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POT AND KETTLE

The pot is calling the kettle black again. Thomas W. Lawson of frenzied finance fame has been arrested for alleged violation of the law governing sale of mining stocks and in retaliation declares that Wall Street has fleeced the public out of more than eight billion dollars of liberty bonds, exchanged for inflated and worthless securities.

Whenever Lawson is caught in the act, he huris an avalanche of spectacular accusations against his partners in crime, to direct attention from his own petty larceny to the grand larceny of the stock exchange, posing as a defender of the people against the wolves of Wall Street and a martyr to the cause.

Swindles, like history, repeat themselves, and swindlers travel in circles. While Wall Street has been busy at the old game of booming industrials and exchanging them for the public's liberty bonds and money, Lawson has specialized on silvers, repeating his former operations in coppers, selling stock in silver mines, real and prospective and fly-by-night mergers of the same, to the dear gullible, greedy, get-rich-quick public.

Perhaps these unscrupulous professional stock swindlers perform a useful service in parting the fool and his money. At least they keep the money in circulation—and they probably fill a long-felt want—for the people want to be buncoed for they would not fall for it. We have abolished the wicked lottery, roulette wheel and penny-ante but we still sit in on the sure-things stock exchange gamble, still take fliers in fake mining and oil stocks, still purchase mythical timber locations.

ROGUE RIVER WAR ENDS.

A treaty of peace has been accepted without reservations, by the contending factions of anglers and salmon cannery men on Rogue river, which will be welcome news not only to the legislators, but to the general public, wearied by 30 years of incessant strife. Rogue river fish bills consumed much of every legislature's time, and filled space on many referendum ballots.

The agreement is a compromise in which the cannery men purchase peace by giving up seining and set-nets, leaving the gill-nets a monopoly of operations, while the sportsmen promise the abolition of commercial fishing in the upper river, the screening of all irrigation ditches and to work for the removal of the Ament dam.

The treaty has been signed by the local and state sportsmen organizations, by the cannery owners, by the various chambers of commerce, and by individual sportsmen. It will be up to the state fish and game commission to enforce the provisions of the treaty, which is, of course, most acceptable to the fishermen's union.

Let us hope this agreement will be followed by another peace treaty between the disgruntled sportsmen of Portland and the new game commission, whereby grievances, real and imaginary, are compromised, and harmony rule game affairs.

General Leonard Wood is veritable "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." In his political campaign he wears his military uniform, is accompanied by a staff in military uniform and a son in military uniform, devotes most of his speeches to military matters. Being a hero of the dress parade is doubtless consolation for not being a hero of the battle field.

"I have no campaign and no campaign fund. I am not a candidate and not seeking office," says Mr. Hoover, in reply to inquiries as to campaign expenditures. Moreover he hasn't any party—and no one wants him but the people.

Every vote cast for General Wood and Governor Lowden in South Dakota primaries cost \$10, according to Senator Borah's statement in the senate—where does it come from?

Kentucky tobacco growers are now burning the other fellow's crops to keep up prices. The greed of the profiteer stops at nothing.

Rippling Rhymes

HELPING HANDS.
"If I had a lot of money," sighs the man of dreaming soul, "I would make the world more sunny, help the people from the hole. I'd take bitters to the thirsty, heal the sick ones' pains and aches, and pack victuals wienerswursty to the hungry rubes and jakes. But I'm poor, and this world loses; I can drip no golden showers; ah, that pent-up Syracusee is contracting of my powers!"

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author IDAH McGLONE GIBSON.
I CHANGE MY TACTICS.
John went out of the door and as he turned to close, I caught a glimpse of his face. Over it had settled that gray gray cloud that I had always dreaded, and since the first month of my marriage had learned to fear. Some way I didn't fear today as much as usual.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES



THE TALE OF MAJOR MONKEY

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

MEETING MAJOR MONKEY.
CHAPTER V.
Everybody was prompt when the hour came for Mr. Crow's party. In fact, everybody was ahead of time. Old Mr. Crow had talked so much about his old friend Major Monkey and the Major's gold-braided uniform that people simply couldn't wait to see the stranger and his fine clothes.

There was just one difficulty: the Major himself was not on hand. Old Mr. Crow began to be terribly worried. But he tried not to let anybody know that he was disturbed.



Mr. Crow Jumped.

"He'll be here soon," he said when people asked him where Major Monkey was. "I've never known my friend the Major to break an engagement. He's a bit late—that's all. I only hope he isn't lost. You know he's a stranger in these parts."

Now, Mr. Crow was sitting in a tree, gazing toward the haystack in the distance, where he had told the Major to hide. And he had hardly finished speaking when a big red apple struck the tree just above his head with a loud smack and broke into bits.

Mr. Crow jumped. And so did everybody else. But before the party had time to scatter, Major Monkey peeped from behind a neighboring tree and uttered a piercing whistle.

"Don't go friends!" Mr. Crow cried to his companions. "Here he is now! Here's Major Monkey himself. That's only one of his jokes," he added, for he noticed that some of his cronies appeared somewhat nervous.

Faithful Canines

Soon Forgotten Fancier Declares

By a Friend of Dogs.
The beautiful Lewellan setter that has been given a temporary home by the Kibbe children on South Commercial street will probably be sent to Wintock, Wash., through the efforts of the humane society.

More petitions are coming in to Mr. High as a result of Dr. Elvin's address on the part taken by the dogs in the late European war. One strong point he brought out in his relations of battle field and trench experiences was the fact that the only protection the dead and the wounded had from that awful scourge of war, the rats, was the dogs. A wounded man had more cause to fear attacks by night from rats than from the enemy. Dead bodies left for a day were literally stripped of the bones by the pestiferous rat. If the truth were known the humble fox terrier saved many a dead soldier from being left absolutely unrecognizable where he fell on the fields of war if he was not taken up and buried within twenty-four hours.

For all the good he did the dumb friend of man is made an outlaw at home. Go to the Salem dog pound any day and hear the wailing of five or ten canines of high and low degree that are imprisoned there five days before being executed. When the unredeemed prisoner is finally forced into the gas tank a few low moans and that is the end. Those dogs that are imprisoned never cease to struggle for freedom and to return to their friends. They gnaw the doors and floors and tear at the fasteners and many of them, refuse to eat or drink. A beautiful siltken-haired setter belonging to Mr. Livock on Union street was in this prison for five days and refused food or water. When Lady was taken home she gulped down quartas of water between barks of joy, and ate two loaves of dry bread, showing she had starved rather than touch her prison fare. So with many sensitive animals thrown in there.

Walt Low, the street commissioner who is also poundmaster, says the way the city is handling the dogs is a constant drain on the general funds and brings in no revenue to speak of. The meat bills for the dogs are larger than for some poor families. Yet it is the poor man's dog that the law is enacted against. The great city of Salem is certainly not wise and more up-to-date in dealing with this problem than small towns like Portland, San Francisco and other places where there are humane and sanitary laws for dealing with dumb brutes. The humane society could find homes for every dog that is taken up by the city, where he would earn his living and make children happy.

Socialists Jailed

On Riot Charge

Philadelphia, Mar. 27.—Charles Solomon, one of the socialist assemblymen, unseated by the New York legislature and three other New Yorkers were in jail here today charged with

inciting a riot. They were arrested last night when police broke up a meeting in Labor Lyceum to protest against the unseating of the five socialist members of the New York assembly.

They will be given a hearing today. Although there was great disorder and several fights when the police ordered the meeting stopped because of alleged radical utterances of one of the speakers, no one was hurt.

CABLES ARE CUT

Paris, Mar. 27.—Several cables passing through Ireland, some belonging to the Commercial Cable company, have been cut, according to information received here.

JOURNAL WANT ADS—TRY THEM



ing?" he asked the Major. "It's called 'Banana Blossoms,'" Major Monke explained. "You see, I'm very fond of bananas." Old Mr. Crow laughed. "The two tunes don't go well together," he said. "So we won't have any more music." And Fatty Coon cried that he was glad of that, because when people whistled about things to eat it only made him hungrier than ever.

Motocycle Tires

We handle only the best
Goodrich Vacuum Cup
Firestone Goodyear
Unite States and Others
Also a complete line of Bicycle Tires
BRING US YOUR REPAIR WORK
LLOYD. E. RAMSDEN
387 Court Street

Advertisement for Studebaker Special-Six car, featuring the car illustration and text: 'THE SPECIAL-SIX is the easiest riding five-passenger car that ever rolled over any road, anywhere. A demonstration will prove it to your entire satisfaction. \$2050 F. O. B. Salem. 115-hp. wheelbase. Five-passenger. 30-horsepower. General leather upholstery. Intermediate transmission. Card tires. MARION AUTOMOBILE CO. Salem, Ore. "This is a Studebaker Year"'

Advertisement for Exide Starting & Lighting Battery, featuring the battery illustration and text: 'You can call it a Starting Battery but what you really buy is PERFORMANCE. —and naturally you want that performance to be of the highest possible quality. When you equip your car with the "Exide" Starting & Lighting Battery you get quality performance—persistent, dependable, enduring. You get a product that is as nearly 100 percent right as 32 years of specialized storage battery building experience can make it. There is an "Exide" made exactly to meet the individual needs of your car—come in and look it over. "Exide"—"A SURE START ASSURED" R. D. BARTON 171 SOUTH COMMERCIAL STREET LADD & BUSH BANKERS Established 1868 General Banking Business Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.'

Advertisement for Abe Mullin, featuring an illustration of a man and text: 'Ever' thing's so all-fired high that I ain't bought a thing for th' house but some artificial flowers for th' 'limousine,' said Mrs. Tilford Monte, 'd'ev' Well, sir, I ain't never seen such'

Advertisement for Emdey Transed, featuring an illustration of a truck and text: 'Office 445 Court St. Salem. OVER the top. Phone Day 998 Night 079 J. EMDEY TRANSEED'