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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen

Can it be possible that Villa is Mexican for virtue?

A girl must choose between dressing sensibly and attracting attention.

She is a clever wife who doesn't keep all of her good clothes to wear away from home.

The man who would appear wise must acquire a few ideas or learn a few Latin phrases.

Happiness is largely a matter of refusing to worry about what may happen tomorrow.

The American plan of standardization takes the romance out of industry and complexions.

Once more you can ask for a dime's worth of something without being considered a humorist.

It wasn't the closed shop or the open shop that brought on this depression, but the don't shop.

If that sales tax goes through, perhaps one-half of us can get jobs checking up the other half.

Germany will find it difficult to win back the respect of the world until she has money to spend.

Brief history of 1920: "Regardless of cost." Brief forecast for 1921: "This account is long overdue."

In the jungle every creature thinks of its rights, and none of its duty. That is the reason it is a jungle.

There should be some sort of medal for the hero who pays the whole of his income tax in the face of terrific temptation.

Mother tries to keep up with world problems, but little Willie's report card is yet the problem of greater interest.

For supper a married man gets what was left from dinner; the single man does, also, but the restaurant doesn't confess it.

When the average man resists temptation, he feels aggrieved if Providence doesn't pay him a cash reward the next day.

Financial crisis: A time when all of the farmer's money must be used to relieve the embarrassment of the stock gambler.

"To him that hath shall be given," quoth the radical, and laid his tribute at the rich man's door just before it exploded.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST
(Copyrighted)

The New Year

I liked the old-style New Year's day
When friendly calls we used to pay,
An' with our friends we sat about
Till twelve to let the old year out,
An' then with racket an' with din
We proudly let the New Year in;
The oldest heart back then was stirred
By smilin' face an' cheerful word,
An' none would pass the day unless
He'd wished his neighbors happiness.

Back then we set the day apart
For special service of the heart.
The most important job we had
Was makin' other people glad,
An' showin' 'em by word an' deed
That spite o' difference of creed,
Or rank or place of wealth or fame,
They had our friendship just the same;
An' just to make our meaning clear
We wished 'em all a glad New Year.

No distance was too far to go
Along the drifted lanes o' snow
To greet an old friend tried an' true
An' all the old time joys renew;
We'd sip thile dandelion wine
An smack our lips an' call it fine,
An' eat at every stop we made
Some fancy cake the women made;
An' then we'd wish 'em everything
Of joy a glad New Year could bring.

I liked the old style New Year's day
An' wish it hadn't passed away.
No printed card can take the place
Of friendly hand an' smilin' face
Or kindly glasses raised to clink
A pledge o' friendship as men drink
Each other's health an' softly tell
They hope the Year will treat 'em well—
Nothing has equaled, after all,
That good old fashioned New Year's call.

The Hyphen Vote

Commenting upon the established fact that the German vote, the Irish vote and the Italian vote was cast solidly for Harding for president, the Portland Oregonian says:

It is futile and untrue to talk of the paramount influence of the Irish, German and Italian vote. There are no such votes. There are men and women of alien birth or ancestry who have become American citizens, and they vote as Americans, not as Germans, or Irish, or Italians. At least they should. Certainly they did last November. It was the voice of America that then spoke, and not the voice of Germany or Ireland or Italy.

At least they should vote as Americans, but they did not. They voted as aliens to punish the administration for not complying with the wishes of their native land, and the Oregonian knows it.

Germans voted solidly for Harding because of America's entering the war against Germany, because of the president's part in drafting the treaty of Versailles, which meted out the punishment to Germany for instigating the war, and because they expected Harding to repudiate the peace treaty so that Germany will escape payment of indemnity.

The Irish voted solidly for Harding because they opposed America's' entrance into war as an ally of England and opposed the League of Nations because the peace treaty did not confer independence upon Ireland, and because Great Britain was a member of the League.

The Italians voted for Harding because President Wilson opposed Italy's seizing Fiume and grabbing the coast of the Adriatic.

These statements are facts. Wherever the hyphenated vote was strongest, Harding received a record vote, whether it was in Irish New York City or the Italian quarter of the east-side, or in Chicago, the sixth German city. Our own German precincts in Oregon, formerly democratic, voted solidly in the primaries for Johnson and in the election for Harding.

The republicans deliberately fostered discontent and unrest among the aliens and most of the vicious attacks made in the senate upon our allies of the war, were for the purpose of securing the votes of hyphens.

Of course President Harding's course, whatever it be, will not be pleasing to these foreign elements and if he follows, as he probably will, a policy for America, insists on punishing Germany, refusing to interfere in Ireland, and frowns on Italy's inperialistic ambition, he will reap their united enmity as his successor has.

It is regrettable, but nevertheless true, that many of our naturalized citizens still place the interests of their native land above the interests of their adopted country and are organized for united action in politics to this end.

Watch for the Joker

The long controversy between the commercial fishing interests and the sportsmen will be ended if bills prepared by the state fish and game commission becomes laws.

The commission is divided now in two sections, under the bill passed at the special session, with members appointed by the legislature, a game commission of five and a fish commission of three, with a neutral arbitrator. The proposed bills provides for seperate commissions to be appointed by the governor and a complete divorce of the two departments. Changes in the game code to harmonize the segregation are also provided.

The new game code provides that the trout season opens May 1. This is an improvement over the present law, which opens the season on April 1, but it would be better yet if the open season was postponed until June 1.

The new code, however, it is reported, still carries the joker in the present code, making it legal to take a "salmon trout" over 10 inches in length the year around. As there is no such variety of fish as "salmon trout" the label is applied to any trout over 10 inches in length, so that a year around open season is provided, in which spawning trout may be taken, and the protection of trout nullified.

Sportsmen really interested in trout preservation and propagation should see to it that this joker is eliminated, and real protection be given the trout.

The Restless Sex

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

The rushing din of the orchestra far below came up softened to Stephanie's ears, where she stood at the rail of the topmost gallery and looked down into the glimmering depths of the Hall of all the Gods.

Her jewelled fingers rested on the rail, her slender body pressed against it; she stood with bent head, gazing down into the vortex pensive, sombrely preoccupied with an indefinable anger that possessed her.

The corridor behind her was full of shadowy figures scurrying of encounters and pursuits; stifled laughter, sudden gusts of whispering, hurried adieux, hasty footfalls and the ghostly rustle of silks in flight.

She turned restlessly and went up into the corridor. A dryad was performing flip-flaps there and a gale of laughter and applause arose from her comrades watching her in a semi-circle.

The Olympians, too, all seemed to have gathered there for a frolic —Zeus, Hermes, the long-legged Astarte, the amazingly realistic Aphrodite, and Eros, more realistic still—all clasping hands and dancing a ring-around-a-rosy while Bacchus and Ariadne in the centre performed a breakdown which drew frantic shouts of approval from the wanling ring.

Then, in this hilarious circle, Stephanie caught sight of the snub nose and transparent raiment of the button-eyed Goddess of Night, and next her, hand clasping hand, she recognized Cleland as another link in the rapidly rotating ring.

Aphrodite and Eros, hand locked in hand, were singing the song they had made so popular in "The Prince of Argolis" early in the winter:

"Mrs. Aphrodite
Gave her pretty sonny
Lots of golden curls
But little golden money.
Dressed him to a nightie!—
(Listen to me, girls!)
Love of golden curls
Leads the world astray!
(Listen to me, honey!)
Love of golden money
Acts the selfsame way!"

Breathless with laughter the Grecian gods galloped round and round in a dizzy circle, flushed faces flashed past Stephanie, flying draperies and loosened hair fluttered and streamed and glimmered in confused sequence before her angry eyes.

Suddenly the mad dance broke up and flew into fragments, scattering its reeling, panting devotees into prancing couples in every direction.

And straight into this wild confusion stepped Stephanie, her pretty eyes brilliant with wrath, her face a trifle pale.

"Jim!"

He let go of Lady Button-eyes in astonishment and turned around.

Stephanie said very coolly

"If you're going to raise the devil, raise him with me, please!"

Lady Button-eyes was not pleased and she showed it by stamping, which alone had sufficiently fixed her level if she had not also placed both hands on her hips and laughed scornfully when Cleland took leave of her and walked over to Stephanie.

"Where are the others?" he inquired, rather red at being discovered with such a crew. "You are not alone, are you, Steve?"

"Not now," she said sweetly; and passed her left arm through his and clasped her right hand over it. "Now," she said with an excited little laugh, "I am ready to raise the devil with you. Take me wherever you like, Jim."

The insulted gods gazed upon her with astonishment as she lifted her small head and sent an indifferent glance like an arrow at random among them. Then, not further noticing them, and absolutely indifferent to the button-eyed one, she strolled leisurely out of Olympus with her slightly disconcerted captive and disappeared from their view along the southern corridor.

But once out of their range of vision her hot wrath returned.

"It was abominable," she said in a low, tense voice, "—your going off that way, when I told you the whole evening would be spoiled for me without you! I am hurt and angry, Jim."

But his smouldering wrath also flickered into flame now.

"You had Grosmer, didn't you?" he said. "What do you care whether I am with you or not?"

"What do you mean? Yes, of course I had him. What has that to do with you?"

He replied with light insolence:

"Nothing. I'm not your husband."

His words fell like a blow; she caught her breath with the hurt of them; then:

"Is that why you have avoided me?" she demanded in a tone of such concentrated passion that the unexpected flare-up startled him. It surprised her, too; for, all at once, in her heart something contracted agonizingly, and a surge of furious resentment flooded her, almost strangling speech.

Ritner And Bean Seated

(Continued from Page One.)

a chief clerk for the senate failed to materialize and John B. Hunt was named to that position without opposition

Woman Is Seated.

For the first time in the history of the Oregon senate a woman now sits among the clerks of that body in the person of Miss Rosina L. Miller of McMinnville, named this morning without opposition as assistant chief clerk.

Other clerks and attaches were named by the senate this morning as follows:

Calendar clerk, Albert R. Goddard of Umatilla county.

Reading clerk, Walter L. Tooze of Marion county.

Sergeant at arms, Col. W. G. D. Mercer of Lane county.

Door keper, H. T. Bruce of Multnomah county.

Assistant door keeper, R. S. McClanahan of Multnomah county.

Mailing clerk, L. T. Brown of Douglas county.

Senators Vinton, Moser and Upton were named a committee on rules and the senate adjourned until 2:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Bean Is Unopposed.

The house of representatives convened in the 1921 biennial session at 10:30 o'clock this morning, electing Representative K. K. Kubli of Multnomah as temporary chairman and Frank Drager of Salem as chief clerk. Prayer by Rev. James A. Elvin of Salem as chaplain of the day followed. On motion of Aepresentative Frank Davey of Salem, the following committees were named by the cahir to report at 2 o'clock;

Committee on temporary organization — Representatives Gordon, Burdick, Hurd, Lacy and Sheldon.

Credentials—McFarland, Hunter, Oberturf, Sloan and Gallagher.

At 2 o'clock the committees will report, and Representative L. E. Bean will be unanimously elected speaker and the session be formally underway. List of committee appointments will be made late this afternoon.

Among the assured chairmanships are:

Herbert Gordon, Multnomah county, chairman of the ways and means committee.

A. M. Wright, Sherman county, chairman of roads and highway committee.

E. V. Carter, Jackson, chairman of the banking committee.

K. K. Kubli, Multnomah county, chairman of the resolutions committee.

C. E. Woodson, Morrow county, chairman of the revision of laws committee.

Japs Promise To Leave Rio Grande

Brownsville, Texas, Jan. 10. — Tension in the lower Rio Grande valley over the arrival of prospective Japanese colonists appeared eased today as a result of the promise by two Japanese families at Harlingen to return to California.

Members of the American Legion post at Harlingen pledged their aid in recovery of $10,000 which the Orientals said they contracted and paid partly in cash to Z. Yamata for farming property near Harlingen. Yamata is a Japanese resident of Los Angeles.

First Woman Consul.

Tokio, Jan. 10. — Yokohama claims the honor of having the first woman consul in the world. She is Mrs. Diana Agapeg Apcar, of Armenia, and she is now representing the new republic of the Near East in Japan.

Mrs. Apcar is sixty-one years old and a widow. The foreign office has recently received official notification of Mrs. Apcar's appointment.

Denver Chief Dead

Denver, Colo., Jan. 10.—Chief of Police Hamilton Armstrong, 62 years old, died early today of heart disease.

Eugene.—Three large shipments of wood products from the Eugene Handle company's plant have been made to San Francisco and Portland within the last few days. Handles are made from ash grown in Lane county and converted for use on shovels, forks, rakes and other implements. Wood formerly hauled to town for fuel is purchased and sawed from the green logs into square strips and run through dry kilns, then lathes, sandpapering and waxing process finishes the handles, which are shipped in thousand dozen lots.

Immigration Commissioner to Study European Conditions

Anthony Caminetti, commissioner general of immigration, department of labor, sailed for Europe recently to study existing conditions affecting immigration to the United States. Mr. Caminetti will visit Poland, Germany and Italy, the Balkans and other immigration centers. One of the main purposes of Mr. Caminetti's trip is to prevent, if possible, the transportation of aliens who cannot be admitted to this country.

A Dangerous Business

Sandy Chipmunk did not tell Daddy Longlegs how he had been tied up in the sack of wheat and had had a ride in the wagon himself. He did not like riding in wagons. And he had been so glad to escape from the sack and jump into the bushes by the roadside that he had stopped to dance an Daddy's tree before scampering back home.

His suggestion took Daddy Long

"It's a day day, isn't it," he said.

legs by surprise. At first he felt a bit timid about riding in a wagon. But Sandy Chipmunk assured him it was not half as bad as it was said to be.

"Is it far to the road?" Daddy asked him.

"Not if you hurry," Sandy told him. "If you start now you surely ought to be able to reach the road by the time old Ebenezer passes this field."

"Ebenezer! Who's he?" Daddy inquired.

"Oh! He's the horse that draws the wagon you're going to ride in," Sandy Chipmunk explained.

Daddy Longlegs thought deeply for a few minutes—or as deeply as anybody could who had so small a head as he. And then he said:

"I'll try your plan, for I want to go home. But it's very dangerous for me to do so such walking on such a windy day as this."

"Come on!" cried Sandy. "I'll show you the was to the road." And having started Daddy in the right direction, he hastened off to the road himself, to wait for the wagon.

Sandy waited by the roadside for a long, long time. And while he was lingering there, Daddy Longlegs was battling with the wind and having hard work to keep his feet. But by hurrying along fences, and dodging behind bowlders and bushes and every others sort of shelter that he could find, Daddy managed to reach the roadside at last, where he arrived quite out of breath.

"Hurrah!" Sandy Chipmunk shouted, as soon as Daddy joined him. "Here you are—and you're rattling down the next hill. And old Ebenezer (that's the horse, please remember!) he'll climb this rise as fast as he can, because he's in a hurry to get home."

"He can't be half as anxious to reach home as I am," Daddy Long legs remarked. "And if he doesn't go his fastest after I'm aboard the wagon I hope Johnnie Green will whip him hard."

"Johnnie can't do that," said Sandy Chipmunk. "His father won't let him have a whip."

"Well, he could cut a switch, I should think!" Daddy Longlegs exclaimed.

But Sandy shook his head.

"Johnnie's grandmother would not let him do that," he replied. "But you don't ned to worry. You will get home soon enough."

Soon the two watchers saw the old horse Ebenezer come up the road. And the Chipmunk said something sent Daddy Longlegs into of excitement.

"Here they come!" cried "You'd better stand in middle of the road, sure to stop them."

And the mere thought such a dangerous thing made Daddy Longlegs pale.

Your Boy

Robert J. Burdette, in his "Rise and Fall of the Moustache," said something interesting about that boy of yours. Here it is:

A boy's world is open to no one but a boy. You never really revisit the glimpses of your boyhood, much as you may dream of them. After you get into a tail coat and tight boots you never again set foot in a boy world.

You lost this marvelous instinct of the woods; you can't tell a pig nut tree from a pecan; you can't make friends with strange dogs; you can't make the terrific noises with your mouth; you can't invent the inimitable signals or the characteristic catchwords of boyhood.

He is getting on, is your boy. He reaches the dime novel age. He wants to be a missionary. Or a pirate. So far as he expresses any preference, he would rather be a pirate, an occupation in which there are more chances of making money and fewer opportunities for being devoured.

He develops a yearning love for school and study about this time, also, and every time he dreams of being a pirate he dreams of hanging his dear teacher at the yard arm in the presence of the delighted scholars. His voice develops even more rapidly and thoroughly than his morals. In the yard, on the housetop, down in the street, around the corner, wherever there is a patch of ice big enough for him to break his neck on, or a pond of water deep enough to drown in, the voice of your boy is heard.

He whispers in a shout, and converses in ordinary confidential moments in a shriek. He exchanges bits of back fence gossip about his father's domestic matters with the boy living in the adjacent township, to which interesting revelations of home life the immediate neighborhood listens with intense satisfaction and the two home circles in helpless dismay.

He has an unconquerable hatred for company, and an aversion for walking down stairs. For a year or two his feet never touch the stairway in his descent, and his habit of polishing the stair rail by using it as a passenger tramway soon breaks the other members of the family of the careless habit of setting the hall lamp or the water pitcher on the baluster post.

He wears the same size boots as his father, and on the dryest, dustiest days in the year always manages to convey some mud on the carpets.

He carefully steps over the door mat, and until he is about 17 years old he actually never knew there was a scraper on the front porch.

Brownsville.—New hope for a revived payroll at Brownsville has been afforded by the announcement that J. L. Bowman has repurchased the old Brownsville woolen mills and will remodel the buildings. He plans to restore an industry that has been latent for six years. The purchase included over seven acres of ground and the right to one-half of the water from the Calapooia flume. Mr. Bowman has a sheep ranch of his own and is planning soon to have a unique motion picture on the wool industry put out. This would show the sheep in the fields, shearing, cleaning wool, carding spinning, weaving and finally the fitting of suits in the store of the mills in Portland.

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January 10th

In

WALLER HALL

Subject

"A Mother's Relation to Her Daughter"

Mothers do not miss this chance to hear an able speaker. It is absolutely free and you owe it to your daughters to attend.

This evening at 8 p. m., Dr. Barker will address the men at the Armory on

"A Father's Responsibility to His Son"

Men get out tonight and hear a lecture with punch. There will be no admission charged, just another boost for the folks of Salem by the Rotary Club. Boys of 15 and over admitted only when accompanied by their father.

Today, Jan. 10th

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