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Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

I have a dozen silly hens I bought to make High Cost look sick; and it would take a powerful lens to see just where they do the trick.

Twain in a poultry magazine I read that chickens always pay; they lay large eggs, and said eggs mean a handsome profit every day. That pullet missed its guess, or tried to put some bunk across; the female roosters I possess are nothing but a total loss. I dreamed when first I took them home, of selling eggs about the town; no more I'd hawk the dippy pome, and have my patrons beat me down. A basketful of henfruit fine I'd proudly take upon my arm, and draw eight plunks or maybe nine—such dreams of commerce have their charm. Alas, my hens are golden bricks, they loaf around on idle legs; their squawking voices answer "Nix," when I beseech them for some eggs. They eat all kinds of greens and grain—what such things cost my ledger tells; I feed egg tonics all in vain, they won't lay eggs, nor even shells. That delegate was surely daff who wrote that hens would help out fine; we cannot beat the High Cost graft by keeping hens or cows or swine.

WATER PERMIT.

The Sutherlin Valley Water Users Association today filed with State Engineer Cupper an application for permission to appropriate 25 second feet of water from Calapooia creek for the irrigation of a large orchard tract near Sutherlin.

Other applications for water rights were filed today as follows:

By C. D. Nickelson of Hood River covering an appropriation of waste water for domestic purposes and the operation of an hydraulic ram.

By Mrs. C. N. Bradford of Fife, Oregon, covering an appropriation of water from Long Hollow creek for the irrigation of 25 acres in Crook county.

By Mary J. Hill of Crook county, for the appropriation of water from the west fork of Illinois river for the irrigation of a 25-acre tract in Josephine county.

By Gus Adelsperger and Charles Conard of Marshfield for the appropriation of water from spring for domestic use on three different tracts near Marshfield.

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI BODY WILL ORGANIZE

Planning to perpetuate the spirit of Salem high school by the perfecting of an alumni association, a committee representing the alumnae and alumnae of Salem high school met at the public library auditorium Thursday night.

A committee was named to frame a constitution for an alumni association and to make arrangements for the immediate launching of the organization. On this committee, Dewey Probst was elected chairman and Miss Dorothy Baughner named as secretary. Other members who will aid in the work are: Miss Luella Patton, Elvin Lentis, Leslie Stringer and Frederick Aldrich.

It is planned that a general meeting of all the alumni be held in the near future.

PLANE REACHES ROME

Rome, Feb. 6.—A British government airplane which is engaged in the competition between British aviators in the London to Caspovian flight, arrived here this afternoon at 2:50 o'clock.

For the next six weeks 25 field deputies of the internal revenue will cover Oregon instructing people how to make out income tax returns.

Abe Martin



What we need in the 'twenties is a few big guns that can shoot beyond the next election. A fellow likes to tell how cheap he got something at his wife's house; he's proud about how she got things.

PROPAGANDA.

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL, and probably every other newspaper in America, is in receipt of a letter from the Leonard Wood Campaign Committee offering to furnish "news" relative to the candidacy of General Leonard Wood for the presidency, as follows:

- (1) Weekly political news letter. (2) Weekly press bulletin containing news of the Wood campaign. (3) Plates containing feature cuts of Wood. (4) Two column Wood stories in plate as often as campaign warrants distribution. (5) Cuts of Wood and any special service desired to promote his candidacy.

This matter is furnished free to newspapers that will print it with the object of creating a sentiment favorable to Wood's candidacy. It is propaganda, designed to influence the unsuspecting public—a stale trick of politicians to secure a semblance of substance for their shadowy claims.

News matter accompanying the offer describes growth of Wood sentiment and how the candidate has already captured various states for the national convention. By this it is meant that certain politicians have lined up to put Wood across—as for the people, they have not been consulted, and the politicians are doing their choosing for them. In direct primary states, however, it is necessary to manufacture sentiment—hence the offer of free publicity.

Similar offers are made newspapers by the Lowden campaign managers and in behalf of other candidates who have sufficient financial backing. It takes a lot of money to conduct such a propaganda—but Mark Hanna demonstrated how to raise it. It is the way of the politicians of both parties, and the voter is given his choice of men chosen for them.

This year the politicians are planning not only to name the nominees but to write the platform in advance. The republican platform is being constructed now, by a committee named by National Chairman Will H. Hays, so that all the convention will have to do is to go through the form of approving the platform written and candidate chosen in advance—which seems to mark the passing of that old American institution—the party convention.

The people have it in their power, however, to name the next president by forcing the hands of the politicians. A popular uprising in behalf of any one will insure his selection by one party or the other, or create a new party that will sweep both old parties to defeat—for the only difference between them is that one has the offices and the other wants them. It is time the people exercised their rights.

THE STRAW BALLOT.

FOLLOWING the lead of many eastern newspapers, the Capital Journal is printing a straw ballot for presidential candidates. All the avowed candidates names are printed, together with those who are mentioned but not candidates. Blank lines are left to write in your favorite, if his name does not appear.

The vote will be an index to popular sentiment existing three months before the primaries and five months before the convention. Between now and then, there will be more or less of a re-alignment.

The straw ballot will be interesting as it will reflect public opinion before it has been crystallized by propaganda and partisanship—while it is still in the making. So mark your choice and send the ballot in.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Thoroughly tired, after reading Helen's letter, and my visit from John and Alice, I allowed myself to be made ready for the night.

"The doctor says that you may all be tomorrow, if you wish," said the nurse.

"Oh, how splendid! Do you think I can go home soon?" I asked eagerly.

"I am sure you can," she answered. "Then I'll ask him tomorrow if I may not be taken home in an ambulance! You can go with me can't you, and stay with me until I am well again?"

"Yes," she answered, "I should like to go, if you want me. But you must go to sleep now so that you may get all the strength possible."

Her information was so comforting that I forgot all about everything except that I was getting well, and I went to sleep almost as soon as I was left alone.

The next morning, after the doctor came, the nurse got me out into the big chair beside my bed. After she had arranged me in my pink bed coat and hair ribbon, she allowed me to take the hand glass and look at myself.

I was surprised and almost shocked when I caught the first glimpse of my face. Although I had looked in the glass while I was lying down I looked so much paler sitting up.

Reason For It. I suppose there is a psychological reason for this, for we do not expect one to look the picture of health while on a sick bed, but we unconsciously look for signs of health when one sits up.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF JOLLY ROBIN

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

TICKLING A NOSE.

Old Mr. Crow did not want to stay near the brook to talk with Peter Mink. Calling to Jolly Robin to follow him, he flapped his way to the edge of the woods and sat in a tree overlooking the pasture.

"Here comes Tommy Fox!" Mr. Crow exclaimed. "We ought to have some fun with him. So when it's time for you to laugh for me, don't forget to laugh loudly."

"I'll remember," Jolly promised him. And just by way of practice he chirped, so merrily that Tommy Fox pricked up his ears and came bounding up to the tree where Jolly and Mr. Crow were sitting.

"Good morning!" Mr. Crow cried to Tommy. "Is that a hen's feather that's stuck behind your ear?" he asked very solemnly.

"No!" said Tommy Fox. "It's a crow's; and I certainly had a fine breakfast."

Now, Jolly Robin wasn't quite sure whether he ought to laugh or not. And then Tommy winked at him. So Jolly thought there must be a joke somewhere and he began to chirrup as loudly as he could.

"For pity's sake, keep still!" Old after tomorrow I could go home!"

When John came in I was full of the proposed trip and I asked him if he didn't think it would be lovely to have me back in our rooms.

"You bet it would, honey!" he answered. "When does the doctor say you can go?"

"He thought Mrs. Gordon would be able to go the last of the week, if she was taken in an ambulance, and I went with her to help with her convalescence," the nurse interrupted.

"Bully! That's fine! We can put a bed in the little room—we were going to make into a nursery for you."

"I thought that could be done," I answered, and I felt a coldness about my heart as I wondered if that little room would ever echo to the uncertain tread of tiny feet.

"I expect you read your letter from Helen. What did she say?" John asked abruptly.

"She just told me her side of the story," I said.

"She hasn't read my side. Any woman who has done what Helen Van Ness has done deserves no consideration whatever. And Bob Gaylord, I have about concluded, is a cad."

"But John, you must give them both some credit for the courage of their convictions."

Case of Losing Heads. "Convictions! Nothing! It was just a case of losing their heads! Gaylord will come to his senses in a little while, and then she'll probably get what's coming to her."

"Any one would think, to hear you talk, John, that Bob and Helen were the first couple who had ever done a thing of this kind."

"Oh, I know there are lots of fools who kick up a scandal, but you must surely know, Katherine, that while there are hundreds of men who might enjoy a little flirtation every day, when it comes to a show down, if they are men of any decency at all they go back to their wives and conventionalities!"

"I think you mean, John, that they try to go back to their wives and respectability!" (Tomorrow—John's View.)

Anna Stewart Fox is to be one of the instructors in esthetic and interpretative dancing at the summer school of the state university.

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en if you lost all your tail feathers, Mr. Crow." "Then you may leave at once!" Mr. Crow cried, just as if Farmer Green's pasture belonged to him. "Yes!" Jolly Robin answered. "I may—and then again I may not!" And since he stayed right there and laughed, old Mr. Crow himself flew away. It was a long while, too, before he could bear to bear people laugh. For he thought they must be laughing at him, because he had lost a tail feather.

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