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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

PARAGRAPHS

By Robert Quillan

Our idea of a thorough jingo is one who holds that tax-paying is glorious.

• • •

The chip on the farmer's shoulder is probably a chip off the old agricultural bloc.

• • •

And so Europe can't understand our senate. Well, that appears to make it unanimous.

• • •

Free people are those who enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of people who are not free.

• • •

Few people are content with their lot. For that matter, few people are content with a lot.

• • •

Former doughboys will agree with the ordnance expert who says wars are not won by the big guns.

• • •

"My client's shining countenance," said the lawyer, "proves his innocence." "To me," said the judge, "it has the appearence of a moonshining countenance."

• • •

There is considerable bull about it, but it doesn't follow that China's open door is a matador.

• • •

Usually the truth will make you free; if it won't, you can always hire witnesses to lie for you.

• • •

Germany's contention is that she is unable to support France in the style in which she was razed.

• • •

It's a funny world; and a lot of people who don't pay their debts pretend to despise other thieves.

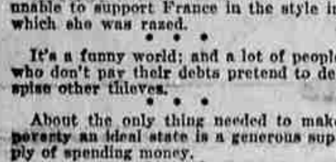
• • •

About the only thing needed to make poverty an ideal state is a generous supply of spending money.

• • •

Eventually all the great problems will be solved except that of hitting the fast ones that cut the inside corner.

• • •



Never hit a man who is down in the mouth, unless he's a dentist and it's your mouth.

• • •

There is no significance in the fact that a worm will turn. It never turns into anything more formidable than a worm.

• • •

With a Jap directing the railway, the Chinese in Shantung will have the inalienable right to watch the trains come in.

• • •

History will not forget that in the beginning of this new era of peace Germany was the first to sink her battleships.

• • •

Losses are hard to bear, but there is a certain grim satisfaction in deducting them when making out an income tax return.

• • •

There will be no more popular Southern songs until somebody finds a touching sentiment that will rhyme with boll weevil.

• • •

The wife who does all her work with a can-opener usually has a husband whose greatest problem is that of finding something to open a jackpot.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE WAY TO HEALTH

"I hope to live a hundred years," I heard James Grinstead say; "philosophers and foes and seers have pointed out the way. We eat too much, and what we eat is what we should eschew; we fill ourselves with pies and meat, and suet puddings, too. We drink too much of sweetened suds and tannin-poisoned tea; my diet now is leaves and buds, and bark of banyan trees." I said, "I think I'll stick to pie, and to the codfish ball; there are so many ways to die, we cannot dodge them all." I bought me then a gorgeous steak, and ate it down eftsoons, and finished with a noble cake all stuffed with nuts and prunes. James Grinstead watched me while I ate, and gnashed his beard and said, "By eating thus you're tempting fate; methinks you'll soon be dead. Oh, listen to the sage remarks of learned men, great and wise, and eat three pounds of roots and barks, and cut out all those pies." I told him all he had to say to me was sounding brass, and wearily he went his way, to eat some twigs and grass. Then from a roof afurlough high a ragged brickbat fell; his forehead caught it on the fly; he died without a yell. And still I eat the gaudy pie, nor care what may befall; there are so many ways to die, we cannot dodge them all.

A party of California cattle breeders, who arrived in Salem recently in quest of livestock to improve their herds, purchased 30 Jersey bulls, 6 registered Jersey cows and 1 Guerney bull.

THIRD PARTY MAY BE FORMIDABLE

The news comes from Chicago that the farmers' bloc in congress has developed into a separate political party. Prior to the 1924 presidential election, the bloc will content itself with endorsing candidates already in the field except in cases where candidates are not satisfactory, when an independent will be placed in the field.

Also it is expected that an industrial party will be formed this week, including the various labor groups, and it is the intention of the leaders of these new parties to get together, if not wholly, at least to the extent of co-operating where their interests do not conflict. Socialists will send delegates to the next conference of the farmers' party with the idea of coming into the new organization if the platform suits their ideas of government.

This activity in the interest of a new political alignment simply means that we are about to enter an era of intensive politics, something after the old Greenback and Populist party days. The great agricultural sections of the Middle West will be the storm center because wheat, corn and livestock markets are far below the level of other prices, and the producer is ripe for revolt against existing conditions. It would not be surprising if the next election of president would be thrown into congress by the failure of either of the old parties to secure a majority in the electoral college. The Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and probably Minnesota can be carried with ease by the new party should it be as thoroughly organized and energetically led as the old Populist and Greenback parties, and it is evident that the agriculturalists have learned a great deal about organization since those now almost-forgotten days when these parties came up almost spontaneously and disappeared as quickly. The eastern part of the country and most of the Pacific coast will quite likely remain republican and the South and border states return again to the democratic fold.

That kind of a line-up would mean very badly mixed results in the election, and the possibility that neither of the old parties will be able to control the electoral college. In the last presidential election efforts to organize a third party of any importance were begun too late and in the end nearly all those dissatisfied with the conditions voted the republican ticket. Beginning so early to prepare for the 1924 campaign probably means that the third party movement will be well organized and it has an especially strong appeal in low farm prices and the cutting of wages to pre-war levels in most of the great industries of the country.

There is in the lumber market no new indication of a sudden rush of buying, but nevertheless full confidence is felt in the outlook, according to the American Lumberman, of Chicago. Recently there have been some price recessions, most noticeable in Douglas fir. These reductions arose from conditions in California, where at the end of January the market was oversupplied, so efforts have been made to place stock on the Atlantic coast at a somewhat lower price. California business is improving and Japanese demand is once more on the increase, so it is generally believed that the drop in fir lumber prices is temporary, particularly as fir log prices remain firm. Another straw that shows which way the wind blows is the quickness of buyers in snapping up real bargains. There is always on offer some low priced stock that is not up to grade or is not worked to suit trade requirements, and despite price concessions it is hard to move it at any time. However, items worked to suit the requirements of purchasers are very quickly taken if concessions are made. Production is practically on the same scale as bookings in southern pine territory and upon the Pacific coast, production is now slightly in excess of orders; but in other regions orders considerably exceed production. An increase in production is needed to round out stocks, which in the main are poorly assorted.

We are going to get that ship subsidy treasury raid at last, it seems. For years the shipping trust has been trying to put it over, but always congressmen have not dared to pass it and face their constituents for re-election. Now, however, the pins are all set up, and the money that might go toward paying a bonus to the service men will be appropriated to swell the already swollen fortunes of multi-milionaires like the Fleischackers of San Francisco, who are now in Washington to get the shipping board's permission to form a $30,000,000 ship trust on the Pacific coast. Being on the inside of the politcal game just now is a soft snap, but you have to be pretty rich to get into the game, as the ante is high.

Always the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other. Here is the kind of a movie town an imaginative newspaper correspondent says Will Hays is planning to erect on Long Island:

> "Puritanic standards will prevail in the new movie village, according to the plans. Rough parties and wild orgies, such as are reported to have occurred at Hollywood, will be strictly taboo. One of the first buildings planned is a community church which residents of all religions may attend."

Those "sun-kist" oranges and similarly advertised California products come mighty near fracturing the laws against false advertising. The sun has not kissed anybody or anything in that state for months, and tourists are hunting ducks and seining smelt in the flooded parks of Los Angeles now.

The president and faculty of Princeton have issued a letter to parents of students in which they advance the opinion that an automobile is an "absolutely unnecessary adjunct to undergraduate success." Poor old fossils!

Two Dayton, Ohio, chemists have discovered a "tellurium" gasoline which will increase mileage by 100 per cent. But who cares? What the world wants is something that will make the old bus go twice as fast.

Those who understand Einstein's theory of relativity must be trying to keep it dark. They will test it out on "Ninety-Mile Beach" in Australia during a total eclipse of the sun next September.

Egypt has asked for complete independence, which will probably be granted about the time the sphinx starts to wrest the oratorical championship from Billy Bryan.

The Roseburg paper tells about a man who "was stabbed in the altercation and confined to a hospital for several weeks." Lucky at that it was not more serious.

Henry Ford believes in quantity production and has made it pay, but it is carrying the principle too far to apply it to paper money.

The surest way to suppress Mexican revolutions would no doubt be to begin on W. R. Hearst and his newspapers.

Cottage Grove is rapidly earning the distinction of being the Petaluma of Oregon. It is estimated that there are 100,000 chickens owned there and that the receipts from eggs during the past year were $300,000.

"THE LOVE PENDULUM"

By MARION RUBICAM

COLIN COMES.
Chapter 69.

In the end I was glad of Ella's tactlessness, for it broke down the barrier between us. She came more frequently, and there was a sincerity in our friendship now, that had been absent before. I felt I could trust her. So one day when she asked me suddenly why I no longer lived with Mrs. Taylor, why I had taken a place by myself, I told her.

"Somehow I can't stand her house. It makes me restless!" I said. "It's so full of useless things. I am always stepping over footstools, or tripping over rugs, or bumping into silly tables in the middle of the room. I love mother Taylor, but not her house."

"Yes, aren't houses stuffed full of things dreadful!" Ella agreed.

Once she told me of her own unhappy affair.

"Another woman, of course," she said bitterly. "I guess there's always another woman. Your found that out, too."

I fairly winced, but said nothing. Ella's affa'r had been serious, she gave me long details about it. Win's had not been that sort. Win had philandered about, flirted, played at an affection he did not feel for the other women, talked sentimental nonesense and held hands like a school boy—but there was none of this. Win was genuinely fascinated by Gwen, fascinated so that I had no longer any part in his life, but that was all. Ella's story was one of serious transgressions.

"So she came to me and asked me to give him up," she finished her story. "And I was so sorry for the poor stupid little thing, I did—besides, I was mad at him, and hurt. I wish I hadn't, now."

"But surely—you—would you want to marry him, knowing all that?" I asked in surprise. "If it went on before, it might—after."

"I guess all men are the same," Ella ended up. It was the calm, cold tone of complete disillusionment. "I know a lot about the people here, and I guess after all, he wasn't any worse than the rest of them. Now I'll be an old maid. In two years more I'll be a complete back number, no one will look at me. I'll have to begin doing charity work like the old maids in the town."

I sat silent.

"We all have our tragedies," I said finally. "If yours is not marrying, mine is in having married the wrong one. Though Win isn't at least, he isn't the wrong one for me. I—care a lot. He doesnt."

We had been drawn so closely together by her own confession that mine came naturally. Ella forgot herself and asked more about it.

I tried to go over it.

"It wasn't anything except—that we were always at opposite sides of every question that came up. I did not like the people he liked, he didn't like those I did. He liked people that talked as though they were very smart and well informed; and always I saw that they were shallow, that they managed to have a surface coating of cleverness when there was nothing beneath.

"I liked people who tried to make something of themselves, who were interested in things sincerely, and not because it was fashionable to be interested in just those things."

I watched to see whether she understood. She did not seem to.

"In other words, I like a simple life, and real friends and no show and pretense, and Win doesn't. He wants to be out every night, almost all night. He wants to see all the shows and dance, and waste money and sit about with people that are boringly tiresome. He liked—"

Ella interrupted with a brief laugh.

"I can't blame him, if that is all," she said. "After all, what did you want? You had everything. You were young and pretty and everyone was crazy about you. You had all the money you wanted, you could buy anything you liked, you could go anywhere you wanted to. You had a car, and a big home and beautiful furniture and fashionable dresses, and no work, and a lot of servants—"

Putting it that way, she gave me everything in the world and made me out a selfish little beast who sat down and cried because I had too much!

I wondered whether she was right! I always was trying to find excuses for putting myself in the wrong and going back to Win. If I could only be sure he cared I was more than willing to sacrifice my personal pride.

Meantime my great comfort was—that Colin was coming to spend the summer. He was to stay at mother Taylor's. I had arranged that with her, and she was to take back her old housekeeper.

I was ready to cry with joy when I drove down to the station in a hired car, and met him. Ellen was with him, and in her arms a very sleepy and cross little Connie—a poor little pale faced baby again.

We went to mother Taylor's for dinner, then I took Ellen and the baby home with me. After all, I was glad to have someone else under the roof with me. I had been alone so much. And Ellen seemed to like the idea of working for me in a little town for the summer. Connie fell asleep in the nursery, daintily fixed for her. Perhaps, I thought, in this way I should find a little happiness.

BOOST OREGON DAILY BULLETIN

Home Science Club
By Adelaide Martin

To keep you reminded of the Oregon Industries show, March 6, to March 11, 1922. Our slogan:

Know Oregon Products!
Use them!
Boost them!

A thought for today: Industry paws heavy taxes to make a greater state. Let us have more and larges industries.

F inancially speaking, it is
O nly common sense to
R esolve to buy and use

A ll Oregon made goods.

B ecause in the
E nd your money comes back
T o you. Do you realize
T hat home industries
E mploy our home people,
R ender it possible for

O ur farmer to sell his produce. Do you
R ealize that Oregon products
E xcell? Why look further when the
G oods that will satisfy are
O regon made. Buy here, build for a
N orthwest that is greater by building a better Oregon.

Consider the early history of Oregon, the perils and hardships of our grand old pioneer fathers. Did they not give to Oregon the best they had, did they not dream a greater state, a greater Oregon, was it not through personal sacrifice and loyal support that the foundation was laid for this great state of ours? Can we fail to support, fail to carry on any movement that will add to the welfare of our state that their dreams may be fulfilled? Oregon must grow, must strive to develop her every resource that their ideas of statehood may be enduring. Let the Oregon housewife who constitutes a most vital force in the buying public be the one to assume a great share of the responsibility. Learn Oregon labels, try the goods they stand for. Do you Mrs. Oregon Housewife realize that your demands control the dealers stock? By your persistent request for Oregon made goods you can create a home market for your Home Industries.

Learn Oregon Labels—nor does this apply only to your larder, there are Oregon labels for your wardrobe, for your housefurnishings, for your medicine closet, for your auto accessories, for your sport supplies and togs, and Oregon labels stand for quality and value in each and every article.

Oregon industries spend large sums each year in advertising and demonstrating their manufactured articles. An Oregon Industries Show represents a considerable expenditure of time and money and it puts before you in meritorious display the Oregon made articles. Fix their labels in your mind and be a booster for Oregon by buying Oregon labeled goods, put Oregon on the industrial map in place of vantage and then keep her there by persistent patronage of her industries. It is yours, Mrs. Oregon Housewife, to carry this purpose on.

Oregon Recipe.

Macaroni Croquettes: Cook one cup of Oregon made macaroni in boiling water 20 minutes, drain and chop. Make white sauce of 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon flour and milk. Add Oregon made macaroni and Oregon grated cheese and one grated onion to white sauce. Shape into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and rolled Oregon crackers and fry in deep fat. Serve with parsley, lemon and white sauce.—Mrs. R. C. Clark, Home Science club.

FINANCING THE FAIR

(Salem Capital Journal)

The "Oregon 1925 Exposition" writes to the Capital Journal upon letterheads of the "Atlantic and Pacific Highways and Electrical Exposition" requesting "a frank and unbiased expression on the best possible method of financing the exposition."

The Capital Journal is of course, highly flattered. Its fame in finance is probably due to the fact it has managed thus far to keep out of the sheriff's hands, which is some achievement in these piping times of republican prosperity and emergency tariffs.

The Capial Journal, like everybody else, feels very kindly towards the exposition if somebody else pays for it. And the bigger and grander and costlier the fair, the better. And to show that its heart is in the right place, the Capital Journal will not demand more than the usual number of passes—no matter how big the exposition becomes.

The Capital Journal suggests as a means to the end in view, that those mighty and mysterious powers which appointed Julius Meier Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Oregon to the crowned noodles of Europe, come through with the coin. Surely influences thus powerful and confident enough of maturing a still-born exposition to send an envoy abroad to herald it, will have no trouble in financing it.

The Capital Journal is also pleased to offer the suggestion that the energy now being wasted in trying to run the politics of the state be utilized, and that the K. K. K. and other brands of simon-pure "patriots" in the federation of secret societies be given a chance to prove their patriotism in a more useful manner. Any society that can sell a 50-cent nightgown for $11 ought to have no trouble in putting across a little thing like a fair; the unique system of night-riders, hooded faces at the window, and red-ink warnings, ought to get the money in short order.

Did the Capital Journal dare, it would suggest that those who will profit most by the exposition, and are promoting it with this end in view, put up a little mazuma, but it is plainly apparent that The Capital Journal has been consulted in order to help devise ways and means to avoid this very thing. Millions in taxes, but not one cent in subscriptions, seems the exposition motto.

The 1925 exposition is in the same class with the soldiers bonus, everybody wants it if the other fellow pays for it, and The Capital Journal suggests that the causes of the fair and the bonus be merged and left to President Harding to find a way to finance both without anyone having to pay.

CHIROPRACTIC

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Examination Free. **Phone 1364-R**

DR. GEO. A. SIMON
916 Willamette St., Upstairs

In Our School

By PAUL WEST

Tuesday.

And still SCHOOL!

Torp Stebbins was his usual lait self this morning, only a littel moar so. Torp said he was detained picking pussy willows down in the swamp for Miss Palmer, and he gaiv her some. It was noticed she did not lick Torp this time, which proves she must be veerry fond of pussy willows. Take a tip, fellers!

The Worst Is Feared.

Thay are no doubt Fatty Bellowes, one of our most prominent persons, are about to lose his mind. He come to school today and forgot his lunch! Miss Palmer said if Fatty'd left himself at hoam and sent his lunch she wouldent of been moar serprised. Andy Anderson is going to read Fatty's mind at recess and see what is the matter with it.

What Ailed Gen.

Gen Hicks presented a strainge appearence this moarning, havving her hare in two long brades which come way down so she could sit on them, looking like it must of growed something wonderful over night. Steve Hardy reached over and pulled one, and it come off, and Gen hollered, and Miss Palmer maid Steve bring the hare up to her. Then she ast Gen what was the matter, and Gen said she had borried a cupple of her aunt's switches which is staying at thare house. Miss Palmer read her a lesson on Vanity and give the hare back. Steve wanted to know why it wasent his, finding being keepings.

Andy Anderson and Bol Haynes ... to save up a lot of snow in Mister ... nes' barn loft and use it for ... next 4th of July dident werk ... barn being a littel too warm. ... now werking on a better scheme, ... is to get large fans and fan ... pond next summer verry hard, which ... maik it freeze up for skating.

School Notes.

If the person which hit Phil W... worth in the back of the neck ... geography will maik himself known ... will be much obliged to give him ... in the eye.

While Steve Hardy was to the ... doing drawing, somebody borried ... which was stuck under his desk ... retern and no qwestions ast.

Gen Hicks knows sumthing about ... sy Cook which will maik her cry ... say it to her. Gen will expose ... is for 1 cent in advance.

Evvery feller's dog is warned ... play with Walt White's Brutus ... he has flees. Brutus, not Walt ... all rite so fur.

If the person who steal Bol ... rithmetick so Bol couldent do his ... work will steal it agen Bol will be obliged.

Mr. Blenky Hammond, our ... jannitor, has shaived off his ... sine of spring sure. Hen Van ... Blinky prummised him the ... mattress and didént kepe his ...

OPEN FORUM

MERCER'S TALK PRAISED

Eugene, Ore., Sunday, Feb. 19, 1922.

To the Editor:—Because of anxiety to economize valuable newspaper space, the published report of the notable gathering of the River Road Women's club and invited guests at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Potter on last Thursday evening, contains no mention of the address delivered by Colonel Mercer in memory of George Washington. The address was characteristic of the colonel and abounded in scriptural and classic allusions and with touching pathos and tenderness he gave us a glimpse into the soul of Washington as he described that ... able patriot kneeling in secret pr... the mid-winter snows of Valley ... and, rising from his place of ... tion, his majestic form seemed ... the image of human freedom and ... nature waking in its might from ... slumber of the ages and shaking ... free from the dust of anti-quated ... tutions of British oppression and ... itself for combat in readiness to ... and to conquer. And as we depart... our homes there was not one of ... felt prouder of our native land ... the august figure of Washington ... over its beginning; not one of ... vowed it a tenderer love because ... coln poured out his blood for it; ... of us but felt our devotion for our ... try renewed and rekindled when ... membered how McKinley loved, ... and served it, showed in his life ... citizen should live, and in his last ... hour taught us how a gentleman ... die.

MRS. U. B. KLETZING
President River Road Women's C...

IRVIN COBB ILL

Boston, Feb. 20.—Irvin S. Cobb ... ted humorist, ill here at the ... Plaza hotel, is still in a dangerous ... tion, it was stated today. If no ... cations set in he will recover, ... said. Cobb was on a lecture tour ... taken ill.

The Boys and Girls Guard

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

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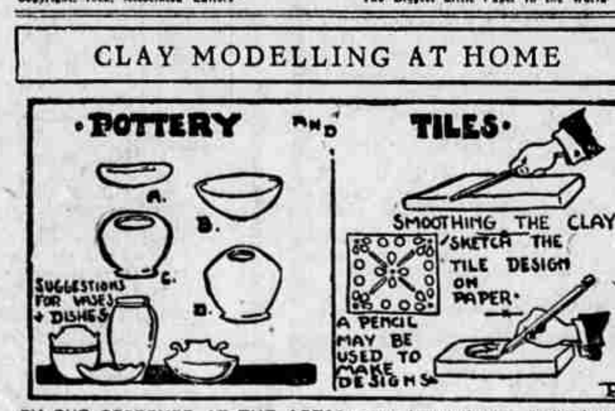
CLAY MODELLING AT HOME



BY OUR OBSERVER AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

The making of pottery is a process of building up. You start with a small lump of clay, flattened and rounded. This is "A" in our picture. By shaping it with your fingers the mass soon assumes a bowl-shape. (See "B.") With additions of clay and more shaping the object grows and finally is finished. When adding clay, be very careful to get the walls of the pottery of even thickness. If possible, work with one hand inside the object to serve as a brace.

Trim Object With Knife

Allow the pottery to dry. Then trim the edges and remove any lumps on the surface, using a sharp knife. Paint the object with your water colors. When the paint has dried, apply a coat of white shellac. This produces a glossy finish. Bee's wax rubbed on the painted object will produce a more artistic finish. The surface will be softer and smoother, and less glossy than when shellac is applied. Should bee's wax be used, coat the inside of the pottery several times with shellac to add to its strength.

This pottery will not hold water. If water must be put into the object place a container—a glass or tin can—inside.

Use of Tiles

Tiles may be used for a number of purposes. They make good ornaments for the mantel, and they are useful as paper-weights.

Smooth out a lump of clay on your modeling board. Press it to a thickness of one inch, and make it four inches square. A kitchen knife is a good tool with which to do this work. Make the top and sides of the tile very smooth.

The surface of the clay that now faces up is not the top, really, but the bottom of the tile. Slip your knife carefully under the clay and turn it over. The side which now faces up is the top and should be made very smooth.

Decide upon the design you wish to press into the soft clay. In planning the design remember that it may be pressed into the clay with the aid of buttons, seeds, ends of thread spools, and similar objects. A pencil, or the sharp end of a meat skewer, may also be used to draw lines of the design on the clay.

Making the Design

When the design has been chosen, sketch it carefully on a piece of paper. Gather together all the articles necessary to make the imprints on the clay, and then with the pencil design before you get busy. The clay should not be too wet when you press the design into it.

Allow the clay to dry after the design has been made, and then with a knife cut away the rough edges and correct errors.

You may finish the tile by painting it with water colors and coating it with white shellac. But if you wish a less glossy finish than the shiny surface furnished by the shellac, rub the painted tile with bee's wax. The tile should be painted all over, and not only the face and sides.

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

RODOBTY, ZINE, LLASTE, NADE, CEILARC, YNCAN, THRIENAKE.

Rearrange these letters so as to form girls' first names, and then make the first letters of the names spell the name of a famous English author.

Answer to yesterday's: "A penny saved is a penny earned." Begin with the second letter and take every other one.

ONE REEL YARNS

SISTER'S SHOES

"Where are my good shoes?" wailed Edna, as she got up from a search under the bed.

"Perhaps Little Sister has them on," suggested Mrs. Stevens, her mother. "She has taken a fancy lately to shoes. When I'm working she goes trotting and shuffling around in the kitchen in a pair of her father's slippers. She seems to have a lot of fun out of it."

Edna laughed. "She's such a funny Little Sister. She finds more queer ways of amusing herself."

There was a strange, shuffling noise down the hall. They both listened smiling. Then Little Sister came in, her face beaming as she looked down at Edna's best shoes, which she had slipped on over her own small shoes.

"Sister's shoes," she said. "I Sister's shoes."

Edna snatched her up, laughing, gave her a hug, and sat her down on the bed. "You'll have to let Sister have those shoes," she said, "but I'll get you another pair to play with."

"Sister's shoes," repeated Mrs. Stevens, thoughtfully. "How do you like having your sister in your shoes, Edna?"

Edna looked up. "In my shoes," she repeated. "I don't know."

"Those particular shoes have high heels," her mother went on. "I didn't like them when you got them. But because they are yours, Little Sister will think that is just the kind of shoes to have. She's always going to be trying to walk around in your shoes. Sometimes it seems a little funny, but it's really very serious. You must be careful what sort of shoes you wear."

"I see," said Edna. "You don't mean real shoes, exactly. I think I'll try to be careful about the sort of shoes I wear."