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Oregon Observations

Portland, Or., Mar. 8.—Further efforts yesterday to unravel the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Ernest Descamps growing out of the discovery of additional portions of a human body in a Portland park Saturday proved unsuccessful.

Astoria, Or., Mar. 8.—From 750 to 1000 members of the four organizations affiliated with the veterans of the Civil war are expected to come to Astoria when the state convocation of the G. A. R. is held here in June.

Eugene, Mar. 8.—Experienced fruit men of this part of the valley claim the damage to fruit is not as serious as first estimated.

Hood River, Or., Mar. 8.—Cider manufacturers deny they must cease operation unless modifications are made in the law that places responsibility on them.

Automobile Fees This Year Equal Total For 6 Years
With only two months so far elapsed in 1920 receipts from fees for registration in the automobile department of the secretary of state's office so far this year almost equal to the total receipts from the same sources for the preceding six years.

HOFF FAILS TO EXPLAIN.

In a statement issued by State Treasurer Hoff regarding investment of state industrial funds under his control in securities whose value are questioned and whose purchase is alleged to have netted undue profits to a bonding house, Mr. Hoff declares that his books are open to anyone and that he welcomes any investigation which may be made regarding his conduct of the office.

Mr. Hoff asserts that his investments were made so as to secure an interest return of 5 1-4 per cent, and that a premium was necessary to secure such investments, and that the purchases were made principally from Morris Bros., Inc., because that firm was in position to furnish large amounts of bonds without delay, and that no default has as yet been made in payment of interest and principal, and that he feels no loss is possible to the state.

Mr. Hoff, however, offers no explanation of the reason why he purchased bonds from Morris Bros. of municipalities before those bonds had even been voted or authorized, why he did not buy direct from the municipalities, and why he paid a premium to the bond house when the municipality itself sold the bonds at a heavy discount.

Mr. Hoff fails to go into details regarding the Warrenton bond purchase, whereby Morris Bros. made an excess profit of \$24,732 over the regular broker's commission, or the Reedsport deal, whereby Morris Bros. made an excess profit of \$14,039 without the investment of a cent, or in other bond purchases whereby they cleared an excess profit of \$27,586—transactions that netted a total profit to the bond house of \$56,357 over and above the customary maximum commission of 2 per cent.

If Mr. Hoff is satisfied with the security of the investments, it raises a question of his judgment as an investor. The bonds were purchased at a higher figure than their market value then or now, and the security back of some of the issues, like that of Warrenton, is insufficient to make the bond a gilt-edged investment, in the opinion of bankers and investors.

Mr. Hoff fails to explain why these securities were purchased at prices above their market value for the profit of one firm of bond brokers, or why, when he found the state was being mulcted by these bond profiteers, he continued to deal with a concern employing such tactics.

The governor is to be commended for ordering a thorough investigation of the treasurer's office and its investments by the grand jury in compliance with Mr. Hoff's request for a probe.

TO AVOID HARD TIMES.

Doleful predictions of an era of hard times in prospect are heard on every hand. Whether we have it or not depends entirely upon ourselves. We reap what we sow. If we want hard times and create hard times, we will undoubtedly have hard times—but it is not at all a necessity. We make the conditions, they do not come, they are created.

These prophecies of gloom may do good in stirring up people to a sense of their economic responsibility. The government has nothing to do with it—that is a delusion fostered by politicians to secure office. The government doesn't and cannot miraculously regulate affairs.

It is up now, as ever, to the individual to prevent hard times, by increased production and by thrift. Everyone should work and save to prepare for the future. It is always hard times for the spend-thrift—never hard times for the industrious and frugal.

We are living in the most wasteful and extravagant period in recorded history. Despite high wages and steady employment, the vast majority of mankind continues to spend more than they receive—to live from hand to mouth. There is no tendency to thrift, little tendency to toil and if the present waste and spend-thrift tendencies are not checked, they will undoubtedly eventually precipitate a slump.

There is no excuse for hard times or suffering in the United States. There is a market for everything produced and we cannot over-produce in a world whose supplies are exhausted and needs all that it can make. We suffer from high prices and other ills because of under-production—and under-production spells idleness and luxury.

If every man produces for today's necessities and a little more against tomorrow's needs, if everyone works and saves, there can be no hard times.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

GREAT TIMES

Oh, these are grand and gorgeous times, and every fellow has the dimes! I work four hours and draw more pay than father pulled down for a day, and he was doing things at dawn, and busy till the light was gone.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idaho McGlone Gibson

HELEN'S HAPPINESS.
"But it is one thing to make resolutions and another thing to keep them. The feel of those soft white blossoms at my belt was like a knife stab in the center of my palm, a pain wherein John had placed his careless lips before we were married."

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF JIMMY RABBIT BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

THE GREAT RACE.

On the morning of his great race with Mr. Turtle, Jimmy Rabbit was at the creek bright and early. He brought his two brothers with him, to see the fun. And he found that there were others, too, who had heard of the sport and had come to enjoy it. Frisky Squirrel was there, and Billy Woodchuck, and Fatty



In no time at all Jimmy Rabbit had run so fast that Mr. Turtle lost sight of him.

Coon. Then there was old Mr. Crow who was always on hand whenever a crowd gathered. And perhaps the pleasantest and most interested of all was Tommy Fox.

"I hope you'll let me have a ride on your new sled when the first snow comes," he said to Jimmy Rabbit.

"For of course, you'll win the race. And Mr. Turtle will have to give you the sled, as he promised."

"I'll see," said Jimmy. And that was all the answer he would give.

But Tommy Fox seemed satisfied. "I'm going to run along beside you," he told Jimmy, "to keep you company. And I'll wait at Broad Brook with you, to see the fun when Mr. Turtle gets there. For everyone knows that you're going to win the race."

"I fully expect to," said Jimmy. Then Tommy drew a line in the sand.

"Here's where you start!" he said. "I could hardly get out of my clothes and I dropped on the bed without further preparation than donning my gown without braiding my hair or wiping the powder from my face with cold cream or doing any of the little duties which the modern woman feels are essential in keeping her personal appearance up to the mark."

I could hear Helen in her room, humming about her preparations for bed. I heard a knock on her door and I was too tired to be even curious, but she almost at once tapped on my door.

"Are you asleep?" she asked. "May I come in one moment?"

"Come along, dear."

Great Happiness Shown. It seemed to me as she came toward me, that I had never seen a face that expressed such radiant happiness.

"Katherine, I believe I am the happiest woman in all the world!" she exclaimed.

"What, with Bobby away?"

"He's not away, dear. Though miles are between us, we are absolutely together! Read this!" and she thrust a page of letter paper into my hand, and I read:

High walls has this Land of Lonesomeness, They shut out every ray Of the golden light of joyousness, When you are far away!

Drear are the streets of Lonesomeness, I tread them with dismay, Seeking a bit of happiness, When you are far away!

To rest with you today, They would droop back in weariness, For you are still away! Come back to this Land of Lonesomeness, And change its night to day For I grope here midst hopelessness, When you are far away!

I read the last lines through a mist of tears and handed it back without a word. (Tomorrow—Helen Hears My Story)

Salem Chosen For D.A.R. Convention

The state convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be held in Salem next March. It was learned Sunday from the local delegate who attended the convention in Albany Friday and Saturday.

Miss Edith Benedict of Salem was re-elected state secretary of the organization, at the official luncheon Saturday. Mrs. Isaac Lee Patterson, national vice-president, and Mrs. Seymour Jones, regent of Chemeketa chapter, responded to toasts.

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near the brook. "As soon as he crosses this line, he'll win the race!" he shouted.

The two Rabbit boys stepped across the line and waited.

"Your brother is just as good as beaten," Tommy Fox told them. You see, he had never been near Jimmy Rabbit to wake him, as he had agreed. Of course, he had never intended to wake him.

Thus Mr. Turtle crossed the line. "You've won!" Tommy exclaimed. And he was so pleased that he gave Mr. Turtle a good, hard slap on the back. "Ouch!" Tommy said. There was a look of pain on his face. He had forgotten that Mr. Turtle had such a hard back.

"Who's won?" one of the Rabbit brothers asked.

"Why, Mr. Turtle!" said Tommy Fox.

"That," said the Rabbit boy, "that is just where you are mistaken. Mr. Jimmy Rabbit has won the race—for I am Jimmy Rabbit."

For a moment there was silence. And then a great shout went up. For they all saw that it was Jimmy Rabbit himself, dressed like one of his brothers.

But Tommy Fox did not shout at all. He was very angry. "There's been some trick played on us," he said.

"Where's my sled, Mr. Turtle?" Jimmy Rabbit asked. He turned around. But Mr. Turtle had vanished. He had jumped into the brook and swam away.

So Jimmy Rabbit did not get the sled after all. But he was so pleased over the way he had outwitted Tommy Fox that he didn't care very much. And all his friends said that he was not only a fast runner, but a very clever fellow as well.

And Mr. Turtle and Jimmy Rabbit tied the mark.

"One, two, three—go!" cried Tommy Fox. And with that they were off. In no time at all Jimmy Rabbit had run so far that Mr. Turtle lost sight of him.

"Just as I expected!" Tommy Fox said to Jimmy Rabbit. They were in the woods now, and not far from Broad Brook. "There's no need of hurrying," Tommy remarked. "You can reach the brook quickly enough. It will be late in the afternoon before Mr. Turtle gets this far. I see you're a little out of breath. Why don't you lie down and rest? I'd take a nap, if I were you. And I'll wake you in time for you to win the race."

"That's a good idea," Jimmy Rabbit said. "I'll do it!" And he lay down on the ground and went to sleep.

Late in the afternoon there were as many people at Broad Brook to see the finish of the race as there had been at the creek in the morning to watch the start.

"I don't see where Jimmy can be," said Frisky Squirrel. "His brothers are both here—and they can't run as fast as he can." But no one seemed to know what had become of Jimmy Rabbit.

"I'm afraid he's going to lose his wheel-barrow," Tommy Fox finally said. "If he loses the race, he'll have to give his wheel-barrow to Mr. Turtle, just as he promised." And Tommy didn't seem at all sorry at such a thought.

"I hear some one coming!" Billy Woodchuck cried a little later. He had very sharp ears.

"And I can see somebody!" Fatty Coon exclaimed. He had very sharp eyes.

And sure enough! Pretty soon they all saw Mr. Turtle waddle out of the woods and hurry toward them.

Tommy Fox began to dance and sing.

"He's going to win! He's going to win!" he said, over and over again. And it certainly did look as if that was just what was going to happen. Tommy drew a mark in the sand.

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Abe Martin

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