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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.

Uncle Sam feels a keen interest in Mexico's oil-well-fare.

Utopia will be nearer when tongues organize and strike for shorter hours.

Too many men think they are thinking when they are merely loafing and wishing.

The task of the movie director is to grip the audience with Act 1, Scene 1.

When money talks, there is always a number of men in the crowd to shout "Vox Dei."

The greater part of the world's perspiring is done by people who call it sweat.

The French 75 is the greatest of all military weapons, but in politics it is less effective than a perfect 36.

The honeymoon is over when he begins to inquire whether Lloyd's will insure silence.

Doubtless an outraged stomach wonders at times where the fool brain got its ideas concerning nutriment.

Selecting ambassadors will be an easier matter this time. There are more millionaires to choose from.

It is a fortunate thing for campaign managers that the world outgrew the habit of stoning false prophets.

If Lenin would reduce all of his fellows to a common level of poverty, why doesn't he adopt our income tax plan?

Palmer says he has convicted 181 profiteers. Fine work. At that rate he can finish the task in 3,794 years.

The world is rapidly nearing the point where a great moral principle can't get a hearing without promising a profit.

One is no longer provoked when told that the line is busy. It does his heart good to find something in the country that is busy.

In Ireland they are searching houses for concealed arms. Over here one my search the street in vain for concealed legs.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

The Popular Award

Eastern newspapers are paying high tribute to Senator George E. Chamberlain and universal regret is expressed by both republican and democratic press over his undeserved defeat at the hands of our ungrateful electorate in Oregon. The following from the New York Herald, republican, is a sample:

None of the Democratic senators swept back into private life by the vote last Tuesday will carry home a finer certificate of patriotic service. Senator Chamberlain possesses a special and minutely accurate knowledge of the affairs coming within his legislative province. His mind was as clear as a bell, his judgment broad and impartial, his initiative fertile and his industry unexhaustable. His record is unimpeachable with meritorious service.

A good American of engaging personality and great ability, the author of the Chamberlain military preparedness bill of 1918 and the door of countless things which helped America to win the war has earned a secure place in the list of those who were the makers of victory.

Yet Oregonians, stampeded by the politicians voted blindly against their better judgment and the welfare of state and nation and bestowed upon this tried and true friend of the people the popular decoration of the double cross—the D. S. O. of the people.

Federal Judge K. M. Landis, who won fame by denouncing plutocrats, has become arbitrator of baseball at a salary of \$42,500 a year in addition to his \$7,500 as federal judge, which classifies him as a plutocrat also. It makes a difference whether you or the other fellow has the money.

Wrangel Defeated

General Wrangel, the anti-bolshevik leader in Southern Russia has met defeat and is being forced from the Crimea by the Red armies. Wrangel had the assistance of some of the allied nations, as successor to the ill-fated Kolchak.

Apparently between the Bolshevik and the foreign subsidized anti-bolshevik leaders, the Russians prefer the former. At any rate, the repeated defeats sustained by Denekine, Kolchak and Wrangel, show that the Russians will not tolerate foreign interference in their affairs and that they unite to repel the invader.

In this regard, Allied diplomacy has been a failure and resulted only in strengthening the hold of the Red autocracy. Left to themselves, the Russians will probably eventually solve their troubles and Lenine and Trotsky go the way of other leaders in other lands who ride to a fleeting power on the bloody wave of revolution.

When the Red armies attempted a war of conquest outside Russia as in Poland, they met defeat. When, however, they meet hastily organized armies of Russians, equipped by foreign nations, their superior forces are uniformly victorious—as the revolutionary armies of France were victorious a century and a quarter ago in combatting the efforts of foreign nations to restore order in France.

The defeat of Wrangel may bolster up for a time the tottering power of Lenine, who is reported on trial before the government he created for grafting and undue assumption of power. At any rate it should teach the allied powers to keep their hands off Russia and let that distracted country work out its own salvation.

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest

Baseburner Days.

The furnace is the modern way of heating all our homes today. We feel the warmth, but seldom see the fire which makes it merry. Bronze radiators I have found. Are things we do not sit around. And so I drop these words of praise Unto the stove of by-gone days.

It had its faults and drawbacks too. But I recall it warmed us through. I realize the task was hard. To tug the coal in from the yard. And trials of dust I left about. Each time I carried the ash pan out.

But the room was cheery by the giddy glow. Of that old coal stove of the long ago. I like the easier ways today. The coal isn't stored so far away. And I needn't trudge through drifts of snow. Whenever the fire's getting low, But coming home a winter's night I often long for that lost delight And the wondrous glow and the cheerful blaze That warmed the room in our coal stove days.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, a Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1913 by Robert W. Chambers)

"Who was that man, Daddy?" asked Stephanie, as their own smart little car drew up.

"Oh, nobody—just a man with whom I have a—sort of acquaintance," replied Cleland.

"What was his boy who kept looking at me all the while in the station, Daddy?"

"I didn't notice. Come, dear jump in."

So he took Stephanie back to the house where instruction in the three R's awaited her, with various extras and embellishments suitable for the education of the daughter of John William Cleland.

The child crept up close to him in the car, holding tightly to his arm with both of hers.

"I'm lonely for Jim," she whispered. "I—b—but speech left her suddenly in the lurch.

"You're going to make me proud of you, darling; aren't you?" he murmured, looking down at her.

The child merely nodded. Grief for the going of her first boy had now left her utterly dumb.

Chapter VII

There is a serio-comic, yet charming, sort of tragedy—fortunately only temporary—in the attachment of a little girl for an older boy. It often bores him so; and she is so daintily in earnest.

The one address, tags after, and often annoys; the other, if chivalrous, submits.

It began this way between Stephanie Quest and Jim Cleland. It continued. She realized with awe the discrepancy in their ages; he was amiable enough to pretend to waive the discrepancy. And his condescension almost killed her.

The poor child grew bolder as fast as she possibly could, resolute, determined to overcome him somewhere, if that could be done. In spite of arithmetic she seemed to know that it was possible.

Moreover, it was wholly characteristic of her to attack with pathetic confidence the impossibility to lead herself as a forlorn hope and with cheerful and reckless resolution into the most hopeless impasse.

Cleland Senior began to notice this trait in her—began to wonder whether it was an admirable trait or a light-headed one.

regarding consequences, clinging like a desperate kitten to sill and blind, negotiating precarious ledges with steady feet; and the flag-stones of the area four stories below her, and spikes on the iron railing.

A neighbour opposite faintly; another shouted incoherently; she could neither advance nor retreat. The desperate, Irish knock-out of Janet brought Meacham; Meacham, at the telephone, notified the nearest police station, and a section of the Fire Department. The latter arrived with extension ladders.

It was only when pushed violently bed-ward, as punishment, that the child realized there had been anything to be frightened about. Then she became scared; and was tearfully glad to see Cleland when he came in that evening from a print-hunting expedition.

And once, promenading on Fifth Avenue with Janet, for the sake of her health—such being the regime established—she separated two violently effective young boys, slapped the larger one, who had done the bullying, soundly, cuffed another, who had been enjoying the unequal combat, fell upon a fourth, and was finally hustled home with her expensive clothing ruined. But in her eyes and cheeks still lingered the brilliant fires of battle, when Janet stripped her for a bath.

And once in the park she sprang like a young tigress upon a group of ragamuffins who had found a wild black mallard duck, nesting in a thicket near the lake, and who were stoning the frightened thing.

All Janet could see was a most dreadful maelstrom agitating the bushes, from which presently burst a boy after boy, in an agony of flight, rushing headlong and terror-stricken from that dreadful place where a wild-girl raged, determined on their extermination.

Stephanie's development was watched with tender, half-fearful curiosity by Cleland.

As usual, two separate columns were necessary to record the varied traits so far apparent in her. These traits Cleland noted in the book devoted to memoranda concerning the child, writing them as follows:

Inclined to self-indulgence. Consequently, a trifle selfish at times.

Over-sensitive and likely to exaggerate.

Very great talent latent; possibly histrionic. Anger, when finally aroused, likely to lead to extremes. Generous with her possessions.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES



THE TALE OF SANDY CHIPMUNK

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Sandy's Name. In the first place, no doubt you will want to learn why he was known as Sandy. Many others, before you, have wondered how Sandy Chipmunk came by his name.

Whenever any one asked Sandy himself why he was so called, he always said that he was in too great a hurry to stop to explain. And it is a fact that of all the four-footed folk in Pleasant Valley—and on Blue Mountain as well—he was one of the busiest. He was a great worker. And when he played—as he sometimes did—he played just as hard as he worked.

In spite of his being so busy there may have been another reason why he was named Sandy. Jimmy Rabbit was the first to suggest that perhaps Sandy Chipmunk didn't know.

Jimmy and some of his neighbors were sunning themselves in Farmer Green's pasture one day. And while they were idling away the afternoon Sandy Chipmunk scurried past on top of the stone wall, with his cheek puffed full of nuts.

"There goes Sandy Chipmunk!" Jimmy Rabbit exclaimed. He called to Sandy. But Sandy did not stop. He made no answer, either, beyond a flick of his tail. You see, his mouth was so full that he couldn't say a word.

"I was going to ask him about his name," Jimmy Rabbit remarked.

So far as I know, you are all of you right.

ed, "I've almost made up my mind that he doesn't know any more about it than anybody else."

"Probably he doesn't," Fatty Coon agreed. "But it's easy to see why he's called Sandy. He likes to dig in the sandy soil in this pasture."

"I don't agree with you," Billy Woodchuck said. "I think he was named Sandy on account of his yellowish, reddish, brownish hair."

Some of the others thought that Billy might have guessed the right answer. But Prisky Squirrel told them that that wasn't the reason at all.

"It's because he's plucky," he declared. "You know, gritty is the same as gritty. That's the reason," Prisky said. "It's plain as the nose on your face." He was looking at Tommy Fox as he said that.

Now, Tommy Fox had a very long nose. And he became angry at once. His face would have grown red, probably, if it hadn't been that color always.

"You don't know what you are talking about!" he snapped. Old Mr. Crow, who sat in a tree nearby, nodded his head.

"You're all wrong," he told them. "The reason for calling that young Chipmunk boy Sandy is because his real name is Alexander. And everybody who knows anything at all knows that Sandy is just a short way of saying Alexander."

When they heard that, Fatty Coon and Billy Woodchuck, and Prisky Squirrel looked foolish. People thought Mr. Crow was a wise old gentleman. And when he said a thing was so, that usually settled it.

"Here he comes again!" Mr. Crow said.

They all looked around. And sure enough there was Sandy Chipmunk, hurrying along the top of the wall, to get more nuts to store for the winter.

"Wait a moment!" Mr. Crow called to him. "I want to tell you something."

"Publish My Letter Says Mrs. Oventain, So Other Suffering Women May Learn How to Get Well."

Chicago, Ill.—I suffered for four years with pains in my sides, hips and legs and a terrible backache. I could not do any work at all. I was treated by many physicians, but they did not help me. I read in one of your books where other women had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me very much so that now I can do every thing in the house. I have told my friends about your wonderful Vegetable Compound and you have my permission to publish my letter so other women who suffer may learn how to get well.—Mrs. M. OVENTAIN, 902 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This good old fashioned remedy is made from native roots and herbs and contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. If you are the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

And presidents play in the street. The hand that is busy with playthings now. The reigns of power will hold. So I take off my hat, and I proudly salute The man who is twelve years old!

These lines by an unknown author, have been dedicated to the "Better Boyhood" program through out the world.

That the boy of today is the man of tomorrow is an old adage but is only a half-truth unless that boy is given an early opportunity to embark on a program of clean and wholesome development of mind and body, according to Boy Scout leaders.

By bringing about a realization of this ideal, the Boy Scouts of America have won universal recognition because of the high type of boyhood developed in every lad who takes the Scout oath, the spirit of which is disclosed in their motto, "A good deed every day."

Monday, November 15, is the day set by the Salem Scout council in their "Aid a Boy" program. Beginning on that date, Salem residents will be asked to give financial support to the Salem organization for the years 1920 and 1921.

Hubby Left With 'Hazel,' Wife Sobs

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 12.—A waitress sat in the legal aid bureau and sobbed a deluge of tears into her handkerchief. W. J. Burke, legal aid attorney tried to comfort her.

"You can't understand," the waitress spluttered. "Several weeks ago I married a cook, and now he has run off with Hazel. I have had a thing to eat since that bird left."

"That's all right," said Mr. Burke. "We'll get him for you and send him to Leeds until he is ready to support you."

"I don't want that miserable cook, if that's what you mean," the waitress said waveringly. "I want Hazel. That my parrot. Boo, hoo, what shall I do?"

Mr. Burke's face hardened. "Say, lady," he said. "You don't want a lawyer. You want either the police department or a bird store."

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Sandy Chipmunk came to a halt and sat up on top of a stone, with his tail curled over his back. "Talk fast, please!" he said. "I'm in a great hurry. Winter will be here before you know it. And I want to store away a great many nuts before somebody else gathers them all."

"I won't keep you long," Mr. Crow told him. "It's about your name."

"I've no time to stop to explain," Sandy Chipmunk interrupted. "As I said, I'm very busy today." And he started to scamper along the wall again.

Once more Mr. Crow stopped him. "You don't understand," he said. "I don't want to ask you anything. I want to tell you something."

"Oh!" said Sandy. "That's different. What is it?"

"It's quite a joke," Mr. Crow said and he laughed loudly. "These here young fellows have been trying to tell one another why you're called Sandy. One of 'em says it's because you like to dig with the sandy soil; and another says it's because of your color; and still another claims it's because your real name is Alexander. And of course I'm right," said old Mr. Crow.

"Quite a joke on these youngsters— isn't it?" he inquired.

"You told me you didn't want to ask me anything," said Sandy Chipmunk. "But I will say this—though I am in a great hurry: So far as I know, you are all of you right. And that's a joke on you, Mr. Crow."

Then Sandy Chipmunk scampered off. And everybody laughed, except Mr. Crow.

"Alexander Chipmunk is a very port young man," he grumbled.

Better Boyhood :: Purpose of :: Scout Program

Twelve Year Old Man. I know a man and he lives near In the land called everywhere, You may not think he's a man by his clothes.

Or the cap he may chance to wear. But under his jacket with many a patch Is a heart more precious than gold.

The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a boy— A man who is twelve years old!

For we never can tell what the future may make Of the boys we so carelessly meet For many a congressman is doing the chores

Look Out for Rheumatism As Winter Approaches

So many cases of Rheumatism come from a tiny disease germ that infests the blood, that physicians are beginning to realize that this source of the disease is becoming quite prevalent. Of course a disease that has its source in the blood cannot be reached by local remedies applied to the surface.

One remedy that has given splendid results in the treatment of Rheumatism is S.S.S., the fine old blood remedy that has been sold by druggists for more than fifty years.

S.S.S. acts by driving out of the blood the disease germ that causes Rheumatism, thus affording real relief.

Begin taking S.S.S. today and if you will write a complete history of your case, our medical director will give you expert advice, without charge. Address Chief Medical Advisor, 131 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

Get Wise on Batteries Make up your mind now whether you'll say "My battery's a nuisance," or "My battery's no trouble at all."

All you have to do to sidestep trouble is to buy a good battery and then take care of it.

There never was a combination like the Still Better Willard Battery and Willard Service. Get wise!

Threaded Rubber Insulation is the kind selected by 136 manufacturers of passenger cars and trucks.

DEGGE & BURRELL Auto Electricians 233 North High Street

LADD & BUSH BANKERS ESTABLISHED 1868 General Banking Business Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

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