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## Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.

And among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of a job.

Evidence multiplies that the shipping board wasn't a starboard.

Oregon is now president of Mexico. Villa is the vice precedent.

War and its reactions: Dollar a year, dollar an hour, dollar a day.

At that, Europe's war dogs are no more persistent than America's rum hounds.

D'Annunzio doesn't depend upon a committee. He provides his own gall of fame.

Harvard astronomers claim to have discovered a new star. Vamp or juvenile stuff?

Getting in touch with the dead won't help much, Mr. Edison. What the world needs is a machine that will get something out of dead beats.

Praises be, there is no graft connected with the building of mansions in the skies.

The reactionary can't out-grow his conviction that the sleek will inherit the earth.

Good intentions are seldom worth much unless they are encouraged by the memory of bruises.

The gold-brick game played out long ago, but there is always somebody to buy a used car.

It is a simple matter to make an American of an immigrant if one can start with his grandfather.

One judges from the comment of Japanese newspapers that Japan thinks she can lick California.

The preacher might hold his congregation by filling the church with flying dust and the smell of burned gasoline.

The manufacturers of union suits solved one problem for those who had difficulty in making ends meet.

The only thing funny in the average movie comedy is the idea that bathing girls are essential to comedy.

We have All-American baseball and football teams. Perhaps in time we shall have that sort of congress.

Russia's experience teaches us that a successful political revolution, like charity, must begin at home.

There's one good feature about an era of tight money. Men don't need to strike in order to get a vacation.

Every once in a while a woman driver will turn the right way and wreck somebody who thought she didn't know how to drive.

## A Curious Spectacle

President-elect Harding is busy consulting what he terms "the best minds" of the country in the effort to determine upon a policy of some kind for his incoming administration. Elected as "harmony" candidate, and maintaining throughout the campaign a successful straddle upon vital issues, the time is near when he must take a definite stand and outline a solution for the nation's problems.

The "best minds" are evidently those of the politicians, for the consultations are limited to them. How the politician ranks superior in intellect and capacity to the thinker, the creator and the doer, is a mystery that only the president-elect can fathom, but he has evidently done it to his own satisfaction, for the "best minds" called-in are office-holders, past, present, or prospective, all republicans, except a few democrats like Bryan and Reed who qualified in mental pre-eminence by deserting their party.

The spectacle is a curious one, and never before witnessed. Here is the duly accepted and appointed leader of a great party virtually confessing that he does not know how to lead. Only natural perhaps, because never having led, being without deep convictions and habituated to accept unquestionably the dictum of party bosses, he finds himself in a sorry predicament now that destiny has played a prank and placed him in the seats of the mighty with the scepter of empire in his hand.

To enable Mr. Harding to make up his mind as to what is right and what is wrong, the hundred "best minds" representing a party divided against itself on fundamental issues, are offering a hundred kinds of advices. And the president-to-be hopes to weave out of the many-colored threads of diverse views a gray garb of compromise that will please all—and the chances are, will please none.

At any rate, there is a startling contrast with previous presidents. Cleveland expressed his convictions without equivocation and stood pat; Roosevelt fearlessly outlined his program and bull-dozed the politicians to secure by compromise as much as possible; Taft judiciously expressed his ideas and amicably surrendered to the politicians; Wilson chartered his own course, ignored the politicians and refused all compromise. There was this much in common—all had convictions and did not have to consult a hundred best minds to find "where they were at."

Meanwhile in his search for a policy, Mr. Harding continues to play safe, to talk generalities and preach platitudes in his public addresses uttering:

"Thoughts belonging to nobody, like old coats Cheaply borrowed out of a dead man's wardrobe."

## Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest

**Rainy Day Clothes.** Behind the rainy day there lies Blossoms and birds and sunny skies.

The clouds are but a mantle gray Designed for just a rainy day.

And as with men who sometimes wear

Harsh raiment for their hours of care,

And yet beneath each uniform,

The kindly hearts continue warm.

So life is fair, despite the gray

And sombre garment of the day.

We do not ask our friends to be

Always attired in finery.

We find them garbed to till the soil

In raiment thick with dirt and oil

And yet our hearts to look upon,

And yet our love continues on;

So when there comes a rainy day

And all above is robed in gray,

Why should we turn away and sigh

And fear to look upon the sky?

Life still is fair! The birds and bees,

The blossoms and the leafy trees

Are ours to know, and we shall smile

With them through many an after-

while.

Friendly the day shall still remain

Though dressed in gray to suit the rain.

## The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers)

It is interesting; I am rather glad that I shall have had this experience. As a graduate nurse, some day, I shall add immensely to my own self-respect and self-confidence. But I should never pursue the profession further; never study medicine; never desire to become a professional physician. The minute I graduate I shall rent a studio and start in to find out what most properly shall be my vehicle for self-expression. I forgot to tell you that Oswald Grimmer's father and mother are dead within a week of each other. Pneumonia! Poor boy, he is stunned. He wrote me. He won't give any more love for the present, but I'm to drop in the next time I'm in town. I believe he has inherited a great deal of money. I'm glad, because now he will be able to devote every second to creative work without a thought of financial gain.

Harry Belter is such a funny, fat man. He asks after you every time I meet him. I sent you some of his cartoons in the Star. Badger Spink is an odd sort of man with his big, boyish figure and his mass of pompadour hair and his intextinguishable energy and amazing talent. He draws, draws, draws all the time; you see his pictures in every periodical; yet he seems to have time for all sorts of gaiety, private theatricals, entertainments. He belongs to the Players, the Ten Cent Club, the Dutch Treat, Illustrators, Lotus, Coffee House, Two by Four—and about a hundred others—and I think he's president of most of them. He always sends his regards to you and requests to know whether you're not yet fed up with Latin Quarter stuff—whatever that means!

And Clarence Verne always mentions you. Such a curious man with a face like Pharaoh, and Egyptian hands, too, deeply cut in between thumb and forefinger like the hands of people sculptured in base reliefs on Egyptian tombs. But such lovely girls he paints!—so exquisite! He is a very odd man—with a fixed gaze, and speaks as though he were a trifle deaf—or drugged, or something. You haven't said much about yourself, Jim, in your last letters; and also your letters arrive at longer and longer intervals.

Somehow, I think that you are becoming reconciled to Paris. I don't believe you feel very lonely any longer. But what do you do to amuse yourself after your hours of work are ended? And who are your new friends over there? For, of course, you must have made new friends—I don't mean the students whose names you have occasionally mentioned. Haven't you met any nice girls?

He'd not mention having met any nice girls, nice or otherwise, when

Very inspiring. The French theatres were a liberal education; French literature a miracle of artistic clarity and a model of all young aspirants. In fact, the spring source of all art was France and Paris the ornamental fountain jet from which flashed the ever living waters that all may quaff.

Very pretty. He did not add that some of the waters were bottled and kept in jugs of chopped ice.

He wrote many gracefully composed pages—when he wrote at all—concerning the misty beauty of the French landscape and the effect of the rising sun of Notre Dame. He had seen it rise several times.

But, on the whole, he behaved discreetly and with much circumspection; and within his youthful heart lay that deathless magic of the creative mind which transmutes leaden reality into golden romance—which is blind to the sordid and which transforms it into the picturesque.

A saucy smile from a pretty girl on an April day germinated into a graceful string of verse by night; a chance encounter by the Seine, a laugh, a gay adieu—and a delicate short story was born, perhaps to be labored over and groomed and swaddled and nourished into life—or to be abandoned, perhaps, in the back yard of literary debris.

He actually shook his fist at them. "You're not going to saw off my other foot!" he shouted. "He objects," said Mr. Turtle. "So the only thing we can do will be to saw that piece of his foot in place again."

While Mrs. Paddy hurried home to get a needle and thread, her husband lay quite still upon the ground. He sighed now and then. And Mr. Turtle fanned him. "Does your foot hurt you much?" the old gentleman asked Paddy. "The pain is dreadful," Paddy answered. "I wish you would get me something to eat. Maybe I'd feel better if you did."

Mr. Turtle was a kind hearted old chap. He went and found a choice lily bulb for Paddy, who ate it greedily. He was just about to ask Mr. Turtle to fetch a clam for him, when his wife returned. "Now," she said to Mr. Turtle, as she threaded her needle, "if you'll please get the end of my husband's foot for me, I'll sew it on for him."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Turtle. He picked the toe of Paddy's shoe out of the sawdust. And then he stopped short. "This is strange," he said. "The toe of this shoe is empty. There's nothing in it! Where's the end of his foot, I should like to know?"

"I hope it's not lost!" Mrs. Paddy said anxiously. Paddy Muskkrat screamed at the mere thought of such a dreadful thing. "This is what comes of sawing

same length." Paddy Muskkrat had been groaning and moaning and rolling upon the ground. But when he heard what his wife and old Mr. Turtle were saying he sat up and—yes! he actually shook his fist at them. "You're not going to saw off my other foot!" he shouted. "He objects," said Mr. Turtle. "So the only thing we can do will be to saw that piece of his foot in place again."

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"I hope it's not lost!" Mrs. Paddy said anxiously. Paddy Muskkrat screamed at the mere thought of such a dreadful thing. "This is what comes of sawing

wood!" he groaned. "I shall never touch a saw again." "You needn't!" his wife promised him. "I'm sorry I urged you to borrow Farmer Green's saw. And I wouldn't think of letting you attempt such dangerous work another time."

Paddy Muskkrat suddenly said that he felt better. He had discovered at last that he had sawed off nothing but the tip of his shoe which stuck far out beyond his toes. He wasn't even scratched.

Mr. Turtle never knew the truth of the matter, though, of course Mrs. Paddy found it out later. But she had promised Paddy that he needn't saw any more wood. And being a person of her word, she told her husband that he might as well take Farmer Green's saw back to the barn.

"I can't do that!" he replied. "Why not?" she asked. "I promised I'd never touch a saw again. And, of course, I can't break my promise," Paddy Muskkrat declared.

So it was Mrs. Paddy that returned the saw. And people say that Farmer Green never even

dreamed that his saw had almost cut off Paddy Muskkrat's foot.

Approval of the suggestion offered by Secretary of State Koser for a conference of state officials on motor vehicle registration and traffic problems, is expressed by J. Grant Hinkle, secretary of state for Washington, in a letter received by Koser Wednesday. Hinkle suggests the meeting be held in Portland on December 20, 21 or 22. Secretary of State Joles of Idaho has already expressed his approval of the plan, suggesting Portland as the meeting place on December 21 or 22. The secretary of state for California is yet to be heard from before a definite date and meeting place is announced.

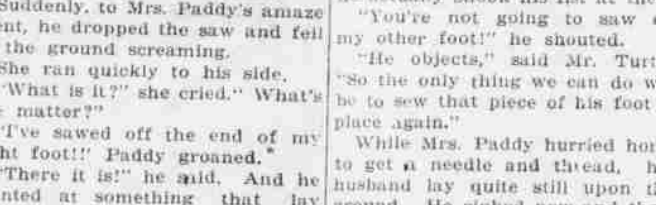
Koser's suggestion contemplated a conference of not only secretaries of state but of the heads of automobile departments and traffic officials.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

## SLEEPY-TIME TALES

### THE TALE OF PADDY MUSKRAT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY



A Sad Accident  
With one foot resting upon the log, on the wrong side of the saw, Paddy Muskkrat sawed very slowly. But when he noticed his wife climbing upon the bank of the pond he began to saw faster. Suddenly, to Mrs. Paddy's amazement, he dropped the saw and fell to the ground screaming. She ran quickly to his side. "What is it?" she cried. "What's the matter?"

"I've sawed off the end of my right foot!" Paddy groaned. "There it is!" he said. And he pointed at something that lay beneath the log.

Mrs. Paddy took one look and grew faint. It was no wonder that she felt queer; for there was the toe of her husband's shoe. "Stay right where you are!" she told Paddy. "I'm going to get Aunt Polly, Woodchuck."

"Don't do it!" Paddy called. "I've had enough of her doctoring. I took her advice; and now look at me! I'm lamed for life."

He said so much that his poor wife didn't know what to do. She wanted to fetch Aunt Polly. But she didn't quite dare to.

If old Mr. Turtle hadn't waddled up the bank just then there's no knowing what would have happened.

Mrs. Paddy was very glad to see the old gentleman.

"What shall we do?" she asked him. "My husband had sawed off the end of his right foot. Do you think we ought to saw off the end of the left one, to make them both alike?"

"That's not a bad idea," said old Mr. Turtle. "But we must be careful to make them exactly the

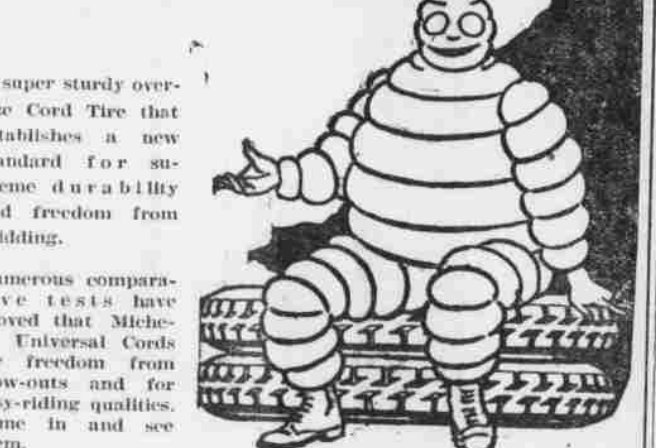


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