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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.

Optimism is the triumph of a dreamer over facts.

When a man steps on the gas he usually gets his foot in it.

It's a man's job to keep spirits up while marking prices down.

Give 'em time, and the banks will recover from their orgy of lending.

The republicans won't keep their park barrel any place near the Klatskan.

In the case of an ex-vice president, the "ex" is an abbreviation of exhumed.

The burglar runs two chances now. If he escapes the police, the income tax collector may get him.

The south is still in the saddle, perhaps, but there is a significant accent on the "sad."

A diet of yeast will cure almost everything except the habit of following diet fads.

About the only difference between a lunch-room and restaurant lunch is \$2.35.

In times like these, fire-prevention consists in working like fury when the boss is in sight.

What does it profit a man to have money regain its former value if he can't get any of it?

As the flood continued, Noah was doubtless aware that he had also moved every variety of snail.

The Electoral College has no football except one foreign policy.

As a rule the man who turns the other cheek is just killing time until he can get his knife open.

Debs prophesies a Socialist victory in 1924. Boy, look around Democratic headquarters and page Prophet White.

There are several thousand American names that never feel at home unless they are thrust into England's business.

The Russians have a new anaesthetic they put in the arm. If it is anything like the one they put in the head, it's a wonder.

A man will take everything else with a grain of salt, but he will believe the bootlegger who says it is bottled in bond stuff.

"Shipping Board Paid Too Much," declares a headline. Does that mean that some of these gentlemen were actually getting a dollar a year?

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

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There are various kinds of worry and I know that says say. We should break the worrying habit and put all our fear away.

"Tis a fool who worries vainly over things he cannot mend. Or spoils the joy of pleasure by the dread that it will end. But there comes to every fellow on this planet called the earth Times he really ought to worry if he wants to prove his worth.

I never see a youngster romping on the streets in play. But I wonder if his father ever worries through the day. Does he worry for his safety, does he worry for his care? Does he worry for his future and the burdens he must bear? Does the big fear ever strike him, as he kisses him at night. That in some way, as his parent, he may not be doing right?

Man cannot escape from worry. cannot smile at self-disgrace. He cannot sit down contented, shirking tasks he ought to face; By his moral obligations to be just and clean and true. He is bound at times to worry over what is fair to do. And there's none so rich in wisdom but must sometimes sit at night. And worry lest his judgment shall not lead him to the right.

Bombs Found On Greeks Is Report

Paris, Dec. 29.—Two Greeks carrying passports for Lucerna and in possession of bombs have been arrested at Milan, says a dispatch to the Matin. It is believed the men had plotted to assassinate former King Constantine of Greece, the dispatch says.

Pilgrim Tercentenary

Three hundred years ago tomorrow the "Pilgrim Fathers" landed at Plymouth, an event marking an historical epoch in the history of the world. As usual the circumstances have been colored with romance and obscured by myths that always attend events whose importance is not realized in their day and whose magnitude is apparent only in the perspective of history.

The Pilgrims were a band of religious fanatics, non-conformists whose precepts and practices stirred up trouble for orthodoxy. They became outcasts, held their meetings in secret, were subjected to frequent raids, and six of their number perished on the scaffold. Their intolerance and bigotry brought upon them the censure of society. Even Sir Francis Bacon called them "a silly and debased people, here and there in corners, dispersed now, thanks be to God, suppressed and worn out."

Persecution finally drove 300 of these bigots to Leyden, Holland. Though welcomed by the Dutch, they soon outgrew their welcome, and the Dutch made it so uncomfortable that plans were made to go to America to found a colony where they could worship according to their conscience. Twelve years after their arrival in Leyden, 102 of them sailed for the new world. Those who remained eventually were absorbed by the Dutch and a few decades later, had forgotten how to speak English.

The Pilgrims sailed on two vessels, one of them the Speedwell. No one is sure of the name of the other vessel, though half a century later, it was said to be the Mayflower. After several attempts, the Speedwell was forced to abandon the trip, and the Pilgrims, consisting of 73 males and 29 females, including 28 children, sailed on the Mayflower, intending to land in Virginia or New York, but the Dutch crew took them to the barren coast of Massachusetts to get rid of them by starvation.

The trip was a tempestuous one, 65 days in duration. Many storms were encountered, and much sickness experienced. When Cap Cod was reached, part of the men landed to find a harbor, and after several days investigation, landing was made at Plymouth. The rock landing, and the rock bound coast were creations of later poetic imaginations, as they never existed.

After the landing, the first encounter was had with the Indians, the latter being worsted. Here Pilgrims experienced a terrible winter. All but five or six of the company were sick, and half of the number died. Yet when spring came, none of the survivors would return, dreading the voyage worse than the hardships of pioneering in a strange and barren land.

The pluck and perseverance of the Pilgrims, their industry and frugality, their wisdom and courage finally, after exasperating experiences and much hardship and suffering, won them an abiding prosperity, and the colony flourished. News of their success reached England and within a few years the Puritan influx to New England was underway.

Narrow and bigoted though they were, the Pilgrims had sturdiness of character, strength of purpose, indomitable will, tireless energy, aggressive combativeness and energy of accomplishment that have obtained through the following centuries and given to America the characteristics that have made the nation great and powerful.

The Crater Lake Findings

Following complaints by Stephen Mather, director of the national park bureau, regarding conditions at Crater Lake park, the committee appointed by Governor Olcott after an extended investigation, reports that hotel accommodations at the park, though not perhaps equal to those in other national parks, are very fair and that Alfred Parkhurst, the concessionaire, has done his best with the means at his command, pioneering under adverse conditions, that no cooperation has been forthcoming from the capitalists of Oregon to better conditions and that the park bureau itself has done much less than at other parks in the way of improvements.

In conclusion the committee states that most of the complaints are due to the fact that Mr. Parkhurst has not been adequately financed, and that were he afforded proper financial assistance, Crater Lake lodge would become one of the noted resorts of the country, that

Mr. Parkhurst has almost impoverished himself to keep Crater Lake going from year to year, making such improvements as his financial capacity would permit. He has invested a large sum of money and should be retired as lessee, should be adequately reimbursed for his expenditure of time and money. Mr. Parkhurst is not a hotel man of the modern type, and we believe in some particulars the management has been lax, and that if satisfactory arrangements could be made for the buying out or other disposal of Mr. Parkhurst that Crater Lake Lodge properly financed, might go ahead more rapidly under different management. Mr. Parkhurst is entitled to great credit for what he has accomplished. In all kindness and respect to Mr. Mather, we believe he expected too much of Mr. Parkhurst under the conditions and has been too harsh and abrupt in handling the situation.

The committee believes it the duty of the people of Oregon either to get behind Mr. Parkhurst, financially or otherwise or in lieu of that, have someone organize a corporation that will buy out the existing corporation on a fair basis of return to stockholders and to fairly compensate Mr. Parkhurst for the ten years of "nerve racking toil he has undergone" and also that the government carry some of the burden of improving the Crater Lake situation aside from road work.

This is practically what Mr. Parkhurst has been asking of Portland capitalists for ten years and Mr. Mather for five years, yet no one has seen any money forthcoming. Columns of newspaper talk have been printed, quantities of abuse vented, but the assistance given Crater Lake, like that promised the Klamath railroad, is conspicuous by its absence. Unfortunately Crater Lake is not in the city limits of Portland and not on the Columbia highway, hence does not interest the metropolis.

If Portland does not act, in all likelihood, San Francisco will, and California virtually annex Crater Lake as a tourist asset—lost to Oregon through Portland lethargy.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1915 by Robert W. Chambers)

Life is an even and pleasantly for Cleland in those deathless days—light, happy, irresponsible days when idleness becomes saturated with future energy unawares; when the seeds of inspiration fall thick and thicker and take root; when the liberality, the vastness, and the inspiration of the world begin to dawn upon a youthful intellect, not oppressively, but with a wide and reassuring kindliness.

There was a young girl—very pretty, whose loneliness made her not too conventional. After several encounters on the stairs, she smiled in response; and they crossed the Luxembourg Gardens together, strolling in the chestnut shade and exchanging views of life.

The affair continued—charming and quite harmless—a touch of tragedy and tears one evening—and the boy deeply touched and disappointed in love—in love with

love, temporarily embodied in this blue-eyed, white-skinned, slender girl who had wandered with him close to the dead line and was inclined to cross it—with him.

He had a delightfully wretched hour of reclamation—and was rewarded with much future material though he didn't know it at the time.

There were tears—several. It is not certain that she spiritually appreciated the situation. That sort of gratitude seldom is genuine in the feminine mind.

But such things are very real to creative mind, and Cleland was far too unhappy to sleep—deeply wallowing in martyrdom. Fate laughed and pined this little episode on the clothes-line to dry out with the others—quite a little line—full now, all fluttering gaily there and drying in the sun. And after a proper interval Cleland went about the business of washing out a few more samples of ex-

American Receives Highest Honors in the Scientific World



Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was recently elected an associate member of the French Academy of Sciences, one of the highest honors in the scientific world. Professor Walcott is one of the leading authorities of geology in the United States, and has been prominently identified with practically every scientific body in the country.

Walcott's life and manner and customs of his time, later to be added to the clothes-line wash.

He had to prod himself to write to Stephanie. He was finding it a little difficult to discover very much to say to her. In youth two people grow apart during absence much faster than they grow together when in each other's company.

It was so with Cleland and Stephanie—less so with her.

Not seeing her for nearly two years left him with the unconscious impression that she had not altered during that period—that she was still the same young girl he had left, no more mature, no more experienced, little wiser.

Her letters were interesting but he had lost touch, in a measure, with interests and people at home. He had adapted himself to the new angle of vision, to the new aspect of life, to new ideas, new aspirations. He was at the source of inspiration, drinking frequently at it, always unconsciously absorbing.

At the end of the two years he had no desire to return to New York.

A series of voluminous letters passed between him and Stephanie and between him and Miss Quest.

He had plenty of excuses for remaining another year; his education was not completed; he needed a certain atmosphere and a certain environment which could be enjoyed only in Europe.

Of course, if he were needed in New York, etc., etc.

No, he wasn't needed. Matters could be attended to. The house in 8th Street ought to be closed as it was a useless expense to keep the servants there.

Poor old Meacham had died; Janet, too, was dead; Lizzie had gone back to Ireland. The house in town should, therefore, be closed and wired; and the house in the country, "Runners Rest," should remain closed and in charge of the farmer who had always looked out for it.

This could be attended to; no need of his coming back.

So he wrote his directions to Stephanie and settled down again with a sigh of relief to the golden days which promised.

His work, now deeply colored by Galilei influence and environment, had developed to that stage of embryonic promise marred by mannerism and affectations. His style, temporarily spoiled by a sort of Franco-American jargon, became involved in the swamps of psychological subtleties, emerging jerkily at times, or relapsing into Debussy-like redundancy.

The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedde, situated at the east of Bella Isle. Its population is 238. They do not speak French, but Celtic. They are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. The town has no streets.

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Every bird guaranteed to be young, healthy and a male. Bred by E. B. Flake.

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CAGES, BIRD SUPPLIES

SLEEPY-TIME TALES



THE TALE OF PADDY MUSKRAT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Brass Buttons

If it had not been for Mr. Crow, no one in the mill pond would have thought of having a policeman. You see, Mr. Crow had traveled. He had looked down upon many big towns as he flew over their outskirts on his journeys between Pleasant Valley and his winter home in the South. And he had noticed that most cities had at least one policeman—and some of them had as many as two.

"You ought to have a policeman in this pond," he told Mr. Turtle one day. "It would save everybody a good deal of worrying, for the policeman would always be on the watch for trouble. And when there was any danger he would warn everyone."

Mr. Turtle mither liked the plan. "I've lived here almost a hundred years," he said, "and I've had to be on the lookout for danger all that time. If we had a policeman maybe I could spend the next hundred years in peace."

"That's the idea!" said Mr. Crow.

"But where are we to find a policeman?" Mr. Turtle asked. "I don't know of any in Pleasant Valley. In fact, I never saw one in all my life."

"Oh! You'll have to find some one right in your pond," Mr. Crow told him. "All you need to do is to put a blue uniform on him and give him a club. That's the way to make a policeman. . . . But he must be fat," Mr. Crow added. "All policemen are fat. So what you need to do is to choose the fattest person in the pond."

"Then," said Mr. Turtle, "Paddy Muskrat will have to be our policeman, for he's the fattest person in the neighborhood."

After Mr. Crow had flown away Mr. Turtle talked the matter over with his friends in the mill-pond. And all agreed that Paddy Muskrat was just the one to wear a uniform and carry a club and warn everybody when there was any danger.

Paddy was much pleased when he heard of the plan. And he felt very happy, because Mr. Frog, who had a tailor-shop, promised to make him a new blue suit with brass buttons free.

But Mrs. Paddy did not like the idea—at first.

"Won't it take you away from home a good deal?" she inquired. "I don't like to stay alone in the house, because I'm timid."

"You'll be quite safe," Paddy assured her, "for I'll be on the watch for danger every minute."

"Won't you need a new suit?" she asked somewhat anxiously. "Your old one is patched, you know."

"I'm to get a new uniform with brass buttons free," Paddy told her. "Mr. Frog is going to make it for me."

Mrs. Paddy Muskrat said at once that on account of the new suit she was willing to let Paddy be a policeman.

"What color will the suit be?" she asked.

"It will be blue," Paddy told her.

When she learned that, his wife seemed disappointed.

"I was hoping it would be pink," she said wistfully, "because pink is my favorite color."

Then Paddy Muskrat said goodbye to her and went straight to Mr. Frog's shop to be measured for his new clothes.

In three days the new suit was finished. Paddy tried it on; and he was much pleased with it. "I'll wear it," he said to Mr.

Frog. "And you can carry my old suit home for me."

"You can't leave my shop until you pay me!" Mr. Frog cried.

"Pay you?" Paddy exclaimed in great surprise. "You said you would make me a blue suit with brass buttons free!"

"And so I have!" retorted Mr. Frog. "Here's your bill. And you'll notice that I have sed you a penny for the misunderstanding. The money were all that was free, but you thought he had to pay Mr. Frog for the suit, and he had to pay far more—and his wife about his suit."

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