but the injured ones. Again, suppose it is the jay walking person who is damaged. Who pays the damages? Again it is the motorist.

Salem is a city large enough to have accidents of this kind and should be a city responsible enough to protect its citizens from the foolish and unthinking jay walker.

Portland is having an accident list and death toll that is nothing to be proud of. Why not start in to educate the offenders or to punish them before we have the same condition in our city?

ONE WHO NEARLY STRUCK A "JAY WALKING" COP.

Editor Journal:—On page 4 of this morning's Statesman is an item stating that seven men charged with gambling in a certain pool hall were "acquitted by the jury" (save the mark). The article then states that the "Evidence of the defendants showed that they were not gambling, but simply playing a common game of 'freeze-out.' The rules of the game were that each man who was 'froze-out' was to give each of the other players a trade-check which was good for 25 cents in trade at Lavock's pool hall."

If this is not plain, outright, gambling, pray set out your dictionaries and encyclopedias and tell us what it is. What difference does it make whether they play for a 25 cent trade-check or for a 25 cent piece? This matter ought to be cleared up for the benefit of prospective jurors who are not versed in the ways of the gambling world. Many men who have been "froze-out" of a game to the tune of a few hundred dollars, have gone away under the delusion that they had been gambling. What is gambling anyway?

—J. P. ADAMS.

Salem Jitney Driver Fined For Speeding In Silverton

Silverton, Or., Jan. 2.—Because Sol Anderson, a jitney driver from Salem was in a hurry to get home Monday evening and started away at a rate of many miles per, he was detained by Chief of Police Yates and Judge Van Valkenburg assessed him $7, which he promptly paid. Anderson said he was driving slow compared to the manner in which he gets around the streets of Salem.

A man named Chamness was fined the same day for cutting the corner on Main and Water street.

Laredo, Texas, Jan. 1.—A system of exchanging Mexican naval students with South American countries was announced in Tuesday's issue of the Excelsior, of Mexico City.

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No. 2

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426 State Street

...y to Keep Baby Smiling and Well

See that the daily functions are regular and normal

YOU can't expect the little ones to be happy and playful when the head feels dull and the stomach blocked. The normal habit of children is to be happy and when you notice them cross and fretful you will usually find constipation is responsible.

Perhaps they have missed that daily function so necessary to comfort and health. Look at the tongue and see if the breath is bad. Watch for belching. These are the tell-tale symptoms of constipation. Tonight give a little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which you can buy at any drug store for 50c and $1 a large bottle, and it will act in the morning and the troublesome symptoms promptly disappear.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin. Unlike the harsher physics it acts gently and without griping so that while grown-ups can use it freely it can also be given to a tiny baby with perfect safety. Thousands of American families would not think of being without a bottle in the house for the emergency arises almost daily when it is needed.

In spite of the fact that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the largest selling liquid laxative in the world, there being over 6 million bottles sold each year, many who need its benefit have not yet used it. If you have not, send your name and address for a free trial bottle to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 511 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

Salem Sample Store

141 North Commercial Street

Men's Unions
Cotton Rib, $1.75
Fleece Lined, $1.98
Part Wool, $2.95
Natural, $3.45
Bradsford Wooleh $4.50

Undershirt Or Drawers
Cotton Rib, 98c
Natural Grey, $1.25
Wool Plush, $1.75
Natural, Woolen, $1.98
Camels Hair, $2.25
Blue, all wool, $3.50

Men's Grey Part Wool Shirts, $1.85

Men's Caps
60c, $1.25, $1.45

Men's Sweaters
Coat Style, $3.95 to $4.95

Slip-On Sweaters
Neat Stripe Combination $4.45, $4.85

Men's Leather Jackets
With or without Sleeves $7.85 to $9.85

Men's Heavy Wool
Kersey Pants $3.85 to $5.85

Men's Work Shoes
$2.98, $4.85 to $7.50

Men's Gauntlet Gloves
75c, 85c, 98c, $1.25

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$7.50 to $14.50

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