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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen

A writer speaks of "Debs' en-
durance." He probably means in-
durance.

In the case of a woman, it is
intuition; in the case of a man,
it is a hunch.

When money talks for the ac-
cused, it usually says its say in a
short sentence.

Professor Whitmore says the
tax problem is a study in math.
Sure thing—aftermath.

When the devil was after Job's
goal, the thought of almost every-
thing except a Congress.

The tax Wilhelm pays on his
fortune arouses the suspicion that
Holland won the war.

The injunction to love your neigh-
bor as yourself was spoken long
before the neighbor bought a
phonograph.

In this age, the jewels are set
in platinum and the gems of
thought in platitudes.

There is nothing surprising in
the fact that John Barleycorn is
dead. He was stillborn.

One can't help wondering what
the newly-converted savage thinks
of the poison gas industry.

And just a few years ago it was
considered a punishment to send
men from Petrograd to Siberia.

Eventually Uncle Sam will ap-
proach that wide-open town in
Michigan and say: "Out, damp
spot!"

Germany thinks she can't pay
the indemnity. For that matter,
she thought she couldn't be lick-
ed.

Once in a while one finds a
queer old-fashioned preacher who
persists in preaching the gospel.

In the old days it took four
quarts to make a gallon, but that
was before they learned to dilute
it.

And there are people mean
enough to wish the Government
would give all mayors ten days to
leave the country.

American cities are running out
of the undesirable. Immigration
figures indicate that the practice
is universal.

A man who has had experience
with landlords knows that the
grounding isn't the only one that
can't be depended on.

A British wit refers to the
"Judgement of prohibition." Well,
it's simply a question of the little
brown jug or not.

The pious habit of visiting those
in prison will become much more
general when the coal profiteers
get what is coming to them.

If Joseph's coat of many colors
was anything like to make-up the
modern lounge lizard uses, one
can't really blame his brothers.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

(Copyrighted)

Home—Hunger
I need the sight of a friendly smile
To cure longing that troubles
me.

The old-familiar maple tree,
The curling smoke of a cheerful
fire.

The little street of my heart's de-
sire.

There are merry eyes that I
soon must see,
I must take the children upon
my knee.

For kisses can't come by the mail
or wire.

Oh, the wanderer stakens in time
of smiles

Of men and women who come
and go.

And though he walk where rich
rivers flow.

His heart goes traveling back the
miles

To the little place where his loved
ones wait.

And he yearns for the joys at his
humble gate.

Booze Costs Over \$50
Oregon City, Ore., Feb. 22.—John
Ross, of the Estacada county, who
was arrested by Sheriff Wilson for
having extorted money on his
place, was assessed a fine by
Judge Noble of \$50 and costs. The
sheriff raided the Ross place
about February 5, but did not ap-
prehend Ross until Friday, when
he was found in Portland.

Growth of Bureaucracy

Growth of bureaucracy in the United States since the birth of the nation was emphasized by Congressman Campbell of Kansas in his Washington's birthday address. He declared that over 690,000 civilian employees now make up the army that oversees and directs the affairs of the people and assures guardianship over them. Among other things he said:

There is no activity, business, social or domestic condition that is not the object of their supervision, their solicitude or their authority. Government agents and inspectors go merrily on. Government control is the remedy for every ill and government regulation the source of every good. The people pay all the expenses of this complicated machinery of government that has its agents looking over the shoulders of every business man and directing the affairs of every citizen.

As a matter of fact the army of civilians employed in federal regulation is only a fraction of that employed in state, county and city regulation. Every state legislature at every session creates new bureaus to supervise and safeguard the public, while there is no county and no city without its official bureaucracy engaged in the same pleasant pastime at the taxpayers' expense.

One would think from the solicitude shown in their behalf that the American people had degenerated into a nation of crooks and morons and that it was necessary to safeguard the feeble-minded masses from pillage by the sharks in every walk of life. And beside the official supervision is added the unofficial solicitude of the uplifters, well-fare workers and professional charity busy-bodies.

We are no longer the self-reliant, capable, efficient, independent, God-fearing people whom Washington led to victory. Whether the change is due to the growing luxury of a pampered pleasure-seeking civilization and consequent decay, or to the attempt to absorb the riff-raff of the world in the national melting pot, all must admit the change. From the cradle to the grave our affairs are now supervised and regulated and despite our vast educational machine, ignorance of the vital and essential seems increasing.

Character cannot be manufactured by law or strengthened by the removal of temptation. Yet we are endeavoring to do both. In coddling, safeguarding and protecting we are destroying resistant powers and perpetuating the unfit. Parents are shuffling off their duties on the state, as welfare workers relieve them of their responsibilities and the home is breaking down. Instead of solving their own problems, people are looking to the government for their solution, and expecting the state to make good personal deficiencies. Initiative is being destroyed, resourcefulness atrophied, and stamina sapped.

We have traveled a long way since Washington's time and entirely lost sight of Jefferson's doctrine that the best government was the one that governed least. Every day that passes sees us drifting further from the ideals of the founders of the republic—and bureaucracy only intensifies conditions it is designed to correct, enfeebles the people and perpetuates itself.

The Restless Sex

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

After a long silence he said: "Is that all you have to tell me?"

"Nearly all. . . His father died. . . My aunt died. These facts seem unrelated. But they were not. . . And then—then—Oswald lost his money. . . Every-thing. . . And I—married him. . . There was more than I have told you. . . I think I may tell this—I had better tell you, perhaps. . . Did you ever know that my aunt employed lawyers to investigate the matter concern- ing the money belonging to Chil- ton Grimsley's sister, who was my mother's mother?"

"She did. I have seen Mr. Grimsley at the hospital once or twice. He came to see my aunt in regard to the investigation. . . The last time he came, my aunt was ill, threatened with pneumonia. I saw him passing through the grounds. He looked frightfully haggard and ill. He came out of the infirmary where my aunt was, in about an hour, and walked slowly down the gravel path as though he were in a daze. . . He died shortly afterward. . . And then my aunt died. . . And Oswald lost his money. . . And I—married him. . . "Is that all you can tell me?"

Chapter XXIX
In reply to a letter of hers, Cleland wrote to Stephanie the middle of June from Runner's Rest in the Berkshires:

Steve, Dear:
The place is charming and every- thing is ready for you and Helen whenever you care to come. I had the caretaker's wife and daughter here for several days scrubbing and cleaning woodwork, windows and floors. They're put a vacuum cleaner on everything else and the house shines!

As for the new servants, they seem the usual sort, unappreciative, sure to quarrel among them- selves, fairly efficient, incapable of gratitude, and likely to leave you in the lurch if the whim seizes them. . . They've all come to me with complaints of various sorts. The average servant detests clean, fresh quarters in the country and bitterly misses the smelly and oily atmosphere of the metropolitan slums.

But this unpretentious old place is very beautiful. Steve, you haven't been here since you were a girl, and it will be a surprise to you to find how really lovely are this plain old house and simple grounds.

Oswald has made several sketches of the grounds, and is making others for the pool and fountain. He is anything but melancholy; he scrolls about quite happily with the eternal cigarette in his mouth and an enormous rose-scented white peony in his button-hole; and in the evening he and I light a fire in the library—for the evening are a trifle chilly still—and we read or chat or discuss men- tal affairs most companionably. . . mental charm in this man, of which you are so conscious. I myself am nervous. There seems to be deep within him an inex- plicable quality which appeals— something latent, indefinable— something that you suspect to be what you call the "X" factor. . . I would be glad to respond to

Roseburg Judge Gives Man Life Term for Rape

Term for Rape

Roseburg, Or., Feb. 22.—Wm. Barrow charged with assault with intent to commit rape was sentenced by Circuit Judge J. W. Hamilton to serve a life term in the penitentiary of the state of Oregon. Barrow was indicted by the grand jury of an assault on 6-year-old Ruth Wick, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. B. E. Wick. Barrow halted the girl on her way home from school and persuaded her to accompany him to an abandoned shed where he made his assault upon her. He was apprehended in the city later in the evening and after being placed in the county jail admitted his guilt.

He made no attempt to deny his crime upon being arrested in court. He entered a plea of guilty and after ascertaining the maximum sentence for the crime Judge Hamilton pronounced life imprisonment as the penalty for Barrow's crime. Barrow had served a term in the penitentiary previously. He was arrested in June 1929 in Portland for the crime of burglary and was sentenced to serve two years but was confined for only a few months. During the past few months he has been living with his mother near Willmar, being employed in a saw-mill there.

Man Arrested Here by Sheriff Charged With Grand Larceny

Charles Russell who, according to Sheriff O. D. Bower, is wanted at Fort Orchard, Wash., on a grand larceny charge, was arrested downtown Saturday night by Deputy Sheriff Le Morelock and an operative of the Burns detective agency and is at present held in the county jail.

No details concerning Russell have as yet been learned by local officers, Sheriff Bower said. The prisoner will be returned to Wash- ington as soon as Port Orchard officials can secure extradition papers, it was stated.

Jail at Roseburg To Be Improved

Roseburg, Or., Feb. 22.—Plans for the improvement of the county jail at a nominal expense will be proposed to the county court by Sheriff Sam Starmer. At the present time the jail is in fearfully bad condition, dark, unsanitary, dirty and poorly ventilated, and has been condemned by practically every grand jury for the past ten years. All the light that reaches the cage where the prisoners are kept, comes from three small, heavily barred windows, about eight feet from the floor, and from one old style car- bon light hung outside of the cell.

There filters into the main cell enough light to enable one to dis- tinguish large objects and that is all. To write a letter or read in the cell is impossible without a severe eyestrain. As a consequence it is impossible to keep the jail clean and for an officer to go into the cell is a great risk, as he is unable to see the occupants after going in from the outdoors. An officer scarcely ever goes into the jail un- less accompanied by another person.

Oregon Products Are Gaining Hold In South, Report

Eugene, Or., Feb. 22.—Oregon products are gradually gaining a foothold in California, according to J. O. Holt, manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers association and sales manager of the Oregon Co-operative Grocers, who has just returned from a business trip to that state.

Oregon canned vegetables, especially beets and string beans packed at the Eugene plant, have been sold in large quantities in California, during the past year or two says Mr. Holt, and some Oregon prunes are being sold in that territory.

Telephone Company Won't Reduce Force

Replying to the request of the public service commission that no action be taken toward a reduction of their working force before March 1, by which time it is expected that the new rate order will have been handed down, the Pacific Telephone & Telegram company in a letter received by the commission this morning give assurance that the wishes of the commission in this matter will be respected and that no final disposition of its forces will be made until before February 28.

Getting only one bid for street paving at Dallas, and that considered too high, it is possible the project will be entirely abandoned this year.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY
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Start The Day Right by eating food that will not clog digestion.

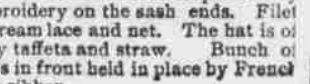
Grape-Nuts is ideal for breakfast Full of real sustain- ing nourishment and easily digestible.

"There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY
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JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY



Joseph delights in the unusual as he offers this lovely variant of the Directoire gown. It is of gray crepe de chine bound in rose crepe. Heavy embroidery on the ash ends. Filled with cream lace and net. The hat is of gray taffeta and straw. Bunch of roses in front held in place by French blue ribbon.



Benny Badger stood and watched him as he looked off across the moonlit plain.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF BENNY BADGER BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Strange Partners whole life. He shook his head in Mr. Coyote's plan for helping his most obstinate fashion, giving him catch Ground Squirrels did not please Benny Badger in the least. Up to that time he had always had fair luck hunting alone. And he said as much to Mr. Coyote, in none too friendly a tone.

Though Benny thought he had made his feelings plain enough, it seemed as if Mr. Coyote couldn't take a hint. So far was he from guessing that he even suggested that it might be a good idea if he brought a half dozen of his brothers along with him. He was very cheerful about the whole affair—was Mr. Coyote. Indeed, he appeared quite ready to arrange Benny Badger's business, without ever a "By your leave," or "If you don't mind."

But Benny Badger was no person to stand quietly by and let a scamp like Mr. Coyote spoil his

every night would be had enough. But it was so much better than having seven of them that he began to feel almost pleased. Per- haps he was lucky, after all! And besides, he thought that when Mr. Coyote came to help him catch Ground Squirrels that good-for- nothing scamp would soon tire of digging.

Benny Badger's only comment sounded somewhat like "Humph!" But Mr. Coyote must have thought that Benny agreed with him. At least, he nodded his head. And he went on to say that he would be glad to help Benny alone, with out calling on his brothers.

Benny Badger made no further objection. To be sure, having one of the Coyote family with him every night would be had enough. But it was so much better than having seven of them that he began to feel almost pleased. Per- haps he was lucky, after all! And besides, he thought that when Mr. Coyote came to help him catch Ground Squirrels that good-for- nothing scamp would soon tire of digging.

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