

# Capital Journal

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## Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.  
The ballots cast by mail may get in in time for the inauguration.  
In these excess-profits days they are malefactors of great stealth.  
The Bolsheviks can't hope to rule the world if they can't even fool it.  
When the farmers strike, the public won't be full of sympathy or anything else.  
The male pedestrian with down-cast eye may be studying either problems or ankles.  
Suppose Europe retaliates by refusing to let our ambassadors have anything to drink!  
The Irish "Republic" is doubtless an established fact. They have public buildings to burn.  
When a man finds a quart in these dry times he never puts off until tomorrow what he can take today.  
Lloyd George is not a real statesman. He nearly always does the thing that any man of sense would do.  
Too many of our modern statesmen think a flight of oratory will overcome the gravity of the situation.  
The instrument board of a sport model isn't complete without a tally sheet to keep a record of casualties.  
The politicians will be busy for the next four years trying to figure out how the women voted and why.  
One who graduates from the electoral college gets a post-graduate course in the university of hard knocks.  
Germany's war criminals remain unpunished, but the income tax applies the lash to America's war criminals.  
When Britain makes good a monopoly of the world's oil, we shall see whether blood is thicker than petroleum.  
When one undertakes to enumerate the benefits got from the war, he is disposed to put the accent on the "fits."  
Many men are made out-laws by their in-laws.

## Back Ache

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## The Real Scandal

The principal scandal about "Scandals of 1919" whose Salem performance was protested by local church organizations, is that people will pay hard-earned coin to see it. That such attractions are well patronized indicates that the decadence of the theatre going public is becoming as complete as the decadence of the theatre itself, and is in itself a scandal of 1920.

"Scandals" is typical of the class of shows the theatrical trust thinks the country demands, because they satisfy the bizarre crowd that makes up a Broadway audience and anything that "goes" in New York has to go everywhere else—the ruble public is helpless. It is all that is offered.

There is no more reason for protesting "Scandals" than there was for protesting "Follies" and a score of other collections of faded and jaded and painted beauties, who however earn their salary by perpetual motion and continual noise—and the risk of catching cold.

St. Vitus has become the patron saint of the musical show, and the dances are in imitation of his irresponsible twirling, camouflaged as "Shimmy", emphasized by the bare limbs and near nakedness of the overworked and underpaid chorus. There is no pretense of plot, and none of music, unless the syncopated clamor of over-strained voices and the blare of jazz instruments be dignified by such a title. The ragtime recitation has completely routed the ballad, melody is conspicuous by its absence and suggestive vulgarity substitutes for wit.

The dreary monotony is somewhat relieved by more or less clever specialties from vaudeville, which have supplanted the star comedians and singers of the shows of a decade or two ago. Indeed the musical show of today is little less than a series of vaudeville stunts, and slap-bang comedy stuff surrounded and permeated by scantily garbed chorus ambling through rainbow scenery to the barbaric rhythm of jazz. But the public evidently likes it—at least it pays the freight—and protests only advertise.

Since Harding's election, stock quotations of all kinds have slumped, prices of merchandise have continued to fall, wages are lowering, mills shutting down, and unemployment increasing, farm products are on the toboggan and the farmer without a market.

If James M. Cox had been elected president, all this phenomena would have been attributed by the partisan press to the lack of public confidence in a democratic administration. However, Cox was not elected and the industrial slump comes after a most sweeping triumph of the republican party placing them in full control of every department of the government. As soon as the triumph is assured, however, soup houses and bread lines threaten. Is this the promised prosperity?

In Salem the three largest industrial concerns reduced wages following Harding's election though the city and state went republican. How the Oregonian, the Statesman and others of their ilk would have ranted if this reduction had followed Cox's election! There would have been no doubt about the blight to the nation caused by democratic success! It would have been incontrovertible evidence of democratic inefficiency. On every hand we would hear the damnation of democracy. However it happens after Harding's election and there is a vast conspiracy of silence.

Of such guff is the politicians' argument made. And the dear people swallow it, despite its shallow insincerity. Of course the election of Harding had nothing to do with the situation. It is due to the liquidation of war prices and economic conditions beyond the control of any party. It is the toll of the war, and inevitable. But the republicans have always preached the fallacy that prosperity was due to republican administrations and adversity to democratic administrations, and ignorant and unthinking voters believed it. Economic laws act relentlessly, regardless of politics and parties.

## Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest  
Make a success of yourself. Don't worry too much about fame. Or power in the struggle for self. Just make a success of your name.  
Be one that is rated at par in the markets of men every day. Be all that the good fellows are. Don't live in a slovenly way.  
Don't judge by the work that you do. The skill of your brain and your hand. But your real task's to fashion a "you" that is fit with the highest to stand. You may toil to the top of your bent. And succeed in that one-sided way. But your glory will bring discontent. If you let yourself wander astray.  
Make yourself live as you should. Make yourself carry a smile. Be sure that your character's good while. Play fair though you win or you lose. Be kindly and true to the end. Be the same sort of a man that you'd choose. To have as a comrade and friend.  
The battle of life's not so hard. If only you'll fight as a man. There are many to stand by and guard. And help you as much they can. But it's you that you offer for sale. With your traits ranged like goods on a shelf. And the first thing to do, without fail. Is to make a success of yourself.

## 200 People See Willamette Play Commission Is Sued for \$7.50

An audience of over 200 witnessed the public speaking department play "Co-partners" given in the Willamette university chapel Tuesday evening. If applause is any criterion, all were well pleased with the production.

In spite of handicaps in the way of lack of adequate scenery and the difficulty in manipulating a large cast, the play went off smoothly. Virgil Anderson in the part of the mill owner, was an admirable self-made business man, while Martha Ferguson was well suited to the part of his wife.

The comedy parts were effectively portrayed by Ruby Rosenkrantz and Maude Holland. More serious roles which stood out were played by Lucille Tucker, Fred McGraw, Floyd McIntire and E. Barrie Dunnette.

A four-piece orchestra played before the first act and before the third. Miss Mildred Strey sang a solo in the third act.

Chicago Feels Quake  
Chicago, Nov. 15.—An earthquake of moderate intensity was recorded early today on the seismograph at the University of Chicago. The vibrations started at 2:34 a. m. and reached their greatest intensity at 2:40 and finally ceased at 2:45, central time.

## The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1915 by Robert W. Chambers)  
In spite of several advances made by Children Grismer, whose son, Oswald, was also at Harvard and a popular man in his class, John Cleland remained politely unresponsive; and there were no social amenities exchanged. Jim Cleland and Oswald Grismer did not visit each other, although friendly enough at Cambridge. Cleland Senior made no particular effort to discourage any such friendly footing, and he was not inclined to judge Grismer by his father. He merely remained unresponsive.

In such cases, he who makes the advances interprets their non-success according to his own nature. And Grismer concluded that he had been a victim of insidious guile and sharp practices, and that John Cleland had taken Stephanie to his heart only after he had learned that, some day, she would inherit the Quest fortune from her relative.

Chagrined and sullen irritation against Cleland had possessed him since he first learned of this inheritance; and he nourished both until they grew into a dull, watchful anger. And he waited for something or other that might in some way offer him a chance to repair the vital mistake he had made in his attitude toward the child.

But Cleland gave him no opening whatever; Grismer social advances were amiably ignored. And it became plainer and plainer to Grismer, as he interpreted the situation, that John Cleland was planning to unite thru his son Jim, the comfortable Cleland income with the Quest millions, and to elbow everybody else out of the way.

"The philanthropic hypocrite," mused Grismer, still smarting from a note expressing civil regrets in reply to an invitation to Stephanie and Jim to join them after church for a motor trip to Lakewood. "Can't they come?" Inquired Oswald.

"Previous engagement," snapped Grismer, tearing up the note. His wife, an invalid, with stringy hair and spots on her face, remarked with resignation that the Clelands were too stylish to care about plain, Christian people. "Stylish," repeated Grismer. "I have got ten dollars to Cleland's one. I can put on style enough to swamp him if I've a mind to!"

"Why don't you?" inquired Oswald, with a malicious side glance at his father's frown and ready-made cravat. "Chuck the religious game and wear spats and a topper! It's a better graft, governor."

Children Grismer, only partly attentive to his son's impudence, turned a fierce, preoccupied glance upon him. But his mind was still intrigued with that word "stylish." It began to enrage him.

He repeated it aloud once or twice, sneeringly: "So you think we may not be sufficiently stylish to suit the Clelands—or that brat they picked out of the sewer? M-m-m-yes, yes."



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not the sort of person to think and think about a thing and put off the doing of it from one day to another. So the moment the idea of a house popped into his head Sandy Chipmunk began hunting for a good place to dig. It was not long before he found a bit of ground that seemed to him the very best spot for a home that any one could want.

The place where he intended to make his front door was in the middle of a smooth plot among some beech trees. Farmer Greens sows had clipped the grass short all around. And Sandy knew that he could have a neat doorway without being obliged to go to the trouble of cutting the grass himself. But what he liked most of all about the place was that as he stood there he could look all around in every direction. That was just he wanted, because whenever he wished to leave his new home he would be able to peep out and see whether anybody was waiting to catch him.

So Sandy Chipmunk took off his little short coat, folded it carefully, and laid it down upon the grass. Then he pulled off his necktie and unbuttoned his collar. Just because he was going to dig in the ground there was no reason why he should get his clothes dirty.

After that Sandy Chipmunk set to work. And you would have seen how he made the earth fly. When night came and he had to stop working there was a big heap of dirt beneath the beech trees, to show how busy Sandy had been. There was a big hole in the pasture too. But it was nothing at all, compared with the hole Sandy had dug by the time he had finished his house.

Every morning Sandy Chipmunk came back to the grove of beech trees to work upon his new house. And it was not many days before his burrow was so deep that when winter came the ground about his chamber would not freeze. It was what Farmer Green would have called "below frost-line."

You must not think it was an easy matter for Sandy Chipmunk to dig a home. You must remember that somehow he had to bring the dirt out of his tunnel to he top of the ground. And he did that by pushing it ahead of him with his nose.

You may laugh when you hear that. But for Sandy Chipmunk it was no laughing matter. If he had laughed, just as likely as not he would have found his mouth full of dirt. And you can understand that that wouldn't have been very pleasant.

As it was, his face was very dirty. But he never went back to his mother's house until he had washed it carefully, just as a cat washes her face.

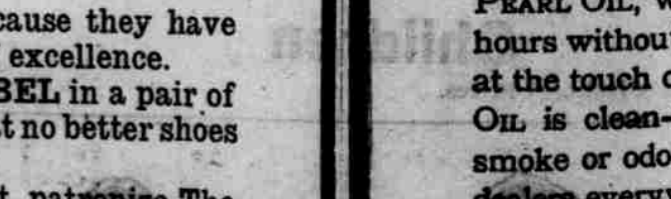
Sometimes Sandy found stones in his way, down there beneath the pasture. And those he had to push up, too. Sometimes a stone was too big to crowd through the opening into the world outside. And then Sandy had to make the opening bigger. After he had done that, and pushed the stone out upon his dirt-pile, he would make his doorway smaller again by packing earth firmly into it.

You must not suppose that when Sandy brought the loose dirt and stones up through his doorway he left them there. Not at

all. He pushed all the litter some distance away. And whenever he turned, to scamper down into his burrow again, he would kick behind him, as hard as he could, to scatter the dirt still further from his new house.

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