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SIMS ON AMERICANISM.

ADMIRAL SIMS, in a Lincoln day speech at Jersey City, said: "Americanism is a defect" because America will not stand criticism that is adverse as Britain does. "Americanism! We are all right and if we are all wrong, don't let anybody tell us about it."

This loose talk was in extenuation of the course pursued by "the best British admiral in the American navy," in criticising the United States navy and its conduct of the war and it is evident that the Admiral deeply resents the criticism of himself that his attitude provoked in retaliation.

Admiral Sims offers conclusive proof of his own "Americanism," according to his narrow definition of the word, because he cannot stand criticism that is adverse, though most liberal in bestowing it upon others.

Intollerance of criticism, however, is not Americanism, but is a human defect, not confined to America but more or less universal. He who criticises freely must in all fairness expect criticism in return and ought to take it with good grace.

Admiral Sims has a queer conception of Americanism and it is barely possible that Sims may be defective rather than Americanism. At least he is chattering himself out of the good graces of Americans.

COMMERCIAL SURVEY NEEDED.

AMONG the needs of Salem is a commercial survey of its industrial and productive activities, the agricultural and horticultural resources of the tributary territory and their development and possibilities.

Every few days the Capital Journal receives from eastern manufacturing concerns, some of them contemplating activities in this section and the establishment of factories, requesting definite data concerning the community, its volume of production, its payrolls, its transportation facilities, and other information necessary for those contemplating business activities.

Strange as it may seem, there has never been a survey of this character made, and the best reply possible to various requests consists of approximate estimates, and generalities. The state labor commissioner has sent out a questionaire, which, when returned and compiled a year hence will partially, but only partially, supply the desired information—but that can do little to promote Salem's interests the coming year.

Without such definite information, it is impossible for the distant capitalist to give proper consideration to the claims of Salem as a desirable place for investment—and the definite information supplied by other localities give them the advantage in his considerations.

It is to be hoped that the Commercial Club's publicity budget is fully subscribed so that funds will be available to make such a survey, which must be the basis of any effort made to secure new industry and attract investment.

The heavy snowfall of the recent storms caught New York unprepared and as helpless as Salem was last December. Mayor Hylan, however, swung the pick to show police how to dig snow—which is more activity than Salem's mayor displayed in the local emergency.

Secretary Lansing has suddenly become a great statesman since he was ousted as secretary of state, according to newspapers who during his tenure of office lamented his mediocrity. More politics.

Mr. Hoover is talking more on vital issues than all the presidential candidates combined. There will be no doubt in anybody's mind where he stands—which is most impolitic, and proves that Hoover is no politician. He should wait until the politicians make a platform before expressing opinions—to be orthodox.

The Anti-Saloon League admits that Wm. J. Bryan is being paid for speeches for prohibition and its enforcement by the League, which raises the query, "Will Mr. Bryan attend the Democratic convention as a paid counsellor for the League to force a prohibition plank?"

OREGON GROWERS NOT TO AFFILIATE WITH ANY AGENCY

Portland, Or., Feb. 18.—Rumors that the selling agency of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association is to be turned over to the Northwestern Fruit Exchange, a Seattle concern, were emphatically denied yesterday by C. I. Lewis, manager of the Oregon organization, who declared that it will have its own sales force, will sell its output under its own brands and through its own connections.

That the Northwestern Fruit Exchange, of which Reginald H. Parsons is president and W. F. Gwin, general manager, is reaching out to enlist such growers within its operations as it may reach through various means, was freely stated on every hand yesterday among those who are familiar with the situation, but that it would fail in so doing was as generally believed.

The Skookum Packers' association is joining with the Northwestern Fruit Exchange in a 4-day "conference of fruit-growing interests," in Seattle, according to an advertisement recently inserted in a local paper. A general invitation has been extended to "every fruit grower, investor in orchard property, banker or merchant directly or indirectly interested" in the subjects of "adequate cold storage warehouses in producing districts, ways and means of minimizing the dangers of car shortage, ways and means of solving the acute problem of a dependable supply of boxes at reasonable cost, co-operative purchase of orchard supplies, labor and bank credits." The meetings will be held today, tomorrow, Friday and Saturday at the Seattle Press club.

Personnel Draws Attention

"It will be extremely interesting," said one Portland man who has interests in the apple industry, "to see who attends this Seattle conference, called by private companies supposedly to discuss co-operative affairs. Who will the growers be, if any, in attendance from Oregon? What is the inducement to be held out to them, if they do attend?"

One thing seems certain—the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association will not be represented at the Seattle conference, but will proceed along its original policy of marketing the products of its members, now numbering those who control approximately 1,000 acres of fruit orchards, chiefly in the Willamette valley, and will dispose of these under a single brand through its own sales forces and selling connections.

Rumors Declared Unfounded

"There is absolutely nothing in the rumors that the Oregon Growers Co-operative association intends to use the Northwestern Fruit Exchange as its selling agency," declared Mr. Lewis, manager, at Salem yesterday. "Absolutely nothing to it at all. We will have our own selling agencies, our own sales force and our own brands and will handle the products of our orchards absolutely independent of any other organization. I am unable to understand where this false rumor started, unless it was put in motion by some of our enemies.

"As far as our organization is concerned, it will not be represented at the Seattle conference. We are all too busy. Robert C. Paulus, our sales manager, is in the east, making selling connections and our entire force is engaged in working out the original policy of the organization—to harvest, store or ship and sell the products of our orchards under our own brands and to make Oregon fruits a household word everywhere."

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

SYMPATHY.

Today there is an icy glare upon the walks and everywhere; and as I journeyed sadly home, I slipped and landed on my dome. I cracked an acre of cement, and in my head there is a dent. I sprained my neck and spoiled my face, my works were jolted out of place. And there were many people near who saw me sliding on my ear. They must have longed to laugh, all right, for I was an amusing sight, but no one shed a single smile; they all rushed up in sprinter style, and lifted me upon my feet, and from my whiskers combed the sleet, reclaimed my hat, which was a wreck, unwound my coattails from my neck, and voiced the hope, in anxious tones, that I had warped no costly bones. Perhaps they chortled in their glee, when they were where I couldn't see; perhaps they leaned upon a fence and whooped as though they had no sense, but in my presence they displayed the finest sympathy that's made. Then I resumed my journey home, to write this realistic pome, and murmured, as I went my way, "These human being are O. K.!"

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

An Affair at the Club

Alice came the next morning before I was awake and when Henriette entered my room, it aroused me.

It was not until then I realized that John had not been home all night.

"I thought I would come early so as to have this matter with John and you," said Alice, bustling in.

"It's too bad to worry you with these things, Katherine," she continued, "but it seems to me that John has the greatest propensity for kicking up a sensation of any man whom I know!"

"Why, what's the matter now?" I demanded, sitting up in bed suddenly.

"Look at this!" and she thrust the morning paper into my hands.

"Because of a brawl at the Country club last night the charter may be taken away from its members and the club disrupted.

"Since prohibition went into force the wealthy members of this club have confined all drinking to within its doors, and it has been whispered that nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of liquor has been stored in private lockers and about the place. From time to time rumors have been afloat of high old times at this aristocratic rendezvous.

"Last night, however, came the climax when John Gordon, well-known advertising man and clubman, was barely prevented from killing Mr. Karl Shepard, who supposedly has been his most intimate friend. Mr. Gordon arrived at the club rather early, alone. Mrs. Gordon has had a serious illness from which she is just convalescing.

"Mr. Gordon was joined soon after his arrival by Miss Elizabeth Moreland, a distant cousin, and one of the belles of the club. Later, Mr. Shepard made his appearance, and in passing the table at which Mr. Gordon and Miss Moreland were sitting, he was invited to join them.

Crashing of Dishes

"What his answer was no one seems to know, but it provoked an assault by Gordon which was so unexpected that it bore Shepard to the floor, amidst the crashing of dishes from the table which had been overturned by Gordon in his speed to get at the other man.

"For a moment there was a hushed silence in the crowded dining room, where the scene took place. But a moment afterward there was a rush to the two men and Gordon was pulled off as he was choking the life out of Shepard.

"Shepard was picked up unconscious, and Gordon, too, seemed dazed. Friends say that neither man had been drinking to excess, and neither will disclose the cause of their quarrel.

"Miss Moreland disappeared early in the affair and an inquiry at her home was answered by a servant who said that Miss Moreland was asleep and could not be disturbed. The town is agog with conjectures concerning this quarrel, as until the present, even the closest acquaintances of the two men have not dreamed that they were not the same friends they have been since childhood.

"Mr. Shepard was taken to the hospital and had not regained consciousness up to the time of going to press.

"The only thing that Gordon said when told of Shepard's condition was: 'I hope he will die!'

"This shows, of course, that Gordon is not yet over his anger, for certainly if he were calm he would view the consequences of a trial for murder with all society on the witness stand, with some trepidation."

In Utter Dismay

The paper dropped from my hand and I sank back among the pillows in utter dismay.

"It's that woman! That woman!" said Alice furiously.

"Don't be too sure, Alice," I answered. "I hate to blame a woman for everything which happens. Surely Karl Shepard must have said something very insulting which made John spring upon him in that way. You don't think, Alice," I asked, as a sudden thought came to me, "that Karl Shepard is in love with Bess Moreland, do you?"

"You babe in the woods! For months everyone but you has known who Karl Shepard was in love with."

"Well, of course you people know him better than I do, but I haven't seen him paying any particular attention to any one since I have been here. However, it always seemed to me as though he disliked Miss Moreland very much. In fact I am sure I have heard him say so. Still I wasn't sure that he might not have been covering up his real feelings."

"Karl Shepard has really tried very little to cover up his real feeling lately. Katherine," said Alice, "and I think it is John's attention to Elizabeth Moreland that has broken up the friendship of years between them."

"But if Karl is not in love with Bess, what's he worrying about?" I asked.

"Perhaps it is because Karl hates to see a friend of his make such an unmitigated fool of himself as John seems to be doing!

Goes to the Club No More

"Why, Katherine, I've gotten so that I don't go to the club any more, because I am sure to meet John and Bess there. I just drove out there yesterday afternoon because I saw you and John pass, and I knew you were headed that way. Unfortunately, Tom telephoned out that he would be there to dinner with me."

"Then you saw the fight?" I asked, brethlessly. "Who do you think was to blame?"

"Both!" said Alice, abruptly. "Whatever the insult was that Karl ripped out, John should have taken it calmly. What he did shows that he had no particular respect for the woman who was with him and he had also no regard for your feelings."

"I am learning, Alice, what you also must know, that a man in his passions thinks only of himself, notwithstanding that poets like us to believe differently."

Tomorrow—John Spends the Night Out.

EUGENE, LA GRANDE AND MEDFORD TO BE FIRE PATROL BASES

Washington, Feb. 18.—Air service officials today notified Senator McNary that sub-bases for airplane forest patrol will be established at Eugene, Medford and La Grande.

The air service's communication to Senator McNary undoubtedly means the assurance of the forest airplane patrol program for the coming season as recommended by Colonel H. H. Arnold and the Western Forestry & Conservation association.

C. S. Chapman, secretary of the Oregon Forest Fire association, and chairman of the airplane patrol committee of the Western Forestry & Conservation association, said Tuesday that a letter just received from E. T. Allen, secretary of the association, who is in Washington, said the air service was going to submit amended recommendations to the general staff and that it expected the general staff of the war department to act on them shortly.

"The dispatch would indicate," said Chapman, "that the general staff, which has been holding up the patrol program, had come through at last."

Forestry men have not been notified of any actual approval of the airplane patrol arrangement, although five men assigned from Oregon and Washington to attend the conference at Marshfield, Cal., opening Friday, will leave Portland today.

Seattle Candidates for City Offices Selected

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 18.—Hugh M. Caldwell, attorney and former army major, and James Duncan, secretary of the Seattle Central Labor council, will run for mayor of Seattle in the final city election March 2.

Caldwell and Duncan were nominated in a primary election yesterday in which Mayor C. B. Fitzgerald, candidate for re-election, was eliminated. Fitzgerald was Ole Hanson's choice for mayor when Hanson recently resigned as chief executive of the city.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF JOLLY ROBIN
By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

JEALOUS JASPER JAY

The feathered folk in Pleasant Valley were all aflutter. They had heard a strange tale—the oddest tale, almost, that had ever been told in their neighborhood.

It was Jolly Robin who had started the story. And since he was not in the habit of playing jokes on people, everybody believed what he said—at least, everybody except Jasper Jay. He declared from the first that Jolly Robin's tale was a hoax.

"I claim that there's not a word of truth in it!" Jasper Jay said.

Now, there was a reason why Jasper spoke in that disagreeable way.

You'd better be careful, or I'll fight you too!" Jasper warned him.

He didn't want the stotry to be true. And, somehow he felt that if he said it was a hoax it would really prove to be one.

"I know well enough," said Jasper, "that there's no golden bird in Pleasant Valley—and nowhere else either!"

You see, Jolly Robin had hurried to the woods one day and told everyone he met that a wonderful golden bird had come to Pleasant Valley.

"He's not just yellow, like a goldfinch. He's solid gold all over, from the tip of his bill to the tip of his tail. Even his feet are golden. And he glisttens in the sunshine as if he were afire!" That was the way Jolly Robin described the marvellous newcomer. "He's the handsomest bird that ever was seen," he added.

Perhaps Jasper Jay was jealous. You know he was a great dandy, being very proud of his blue suit, which was really quite beautiful. Anyhow, Jasper Jay began to sulk as soon as he heard the news.

"Where is this magnificent person?" he asked Jolly Robin with a sneer. "Do let me see him! And if he wants to fight, I'll soon spoil his finery for him. He won't look so elegant after I've pulled out his tail-feathers."

But Jolly Robin wouldn't tell anybody where he had seen the wonderful bird. He said the golden bird was three times as big as Jasper Jay. And he didn't want Jasper to get hurt, even if he was so disagreeable.

Anyone can see, just from that, that Jolly Robin was very kind.

"You'd better be careful, or I'll fight you, too!" Jasper warned him.

But Jolly was not afraid. He knew that Jasper was something of a braggart and a bully. He had chased Jasper once. And he thought he could do it again, if he had to.

"My cousin will tell me where to find this yellow felllow," said Jasper Jay at last. "There's not much that happens in Pleasant Valley that my cousin doesn't know about." So he flew off to find old Mr. Crow—for he was the cousin of whom Jasper was speaking.

Jasper found Mr. Crow in his favorite tree in the pine woods. And sure enough! the old gentleman seemed to know all about the golden bird. But like Jolly Robin, he refused to say where he had seen him. To tell the truth, Mr. Crow had never set eyes on the strange bird. But he did not like to admit it. "He's a great credit to the neighborhood," said old Mr. Crow. "And you'd better let him alone, if you should happen to find him, because he's solid gold, you know. And if you flew at him and tried to peck him, just as likely as not you'd break your bill on him, he's so hard."

Old Mr. Crow's warning, however, had no effect at all upon Jasper Jay.

"I'm going to search every corner in the valley until I find this top. And I'll teach him that he'd better get out of our neighborhood with his fine airs."

When he heard that, old Mr. Crow shook his head.

"You're going to have trouble!" he told Jasper. And then he hurried away to tell Jolly Robin that he ought to advise the golden bird to leave Pleasant Valley.

But Jolly Robin said he had not spoken with the stranger. And never having talked with a golden bird, he felt a bit shy about saying anything to him.

"Then there'll be a terrible fight, I'm afraid," said Mr. Crow.

"I'm afraid so," Jolly Robin agreed. And strange as it may seem, they both said that if there was going to be a fight they didn't want to miss seeing it.

LOWDEN ON GROUND TO OPEN CAMPAIGN

Sioux Falls, S. D., Feb. 18.—Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, minority republican candidate for president in the March 23 primaries arrived in Sioux Falls today to open his campaign in this state with a speech here tonight. He is the first 1920 presidential candidate to speak in South Dakota and will deliver five addresses while in the state.

Major General Leonard Wood, majority republican candidate for president will open his South Dakota campaign at Yankton on February 24. Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California, independent republican candidate, is expected to trail General Wood within the next two or three weeks.

Some years ago, during a scarcity of tobacco, an effort was made in Scotland to raise this plant, and since then other attempts have been made, as it seems that the soil and climate are adopted for such a crop, but the degre of success attending these efforts has been very indifferent.

Abe Martin

Say what you please about th' girls, but we don't believe we ever seen one bein' manicured, face massaged, an' shined all at once. "Tree molasses 'll soon be ripe," said Uncle Niles Turner, t'day.