

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

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Oregon Observations

Independence—Miss Loy Gladys Soper, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Soper, died on Thursday afternoon, February 19.

Stayton—Work on the ground that will hold the new state fish hatchery near Melahna has been started with Percy Ledgewood in charge of the work.

Stayton—Sada Ruth Downing, daughter of William and Emma Downing, passed away at her home in Fox Valley on February 15, 1920, of acute pneumonia following an attack of influenza.

Pendleton—A half pint of milk is provided to each of 15 children of the Lincoln school at the morning recess, according to a plan worked out by the Parent-Teachers association of the school, collaborating with Miss Ella May Harmon home demonstration agent.

Portland—Five thousand tons of phosphate rock have been booked for movement from Paris, Idaho, to Japan through Portland during March and April.

The Dalles—The war department is seriously considering the establishment of an airplane station in The Dalles. It will be used by the forestry patrol which will be allotted to this district and which will begin operations about June 1.

The Dalles—The county court has appointed a board of appraisers to determine the value of the old Wasco county court house, which the county has decided to put in condition and sell.

Marshfield—John Lewellyn, aged 55 years, of Myrtle Point, who is in Mercy hospital in North Bend suffering from sleeping sickness, has been asleep for fifty days. Physicians do not regard his condition as hopeless and believe he will recover.

Klamath Falls—The ravages of influenza and lack of physicians and assistants has caused the death of 10 Klamath Indians on the Klamath reservation during the past few days. Dozens of others are suffering with the disease.

Albany, Or.—That he had lived on an average of 9 cents a day for four years was the statement of William Bussard, 59, in the county court here Saturday in a proceeding to require his son, M. Bussard and D. Bussard of Albany and M. L. Bussard of Oregon City to support him.

Bend.—Dean Coovert, son of E. B. Coovert, Portland attorney, has purchased the 320-acre ranch of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Goglan of Portland for a consideration of \$32,000. The ranch is one of the best improved irrigated tracts in Central Oregon, all being under cultivation and entirely irrigated.

Marshfield—Application for incorporation has been made by the Cox Veneer & Box company, a new concern which will at once erect a veneer factory in Marshfield. The incorporators are Benjamin Gailbird, Hugh McVicar and Ben S. Fisher.

HUSY NEW YORK POLICE STATION PASSES DUEL NIGHT New York, Feb. 23.—For the first time since the West 125th Street police station was opened eight years ago, a period of 24 hours passed, ending at midnight last night without a single entry being made on the blotter. Ordinarily the precinct is one of the busiest in New York and is the headquarters of an inspector and staff of detectives.

Abe Mailin advertisement featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, with text: 'GRAND MICKLE KAMMERS' and 'Nearly ever-buddy you meet has a friend that knows a feller that's got an aunt that knows how to make it so you can't tell the difference.'

REVIVAL OF SPIRITUALISM.

SINCE the war there has been a revival of interest in spiritualism. Mediums are doing a land office business in programs from the departed and manufacturers of ouija boards and other paraphernalia are getting rich quickly.

Among those converted to spiritualism by messages alleged received from lost ones are Sir Conan Doyle, the author and Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist, who is now lecturing upon the subject in the east, but who has not shown a very scientific basis for his theories.

Sir Oliver declares that spirits have bodies which feel solid and advances as a possibility the idea that an ethereal body, made of the same substance as the ether of space, leaves the material body which clothes the spirit. He believes that we existed before our earthly life, but not in individual form.

All of which is interesting, but as it is based almost entirely upon communications received through mediums, and mediums are generally contemptible frauds, realizing their results from mechanical contrivances, and making an easy living by preying upon the sympathies of the sorrowing, it is not very convincing.

Among the sceptical is Joseph F. Rinn, a former prominent member of the Society of Psychical Research, who took part in the exposure of Palladino. Mr. Rinn has made a hobby of exposing so-called supernatural phenomena and has presented a \$5,000 check to the society for its endowment, if the society or Sir Oliver Lodge or any one else, can produce a medium who could offer, under scientific conditions, the slightest tenable evidence of communication with the spirit world, or supernatural feats of any kind.

Rinn offers another \$5,000 if a medium can be found who will tell the contents of a letter written him before death by a person Lodge's medium claims to be in communication with, or will get any message from the spirit world, with any evidence of genuineness, who can tell a single fact, under scientific conditions, about any one of five persons with whom he will confront the medium, or he will give \$5,000 if a medium can be found whose tricks cannot be duplicated by himself and other conjurers, or to any one who will prove, under scientific conditions, any violation of the laws of nature.

One thing is certain, spirits, if they do communicate with the living, use suspicious channels to send their alleged messages, which are usually most trivial in character. A respectable spirit ought to know better.

MARRIED STATE HOUSE CLERKS

One of labor's uplifters has been snooping around the state house to ascertain the names of married women employed whose husbands are able to support them, with the object of having the labor council petition for their discharge and replacement by unmarried girls and women with dependents.

In normal times, when there are more women than jobs, there can be no objection to the adoption of such a policy by the state, but at the present time there are not efficient women enough for the jobs—and the enforcement of such a provision would work against efficiency. Most of these women are emergency employees, for the single woman is preferred to the married by most employers.

There has been, in all lines of industry, a loss of morale among workers since the war, a decrease in output, and a falling off in efficiency. The average employe is interested only in the clock, the pay check, and the ways and means of the spending thereof. Never was work so plentiful and workers less productive—and girls are no exception to the rule. Hence the drafting of trained and efficient workers, even though married.

Efficiency is always in demand. The person with interest enough in his or her work to increase capacity and originality enough to improve methods, has the gates of opportunity opened. Failure is usually due to the individual's failure to grasp the first essentials of success.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WAL MASON THE FUNERAL.

When Jimpsion died (we miss him vastly, whose face we ne'er again shall see!) we had his funeral more ghastly than any human rite should be. The pastor's talk was long and dismal, and fraught with morals stale and trite; he spoke about the void abyssal, more than he spoke of morning light. And while the clergyman was droning, and filling all our souls with dread, a lot of allecks kept on moaning as though they hoped to raise the dead. And then the choir sang dreary dirges, in voices wet with useless tears, till we could hear the wailing surges of Death's cold river, in our ears. No hope inspiring hymns they lifted, but dirges full of maudlin whines, and women wept and strong men wilted, and felt pink gooseflesh down their spines. Oh, when I die, and folks assemble, to see that I am planted right, let no man spiel, with voice a-tremble, about my sins or virtues bright. What man may say will cut no figure when I have met the common fate, and I step up, with pep and vigor, to dodge old Peter at his gate. No, let the urbane undertaker get busy, like a dead game sport, and take me to the churchyard acre, with all the briny stuff cut short.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

Alice Buys Some Jewelry Alice reached down into her bag and drew forth a check book. 'I find I have only \$1,500 in the bank at present,' she said. 'I shall have rents and dividends next week as it is the first of the month. I know that John gave \$2,500 for that pendant.' 'I shall be very glad to sell it to you for \$2,000, Alice.' 'No, dear, I can't do that. I'll buy your pendant for just what John paid for it. It's worth more now, and diamonds are going up all the time. I'll give you a check now for \$1,000 and send you the remainder next week, Katherine. If you ever want it back I'll be glad to return it to you. In fact, I wouldn't take it now except I know that you will feel better to have me take it, and I know you need the money. When I think of the way John Gordon has treated you I am ready to say that my brother is about the meanest man on earth and I shall be glad to flaunt this jewelry in his face. There was a low rap at the door. 'Come!' said Alice and I simultaneously. 'Madam Gordon wishes to know if Mrs. Sheldahl will come to her rooms before she leaves,' said Henriette. 'Good Lord, I didn't know mother knew I was here. I wonder if she has seen the morning paper?' 'Although Henriette said nothing, I could see by her face that Madam Gordon had seen the paper. Another Bad Half Hour 'If she has,' continued Alice reflectively, 'I am in for another bad half-hour! Tell my mother, Henriette, that I will be right down.'



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

THE FOUR-ARMED MAN Old dog Spot was driving the last cow down the lane when Jolly Robin and Mr. Crow met on the bridge near the farm-house, as they had agreed. 'Now, then—' said Mr. Crow, even before his broad wings had settled smoothly along his back—'now, then, where's the four-armed man?' Jolly looked towards the barnyard. 'I don't see him yet,' he said. 'But he ought to appear any moment now. Let's move over to the big oak, for we can get a better view of the barnyard from the top of it.' Mr. Crow was more than willing. So they flew to the oak and waited for a time. They saw the cows file into the barn, each finding her own place in one of the two long rows of the rule, of woman's inhumanity to woman. 'I have never agreed to that, Alice,' I said as I began to put on my outer wraps. 'I don't think a woman, if left to herself, would be hard upon another woman, but a man always says to the women of his family: 'You must not be seen with such a woman. I will not have you speaking to that woman. She is not a fit person to know the women of my family.' Years ago, of course, if a husband or father said this, the women obeyed, no matter what their friendly inclinations were. 'But we are growing out of even that now, Alice, and we decide these things for ourselves. I can not give up my friend because she has done. He just what her husband has done. He has not lost caste among his men friends—and there you are. It is a question, my dear, that every woman must decide for herself. 'Solitary Beings All 'After all,' said Alice musingly, as we went out the door, 'every momentous decision in one's life must be made by one's self. Each day I realize more and more what solitary beings we are. We touch each other with caressing hands, we look love or hate into each other's eyes, we laugh at people and sorrow with them, but after all, our souls are always walled in solitude. I grasped Alice's hand, it was trembling a little. I had never realized before that there was so much to Alice. 'Oh, my dear, I wish you were going with me!' I said. 'I wish I were, for my own sake as well as yours,' she answered. 'But honestly I think Helen Van Ness will be more comforting to you than I!' 'I'm not so sure of that, Alice, after all, for you have a vein of laughter that is absent in me. I wish I had it. I wish I didn't take things so seriously. I wish, oh, I wish—' Alice caught me with a jerk. 'Here, here, don't give 'way! 'That's not the thing to do just now. Don't you understand, my dear, that there is nothing in the world that is worth a tear? Certainly no man?' 'Sometimes a Great Solace 'But sometimes they're a great solace to an overburdened heart.' Alice touched my cheek lightly. She was as shy almost, in the presence of emotion, as John, but her hand rested on my shoulder caressingly as she said: 'Please wish me good luck, for you know what I've got to go through now with mother!' 'She'll probably blame me for it all,' I answered. 'I won't let her do that,' said Alice stanchly. She gave my shoulder a little pat and opened her mother's door. Tomorrow—If Love Were Only All

CHURCHES PROTEST TURK RULE OVER CONSTANTINOPLE

London, Feb. 23.—Protests against the Turks retaining their hold upon Constantinople were made in several churches here yesterday and the subject continues to be conspicuously featured in newspapers of London and other English cities. A number of the most prominent people in the country, including the archbishops of Canterbury and York, have memorialized Premier Lloyd-George, earnestly opposing a policy which would leave Constantinople in Turkish hands.

REFUGEES REACH CAIRO

Cairo, Feb. 25.—Two thousand five hundred refugees from Russia have arrived here. Aid has been extended to them by military authorities and the British Red Cross.

Word was received Saturday by George Swedge, that his grandson, George Crothers, son of Fred Crothers for a number of years an employe of the daily Statesman, had been killed in a planing mill in Aberdeen, Washington.

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ed—"I thought you laughed a little too much when you told me about your four-armed man. It's a hoax—a joke—a trick—and a very poor one, too." Jolly Robin was puzzled enough by Mr. Crow's disagreeable remarks. "I don't understand how you can say those things," he said. Mr. Crow looked narrowly at his small companion before answering. And then he asked: "Do you mean to say you never heard of a neck-yoke?" "Never!" cried Jolly Robin. "Well, well!" said Mr. Crow. "The ignorance of some people is more than I can understand. * * * That was no four-armed man. You said he looked like Farmer Green's hired-man, and it is not surprising that he does, for he is the hired-man. He has found an old neck-yoke somewhere. It is just a piece of wood that fits about his shoulders and around his neck and sticks out on each side of him like an arm. And he hooks a bail of milk to each end of the yoke, carrying his load in that way. I supposed," said Mr. Crow, "that people had stopped using neck-yokes years ago. It's certainly that long since I've seen one." "Then it's no wonder that I made a mistake!" Jolly Robin cried. "For I'm too young ever to have heard of a neck-yoke, even." And he laughed and chuckled merrily. "It's a good joke on me!" he said. But old Mr. Crow did not laugh. "There you go, making a noise again!" he said crossly. "A person's not safe in your company." And he hurried off across the meadow. Mr. Crow was always very nervous when he was near the farm-house. But Jolly Robin stayed right there until the hired-man walked back to the barn. He saw then that what Mr. Crow had told him was really no longer after sunset.

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