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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.

PARAGRAPHS

By Robert Quinlan

The Far Eastern problem is largely one of keeping the best of China for guests.

* * *

Peace may not be assured, but we have peace treaties that pass understanding.

* * *

The poor in Europe may not know who's who in America, but they know who's Hoover.

* * *

Now if Lloyd George wants a man's size job, let's see him pacify the Irish in New York.

* * *

Another little need of the times is something to get the bonds of matrimony back up to par.

* * *

When the world's arms are cast into the sea, we trust the jingoes will stand by their guns.

* * *

Well, when the ships are scrapped we can salute visiting royalty by waving a plowshare 21 times.

* * *

There are still hot-heads in the navies but a sinking spell will lower their temperatures.

* * *

The smart young man usually succeeds after he outgrows the habit of being too darned smart.

* * *

Every child comes into the world endowed with liberty, opportunity, and a share of the war debt.

* * *

The opening number of this season's concert of the Powers will be "Blest be the tie that binds."

* * *

Politicians should remember that it is the wagon tongue that pulls the load, not the waggin' tongue.

* * *

An enthusiast says Russia is "a lens for the closer study of democracy." He probably means a pestilens.

When you talk to the haughty clerk in the outer office you are almost afraid to ask for his "superior."

* * *

In a small town, nothing so excites the neighbors as the receipt by one of them of a special delivery letter.

* * *

And the reason parents think it their duty to whip children is because they are big enough to get away with it.

* * *

After they accumulate a nice little national debt, the Irish will begin to wonder why it is called a "free" state.

* * *

And so the magazines are hungry for humor. What about the "First Class" stamped on some of the manuscripts they receive?

* * *

It's a queer system that provides marines to guard the mail cars from robbers and leaves passengers to take a chance at the ticket window.

* * *

When the restaurant orchestra plays, you can't tell whether that sound is made by the saxaphone or the man at the next table eating soup.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

GOOD INTENTIONS

I know not what my neighbors say as I pursue my plan, and undisturbed I go my way, and do the best I can. I know that no man is so wise, so virtuous or grand, that he will not by carping guys be criticized and panned. And so I strive to do what's right, and care no whoop or hoot if what I do stirs up the spite of any cheap galoot. I used to worry when I heard how men had roasted me; my heart, by dire emotions stirred, was gloomy as could be; and I would sadly wonder why applause I could not gain from Joseph Hicks or Henry Spry, or Archer P. McLane. The years slip by as years will slide when they're not fastened down; age came, and I no longer tried to please the whole blamed town. Men's words no longer jarred my nerves. I said, "I know my worth; if other guys don't like my curves let them fall off the earth. If I do what is right and just as down the world I go, it cuts no grass if I am cussed by all the skates I know. Oh, my intentions are the best a man can peck around, and taunt and jeer and gibe and jest are only empty sound." I care not what my neighbors say about the things I do as calmly I pursue my way, with righteousness in view.

Model hen houses, designed to be used in suburban districts where a limited amount of ground is available, are being constructed by disabled soldiers at Ore-

PROPOSED INCREASE IN SUGAR TAX

The present consumption of sugar in the United States is about 4,500,000 tons of raw sugar, refined and manufactured into the various forms that best suit the public's taste for this healthful and economical food.

Of the total amount consumed, the United States produces in the aggregate about 2,000,000 tons, leaving 2,500,000 tons to be imported. This quantity in former years practically all came from Cuba.

The tariff of $1.60 a hundred pounds on Cuban sugar which it is now proposed to make permanent, means a tax of $162,000,000 annually on the sugar consumed in this country.

Of this $162,000,000 tax, $90,000,000 is paid to the government as duty on Cuban sugar, and then paid by the American consumer as a part of the price of the sugar you use in your coffee or eat in your candy.

The balance, or $72,000,000, is in reality a more direct tax which the consumer pays to the domestic sugar producer.

These are figures put out by those opposed to a higher tariff on Cuban sugar, but they seem to be uncontradicted, and as the conclusions which must be drawn from consideration of them.

There is ample room for the sugar industries of both Cuba and the United States and for the legitimate expansion of both. A differential of approximately one cent a pound—the previous tariff rate—is amply sufficient to cover any disparity between the cost of production in the respective countries.

It is also a well known fact that legitimate domestic beet sugar industries have prospered under the recent tariff schedule. The United States tariff commission in its Tariff Information Survey on Sugar for 1921, shows, at page 31, that only a small proportion of the beet sugar industry of the United States is dependent upon the tariff. The commission says:

> "Taking the industry as a whole, roughly speaking about twenty per cent of the output is dependent upon the tariff."

It follows, then, that the principal result of this tax of $162,000,000 on the sugar consumption of this country is in reality to provide a subsidy for the domestic beet sugar industry.

THRIFT COMING TO AMERICA

The past week has been devoted by many educational institutions and agencies to the inculcation of the principles of thrift. "Thrift week" has now become a regular institution, and its observance should have a salutary effect, especially upon the younger classes of our population.

Having been for a long time the most reckless spendthrift of all nations, there are indications that the United States is definitely headed away from evil reputation in this regard and may become as noted for thrift as hitherto notorious for extravagance.

In all municipalities sentiment today, more characteristically than ever before, is against expenditure of the taxpayers' money for any but the most essential purposes, the public health and safety. Convenience, even, must await more favorable days for support.

Businesses that not long since were limiting their profits only by an easy conscience, and making their enlargements with assurance of expectation free as the unclouded sky, are studying the science of salesmanship and calling in experts upon costs and management.

The throwing away of money by individuals is a thing of the past. People are buying more carefully, counting the pennies, and paying serious attention to the pocketbook and its problems.

Even extravagant ideas, of all sorts, have come into disrepute. Conservatism, prudence, moderation, thought for things practical rather than sentimental, whether the dealing is with matters of foreign policy, the workings of the government, commercial operations, finance, social arrangements, or so small a concern of life as the selection of a bathroom mat, are moving into the mood and manner of American life with a momentum visible upon all sides and with a wealth of promise for developments of permanent value in the future.

The progress is rather painful and occasionally humiliating, but none the less beneficial for all that. We needed it, and deserved punishment.

RADICAL MORAL LEGISLATION

A Washington correspondent discusses Clarence True Wilson's pending bill for sending a man to jail or penalizing a newspaper for any word tending to influence another to gamble through a somewhat novel line of thought. He says that whether it is right to do evil that good may come has been a point much in dispute since the first man said "Let's argue about something." That evil may result from doing good is not so well understood, but it sometimes happens. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that all gambling is an evil, and that betting, whether upon a card game, horse race, baseball contest, or the weather, is gambling, it emphatically does not follow that any means for preventing gambling is necessarily a good means.

A fly is a pest. It can be killed with a blow of a hatchet. If fly is on man's head and hatchet crushes fly and incidentally destroys man, act of destruction is hardly to be commended as good because fly is exterminated!

To prevent gambling by suppressing all news of gambling, or contests upon which wagers could be made, may or may not accomplish the result expected by the framers of the Sterling bill, now before congress. But it is certain that the bill, should it pass, would seriously interfere with the liberty of the press, guaranteed in the constitution, and the main bulwark free America has against oppression and autocracy.

Let us kill our flies, by all means—but not by destroying life blood of American consciousness, the daily press.

> The limitation of armaments conference has already accomplished enough to justify President Harding in calling it. It has made substantial progress and attained very definite results, without destroying our historic policy of non-interference and non-entanglement.—Pendleton Tribune.

That would be splendid if the conclusion was logical. When a league of all the nations of the world to preserve peace was a dangerous entanglement, how can a treaty of alliance with only three foreign nations, barring all the other peoples of the world from participation, be held to eliminate the danger of foreign entanglements?

The inventor of the first automobile is dead. As early as 1878, George B. Selden made the first gasoline-driven engine, and the principles he worked out were essentially those afterward developed by so many manufacturers. Mr. Selden was ed his ideas, among them being Mr. Ford, and in the end did not reap any great returns from his invention. It often turns out that way.

> A "religoius census," whatever that is, was taken in Eugene Sunday and The Guard says it "took only three hours." We should think that was an hour and a half too long to corral all the religious in Eugene.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Wrong again. It required full three hours to count the names in the city directory.

One of our most conscientious state editors expresses doubt as to the ability of Oregon newspapermen always to live up strictly to the code of ethics recently adopted. He holds that editors are human and, therefore, subject to the usual frailties of humanity—a point well taken, although some persons will not admit that editors are human, especially when they start out to get somebody's scalp.

The new postmaster general is named Work. If he is rightly labeled it is in order to wish for him a longer tenure of office than his predecessor.

The president of Harvard is opposed to intercollegiate football. Probably an indication of the growth of world peace sentiment.

"THE LOVE PENDULUM"

By MARION RUBICAM

Chapter 63.

We read the letter again as though that would make any difference. Mrs. Taylor was annoyed. She was in complete control of Win's money and we had to please her.

"We simply have to get out of debt this summer," I answered.

"But how? It must be thousands we owe! I'd better borrow from someone and pay mother, then she'll give me enough to buy a share in the firm. Then I'll pay back—"

"Win," I pleaded. "Please don't. Aunt Harriet would make sarcastic remarks again—"

"I've no intention of borrowing from your family," Winthrop began with dignity. "I'll borrow from Gwendolyn, she's offered—"

I turned then, angrier than ever I had been in my life.

"That is one thing you will not do," I cried. "If you do—I'll—I'll leave you. She just wants to get—"

"Oh, all right. Don't blaze away like that. I'm hen-pecked by my mother, I might as well be by my wife, too."

That cut, and it wasn't true. It was the first time that my will had come into direct conflict with this, that his had not won. I had always given in—and would continue to do so, up to this point.

I made myself stay calm, and after a little I began cheerfully.

"Win, dear, here's my plan. We only owe $5,000 or so. Let's sublet the apartment? We can do that for enough to cover our rent on it and a little over. We'll sell my car, that will help, and will cut down expenses. We neither of us need clothes. We'll go to the country, somewhere within commuting distance of the city, and hire a little house. If we go out to real country we can hire one cheaply. I'll do the housework. We can live on almost nothing, and put away every cent towards paying your mother. Let's do it?"

Win was silent, standing there by the desk, his brows drawn up in a scowl as he looked down at the open letter before him. I went up and slipped my arm through his, pressing my cheek against his coat sleeve.

"Oh, all right. I suppose we'll have to," he growled.

"Please, if we have to, let's make the best of it cheerfully."

"I'll make the best of it, but I'll be—I won't be cheerful."

He jerked his arm from mine and went out of the room. And all the joy went out of my summer.

I had pictured it, for those few minutes, as being a little honeymoon repeated, in a place like my dear white house in Wellsville. I pictured the black and silver evenings, and the fragrant air, the heavenly peace and calm of it. Perhaps Win, separated from this roaring nerve-wearing city would also quiet down and be more his old self.

This tiny hope persisted while I made the rounds of real estate offices and answered ads in papers. Otherwise it was a joyless task, for Win refused to have anything to do with it or even to choose one from the three or four possible places.

Eventually I decided on a little house in Connecticut, an hour on an express and 15 minutes on the trolley from the station. The house was beyond the little town, in open, rolling country, it was very tiny, but rather charming. I went out to see it, made notes of things to send to it, and hired a man to dig and plant a garden for us.

And all the rest of the time, I lived in expectation of this quiet home. I was so tired I was beginning to feel ill again. My strength had never come entirely back to me and the winter had been mentally and physically hard on me.

"For heaven's sake, if we're going to bury ourselves alive this summer, let's live in the meantime," Win said one night.

I thought possibly if we went enough he might tire. He might at least find the country restful for awhile.

So we rushed around more madly than before. One night Win lost $100 playing poker, and laughed joyfully when I won back $25 of it.

I gave little dinner parties twice a week, arranging to have half a dozen people so my cook could handle it, buying expensive delicacies and going extravagantly into flowers for decorations, because our place, after all, was small. The rest of the time, we dined out, we danced, we went to the new shows, we made the rounds of roadhouses, we threw away our time and our money.

"You've got your picture in this week's 'Town Events,'" he said once coming joyfully into my room. "Look here. 'One of our prettiest young matrons, who is entertaining lavishly this winter.'"

"Does that sort of thing please you?" I asked. The paper was devoted mostly to gossip and usually rather vicious gossip.

"Well, aren't you one of the prettiest women in the city? You are when you dress up and smile, and don't look cross and sleepy by ten every night." He leaned over and kissed my cheek lightly.

That was my reward for nights of silly frivolity, for talking to people I didn't like about things that didn't interest me. I gave a little sigh, took a cigarette and lit it, not thinking what I was doing, and began reading the very magazine I hated. Without knowing it, I was being absorbed in the life I was fighting against, beginning to tolerate it, accept it. I wondered whether I would ever come to the place where I even liked it?

(Monday—The Change)

WARNER MEETS STANFORD MEN

Stanford University, Cal., Jan. 21—Glenn Warner, famous Pittsburgh football coach, was scheduled to meet representatives of Stanford University tonight to discuss an offer made to him that he become coach at Stanford at the conclusion of his Pittsburgh contract which now has two years to run.

IN JAIL OR MONTHS HE REFUSES TO DIVULGE NAME OF MYSTERIOUS WOMAN: Clarence Loud, shoe salesman of Melrose, Mass., who is in jail for the murder of Patrolman James Preston, of the Wakefield, Mass., police department on April 9th last, still refuses to divulge the identity of the mysterious woman who was with him. Loud is a married man and has two young sons. He is popular in Boston social and fraternal life and his friends are raising funds for

In Our School

By PAUL WEST

Sattiday.

No school—no kick!

Ex Brigham was ketched halling Lilue Grimes on her sled down by the library this fournoon. Ex says it aint so, he aint Lilies feller, and was just halling her becawse she ast him to. Lile says all rite, if he is ashaimed of being her feller he needent. Thay is plenty moar.

Bull Hickey maid a snow man in his back yard yesterday afternoon, and forgot awl abowt it. Last nite in the dark his father cent him out to the woodshed and Bull seen the snow man and thought that it was a goat, falling over backward and cutting his head qwite sum. How foolish.

Evverybody Come.

Big Band of Hoap meeting at Baptist church tonite. Evvery feller that cums has got to sine the pledge never to smok or use intexiting likker or drink anny rum, whitch is a verry good thing. Besides, they will be ice cream and things. Fatty Bellowes says he would sine a pledge nevver the breath if he could get ice creme free with it.

Man arrested down viiiidge this afternoon and all the fellers follered him to the lockup, ownly to be disappointed, becawse he terned out to be nuthing but Gimpy Donogue's brother, who was walking with him and not getting arrested at all. And while the crowd was waiting all this time they was a verry fine fite up street whitch mite of bin enjoyed.

A Mene Trick.

Fatty Bellowes, Bull Hickey, Bogert and Phil Wigglesworth swiped a bottle of pills offen old man Higby's drug stoar man's counter this afternoon and ete them. Then old man Higby found it out the pills was poisen, and what had swiped them had better come back and get sumthing to kepe the poisen from killing them or thay would die they had. So Fatty and the rest of the fellers went back and confessed they swiped the pills, and Higby give them sum of the nassetlest medicine they evver tasted, and when they tould their muthers about it moast of them got licked besides. If that aint won of the moast unjust things that evver happened. But ole man Higby will be sorry becawse nun of the fellers will evver buy anny moar likkerish offen him, going to the uther drug stoar insted, and when he wants anny feller to go in Babcock's pond next summer and catch leeches by letting them stick to him he will be sorrey.

Tonite's the Nite.

Tub nite as usual tonite.

Even Saturdays they cant lets fellers alone.

YEAR SUCCESSFUL ONE, SAYS WARDEN

Belief that more progress in game protection and propagation has been experienced since the last regular session of the legislature when the commercial and game interests were separated, is expressed by State Game Warden Burghduff, in his annual report filed this week with the state fish and game commission.

That the office of the state game warden has been a financial success is shown by the fact that the expenditures during the year ending November 30, 1921, were $219,547.31, while the receipts for the same period were $274,903.60, leaving a profit of $55,356.29. To this later sum may be added a balance from the previous year of $25,131.84, which brings the total balance on hand to $80,488.13.

655 Arrests Are Made

One of the most interesting features of the report is the table of statistics showing the arrests made by wardens for violation of the fish and game laws. For the year there were 605 arrests for game law violations and 50 for fish law violations. Of this total number of 655, 92 were acquitted and 54 were continued for sentence. The total amount of fines collected was $18,780. Suspended fines totaled $850 and after each county had taken its half of the fines collected as permited by law, the commission was entitled to $8784. Of this amount $4013.60 has been received and $4750.40 remains due.

There were 3694 game birds liberated by the commission and there are now on hand 1194 in the Corvallis farm and 2056 on the Eugene farm.

One of the activities of the commission during the past year was the salvaging of fish from the Columbia river sloughs and the liberating of them in other waters of the state. The salvaged fish were as follows: 63,050 bass, 61,250 catfish, 195,526 croppies, 200 shad or a total of all varieties of 320,026. Most of these fish were released into Columbia slough proper, and the others were shipped to rivers and lakes over the state.

$1720 Paid in Bounties

Bounties for the year amounted to a total of $1720. Of this sum $1260 was paid for the killing of 84 cougars and the remainder was paid for 23 wolves.

The figures on thout eggs taken during the year are as follows:

Trout—	Eggs taken	Eggs lost	Eggs shipped
Rainbow	12,718,150	2,815,780	9,80[illegible]
E. Brook	5,724,500	370,200	5,35[illegible]
Blk. Spot	1,287,474	372,306	91[illegible]
Steelhead (Rogue river)	470,900	33,800	43[illegible]
Total	20,201,024	3,628,086	16,57[illegible]

The total rainbow fry hatched and planted in the various stations in the year were as follows: Crescent, Oak and Davis, 400,000, all of which were planted; McKenzie, 2,061,000 and there with 444,300 on hand from 1920 were planted; Rock Creek, no fry were hatched but 125,531 were planted; Klamath, 2,507,000 were hatched and 2,15[illegible] were planted; Bingham Springs, 735,[illegible] were hatched and the entire number planted; Hood River, 222,650 were hatched and 173,000 planted; Tumalo, 675,620 were hatched and 295,000 planted; Santiam, 618,000 hatched and 4[illegible],000 planted; Butte Falls, 335,915 hatched and 404,168 planted.

Eastern Brook Planted

Eastern brook trout hatched and planted in various streams were as follows: Tumalo, 2,830,000 fry hatched and 1,041,000 planted; McKenzie, 1,80[illegible] hatched and 1,704,500 planted; Union, 489,356 hatched and 425,240 planted.

Black spotted trout hatched and planted in various streams were as follows: Butte Falls, 268,932 hatched and 2[illegible],000 planted; McKenzie, 607,300 hatched and 333,200 planted; Gales Creek, 20,000 planted and Union, 1000 planted.

Rogue River steelheads hatched and planted are as follows: Butte Falls, 400,473 hatched and 357,000 planted; Squaw Lake, 25,000 hatched and the same number planted.

9,784,664 Trout Released

A total of 9,784,664 trout were liberated in the various sections of the state. Of this number there were 5,4[illegible],724 rainbows, 3,170,740 eastern brook, 783,200 black spotted and 382,000 steelheads.

TO BUILD TUBE PLANT

New York, Jan. 20.—The Dow Jones Financial News agency today received the following report from Chicago: "It is said in steel circles the National Tube company, a United States Steel subsidiary, has completed plans for building one of the largest tubular products plants in the country at Gary, Ind., with a capacity of 300,000 tons annually."

The Boys and Girls Guard

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS — HUMOR PLAY WORK

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IN THE PIRATES' CAVE

HERB WOODS TELLS A DECTECTIVE STORY

"This is a kind of gruesome story, maybe," began Herb Woods as he rose from his soap box and addressed the five Pirates seated before him in the Cave, "but maybe that makes it all the better. Uncle Jack—I guess you know Uncle Jack is a detective—told me the story when he came to visit at my place last week.

"Eighteen years ago this winter a man—a butcher he was; worked in the Chicago stockyards—reported to the police in Chicago that his wife had disappeared. Didn't know where she'd gone. He had come home from his work one night and she wasn't there. He wanted the police to find her.

Detectives Get Busy

"Of course an investigation was started immediately. Detectives put the man through a lot of questions. He told them nothing. They talked with his neighbors. No one had seen the woman leave her house on the day she disappeared. They knew nothing of her. There were no clews as to her whereabouts. The police figured they were stumped.

"For eleven weeks the matter slid along with no developments. Then, some one reported to the police that the butcher had married again. This made the detectives suspicious. If the man married so soon after his wife's disappearance, wouldn't it be possible that he himself had done away with her because he disliked her? This was a straw for the detectives to take hold of. Something to work on.

"So they renewed their efforts to find a clew. They visited the butcher's home again. They questioned him. They looked over the premises.

The Clew in the Barn

"In an old barn in the rear of the house one of the detectives noticed some spots of blood on the floor. 'How do those come to be here?' he asked the butcher. 'Oh, I shot a dog a couple of months ago,' the man answered. 'Shot him here in the barn.'

"But that didn't satisfy the detectives. And when one of them found a bone of a human body in one corner of the back yard—a bone charred black from burning—the police were convinced the butcher had done away with his wife himself. A charred bone, fellers." Herb paused to note the effect this statement had upon his five listeners. They were wrapped in interest, and leaning forward on their soap boxes. Herb continued. "So they arrested the man and put him in jail, but he insisted he was innocent.

"Well, a few days later one of the Nicholas Hunt, and he's got a detective agency in Chicago now, he was told by one of the neighbors that the butcher had a sister living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who had a lot of influence over him. Mr. Hunt decided to go after this sister, bring her to the jail and have her get her brother to make a confession.

"The sister came. She went to her brother. She got him to confess. And what do you think he told her?" No one said anything, so Herb answered his own question.

The Butcher's Confession

"He said he had killed his wife. Used a butcher knife and a hatchet. Told where both these weapons could be found that minute in the basement of his home. Then he said he had burned the body in the range in his kitchen, and scattered the bones and ashes over his backyard." Again Herb paused and shuddered.

"Detectives dug up the backyard, had the dirt thawed out—this was in winter, remember—and then had the dirt sifted. More human bones were found. The man's story was true.

"He was hung."

Herb sat down. He had finished his detective story. Of the five listeners, only one spoke. It was Sam Finney. "Gosh," says he.

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

Change "boot" to "shoe" in three moves.

Answer to yesterday's: Paddle, pepper, cannon, cancel, public, pastel, pastel. Diagonals spell "Pencil."

Answer to to-day's: Boot, soot, shot, shoe.

"I'll show them," said the hen as she kicked the porcelain egg out of the nest. "They can't make a br—

ONE REEL YARNS

THE RED-HEADED MAN

Millicent's father had bought a new automobile and she was very proud when he let her drive it. Her father worked in the city and Millicent drove down to meet the train every evening.

Then her father took sick and during the weeks he was home she missed her regular evening trip to the station. She was glad, therefore, when one night he announced that a friend of his was coming out for dinner and that Millicent was to meet the train. He described his friend very carefully, saying that the outstanding thing about him was his red hair.

So Millicent went to meet the train. When it pulled into the station she suddenly discovered that she couldn't remember the man's name, so she watched the travelers very carefully as they alighted, to be sure of the man. He was nearly the last one off—a big, business-like man who answered the description—red hair and all.

Millicent went up to him. "How do you do, sir," she said pleasantly. "Father sent me to meet you. The car is right around the corner here." The man nodded and followed her. They climbed in, and off they started.

"Pretty out here, all right," said the man.

"It is," said Millicent. "I'm sorry father has decided to sell the house, but he is not strong enough to make the trip back and forth to the city, so that's why we want to move in. We have such a nice yard, too." And Millicent told enthusiastically about their house.

They stopped in front of the house and Millicent's father came out on the porch. The guest walked right up to him. "Well, Mr. Baker," he said, "I've about decided to take your house. Your daughter is quite a saleswoman."

Millicent stared. That wasn't her father's name at all.

"Look here," said the stranger, seeing their astonishment. "Aren't you the man the real estate agent sent me out to see?" When Millicent, who recovered first, said they hadn't put their house on the market yet, he chuckled. "Well," he said, "there seems to be some mix-up, but if this house is for sale I'm ready to talk business."

Millicent bought a new dress with her "commission."

Two Good Deeds

Friend of the Family: "And do you do a good deed every day, my boy?"

Scout: "Yes, I do. Yesterday I went to visit my aunt, and she was [illegible]. To-day I came home [illegible]