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TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

PARAGRAPHS

By Robert Quillan

Business can't get on its feet until businessmen get on their toes.

* * *

Whatever the world may give up during Lent, we hope it won't be the struggle.

* * *

Romance: "He married the rich girl and the gossips lived happily ever afterward."

* * *

The suckers may be born at the rate of one a minute, but they are shorn in gross lots.

* * *

Why blame Morse? When you turn a cat in a room where there's a fish, why blame the cat?

* * *

The roll of vamp victims indicates that the age of indiscretion is anything above sixty.

* * *

Getting rich quick would be rather pleasant if penitentiary life wasn't so darned confining.

* * *

Work diligently and be honorable, and when you are dead the world will ask: "How much did he leave?"

* * *

Let's see, how was it they explained business depression before the word "psychological" was invented?

* * *

A cynic is one who supposes that many crazy escape locking up because they are in the majority.

* * *

Even those "farmers" who have no acquaintance with real dirt will have before they get through with politics.

* * *

There seems to be a close affinity between a peal of laughter and a banana peel.

* * *

"Diners take the place of striking waiters."—Headline. It's nothing new. Diners are inured to waiting.

* * *

How trival world problems seem when we reflect that soon we shall hear the crack of the bat against a fast one.

* * *

'Twas ever thus. The Lord planted a garden in Eden, and it wasn't long before Adam noticed a chicken on the premises.

* * *

Advocates of the one-wife theory will be glad to learn that matrimony is no longer a harem-scarem business in Turkey.

* * *

A "financial wizard" is nothing remarkable. He simply offers something for nothing and lets Nature take its course.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE STREET.

My room is near the village street, too close to traffic maddening, and all night long I hear the feet of foolish people gadding. Hour after hour I hear their tread, their midnight vigils keeping; how people hate to go to bed and do some useful sleeping! I hear the tin cars climb the hill, a-honking and a-horning, and flappers' voices rising shrill, at 3:10 in the morning. We used to have our fun by day, by day we did our choring; when evening came we hit the hay and did some fancy snoring. If any man sent up a yawp that sleepers found disturbing, he'd run against the village cop, who'd slam him through the curbing. But weary people have no rights in this gray world of sorrow; they lie in bed awake o' nights, and long to greet the morrow. The young folks whoop beneath the stars, and yell and sing and clamor, and poisoned pups and Henry cars all help to swell the clamor. The midnight hour no comfort has, there's little chance for dreaming, for all the night is full of jazz and yips and flappers' screaming. And so the old folks yearn and weep for saintly night departed, when they could lay them down and sleep, and get up cheery hearted.

Unemployment Lessens; Building Boom Growing

Washington, March 20.—Two of the fundamental economic indicators—home building and employment—showed today that an economic revival is approaching more rapidly each month.

The department of labor and the department of commerce reported an increase in employment and house building plans of great magnitudes. More than 1,000,000 homes will be built this year, the commerce department estimates from reports from all parts of the country.

AESTHETIC DANCING
and Physical Education Demonstration, Eugene High School girls, New Armory, Friday evening. m22

Hemstitching, 8c yard. 1235 Mill street

Phone S. E. Stevens for Piano Tuning.

Showanda, the choice of the smoker.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANYWAY?

The world is not growing better very fast, or the newspapers select mainly the crime and horrors for display in their news columns. We cannot believe the newspapers would do anything like that, especially in Oregon, where a code of ethics recently adopted has been generally accepted and never violated, we are told. Good news of an uplift nature is always featured, the seamy side of life passed lightly, and sensationalism shunned like a quarantine flag. Probably nothing good or cheerful happened in the whole wide world Saturday, and that is why one of the most conservative of Portland's evening newspapers on that day displayed, in prominent type of varying sizes, the following news on its front page alone—we hadn't the heart to open it up and see what the inside pages contained:

"Woman Formerly Known As Perfect Model Takes Her Life With Poison."
"Floating Body Chained to Log."
"Taylor Murder Clue Is False."
"Report Jury Is Against Mrs. Obenchain—Los Angeles Says Nine Are for Conviction of Accused Woman, Three for Acquittal."
"Woman's Body Found in Slough."
"Tot's Death is Joke; Wife Kills Husband."
"Grand Jury to Act on Cotton Scandal."
"Three Hold-Ups Are Reported."
"Soldier Leaps from Balloon; Is Killed."
"Four Portlanders Hurt in Wreck."
"Man Killed as Auto Plunges from Road."
"Arbuckle Jury May Be Complete Today."
"Terrorists In Ireland Again Cause Deaths."
"Ex-Consul Faces U. S. War Charge."
"Liquor Seized Aboard Yacht of Millionaire."

It is unnecessary to state there was little room left on that particular front page for reports of church conventions, or even civic bodies intent on the betterment of business and social conditions.

And the big point at issue is whether it's the world or the newspapers which should be blamed for a page of Saturday evening reading like that one in this conservative Portland daily.

Or was it a deliberate attempt of the publisher to drive his readers to church and repentance on Sunday?

GOVERNMENT'S PEACE-TIME SAVINGS

"Owing to the vast destruction of capital in connection with the late European war, estimated at more than 300 billions of dollars, the necessity for saving is almost as impelling now as during that tremendously devastating period," is the statement of Theodore Hardee, of San Francisco, director of the government savings organization for the Twelfth Federal Reserve district.

Mr. Hardee goes on to say: "The appalling waste of economic resources in that great conflict echoed a summons to the world to bend its energies toward the re-accumulation of capital as rapidly as it can be saved. So far as the average American citizen is concerned, he will find no safer method of doing this than that now offered by the United States government."

The government has indicated that it fully recognizes the importance of continuing to encourage individuals to save a portion of their earnings for investment, especially in government securities. This because of the beneficial effect such a course is certain to have upon the financial conditions of the government, upon the prosperity of the country as a whole, and upon the individual welfare of its citizens. By offering uniformly in every section of the country an attractive and easy means of accumulating and investing money, through three denominations of Treasury Savings Certificates ($25, $100, $1,000), it is hoped to furnish an additional incentive for saving. At the same time, the experience of the last five years indicates that this effort on the part of the government will act also as a stiumlus to all legitimate savings activities now being conducted by private enterprise. What form of investment individual savings are to take is not of very great moment; but it is of vital consequence that the practice of accumulating savings becomes habitual to the people of the United States.

Wm. J. Bryan says, and nobody else could express it quite so clearly:

> "Take from man his belief in God and link him with the jungle and you have changed his philosophy. Everything in human life depends upon a belief in God. The time is coming when we are going to get back to a real belief in God and to a belief in His word."

Mr. Bryan is right in his prediction that people will return to the simple faith of their fathers, or the world will keep on going straight to ——, well, if there is nothing in orthodox religion nobody knows where we are headed, but it is apparent we are moving to the unknown destination with increasing velocity.

O. A. C. has added a course that should make education more attractive to the young people, that being the principal concern of educational leaders of today. They have duly authorized and legalized dinner dances at all clubs, sororities and dining halls connected with the institution, trusting that and jazz and jiu jitsu will increase the inclinations and capacity of students for acquiring knowledge—and incidentally attract more of the knowledge seeking youth of the state to the college campus.

The interstate commerce commission holds that news print rates from the East and Middle West are too high. We fully agree with this conclusion, which is all the more justified by the fact that the railroads have voluntarily reduced news print rates east-bound, in order to enable the Northwest print paper trust to ship its product into territory east of the Mississippi.

The new king of Egypt already has a rebellion on his hands, with no British soldiers to suppress it for him. It is just possible that the Egyptians, who earnestly desired freedom, were not yearning for a king, and especially one selected and crowned by their former masters before relinquishing their sway.

President Harding tells congress that he has no time to bother with the soldier bonus problem or any other trivial matter like that with the golfing season just opening. When our chief executive takes a stand on a vital issue, that settles it.

That telephone rehearing cost the state $20,000 or more. If the telephone company's heart was in the right place it would at least pay the expenses that the public service commission incurred in its behalf.

Fate is perverse. A Roseburg man drank a quart of wood alcohol with suicidal intent, and still lives.

"THE LOVE PENDULUM"

By MARION RUBICAM

QUARREL.

Chapter 93.

Naturally, I resented being asked whether I was jealous! I was all the more resentful because I was jealous, furiously so, and because I was furious at myself for being jealous.

"It wasn't very nice of you to tear them up," I said.

"It wasn't very nice of you to leave," he answered. "You were the one that left me, you know. I had all the cause in the world to be angry."

"I never wanted to leave, Win," I began. "You practically drove me into doing it."

"How very foolish of you." He turned, walking back into the living room, with me following.

"Besides, I never saw you anyway, even when I was living with you. You were always out. I only saw you when I went out on long tiresome parties."

He turned to face me, leaning against a table, his arms crossed, his velvet dressing gown still trailing its cord along the floor.

"You're just where you were a year ago," he said. "You have the same little prejudices, the same jealousies, the same stubborn way of looking at things.

"You went away and left me. Did you expect me to sit here and pine away? Now you come back and resent the fact that once in awhile you were living in your own way separate from mine. I went out and amused myself!"

"Winthrop! What a way to put it!"

I was hurt through and through. Win still had the power to hurt me awfully, one of the penalties of a great and sensitive love. I stood looking at him, wondering why I was in love with him when he could be so cruel and so unfair.

And yet, illogically, I was. It wasn't entirely because he was handsome, though he was one of the finest looking men I had ever seen. It wasn't because he was clever, though he had an amazing ability of picking things up quickly. Win suffered from a one-sided education, the limited education of a small town. He had developed enormously when he got away among new people and cleverer people. He had the instinct for seeing the best thing to imitate, and then to imitate it until it was natural to him.

Sometimes he went wrong. He was too easily led, too much impressed by superficial people. Sometimes he forgot and became unbearably rude—as he had done just now.

Then he would turn again, with that irresistable, winning manner that was nautral to him and that was his greatest charm.

He did it this time.

"It was an awful way to put it. I'm so sorry, Connie." He came over and put his arms around me again and I rested my head against his shoulder, half glad he had apologized, half angry because I was so easily appeased.

"We'll begin all over again," he said, his head bent over mine.

"We'll begin all over again," I echoed.

And for a few moments it seemed that we would. Win was wonderfully sweet and charming and I clung to him desperately, perhaps feeling that after all we weren't beginning all over!

"Now let's be sensible and come to some sort of agreement," Win said, his head still bent over mine.

"Yes," I answered, feeling that at last we were on the way to a definite settlement of our difficulties. I went over to the couch and sat down, sliding my gloves off as I sat there. Win resumed his place by the big table.

"Of course, since I've had a taste of bachelor life in a big city, you can't expect me to settle down suddenly as a married man," Win began. "I'll find it hard to give up my freedom—"

"I don't want you to give up your freedom. I'm surely not a jailor," I answered, stung again to resentment.

"No, but it is different. Even the rather odd position I occupied as a married man without a wife was forgotten in time. My new friends, never having met you, naturally could not be expected to remember you all the time. That is, I was taken along on my own merits. A single man is always useful, he can be asked to pay attention to the less attractive girls, and be nice to the old ladies, and—well, you know that unattached men always are a social asset."

"What a social snob you have become, Win." I cried suddenly. "Do you think all these people will drop you as soon as I appear again as your wife? Who are they, might I ask; these new friends?"

Win looked ashamed of his remark. He ran over a list of names.

"I'm sure that as far as I am concerned, you can run unattached with that crowd. I would not have anything to do with them." That was my answer, rudely worded because I was angry.

"What a social snob you have become, Connie," Win said slowly and deliberately, watching the effect of every word upon me.

Tomorrow—Separation.

In Our School

By PAUL WEST

TUESDAY.

When school opened this moarning Phil Wigglesworth was diskuvvered to be lait. When Phil showed up he sed it was cawse he had an earake and put cotton in his ears and couldent hear the bell. Miss Palmer excused him this time, but gaiv warning that anny feller that tride getting an ear ake after this would get sumthing else. Ex Brigham ast her what it was and she sed did Ex want her to show him? Ex sed no, he wasent so awful kewrious as all that.

MAIK SCHOOL PLEASSUNT.

Miss Palmer wants everybody to bring sumthing growing and put it in the room to maik school pleassunt. She is going to start with a jeranium. Bol Haynes wanted to know could he bring thare dog, which is growing faster than annything he ever seen, but she sed no, only plants and beawtiful flowers to maik us think of the feelds and gardins. It don't taik annythink like that to maik a feller think of the feelds and gardins these days, say we, & it would taik more than a lot of old flowers and things to maik the school room pleassunt.

POOR ANDY.

Thay are a new baby at Andy Anderson's howse, and now his bruther has got to sleap with Andy and he kicks sumthing horribul Andy says. Andy is thinking of leeving hoam and taking up his qwarters out in thare chikken coop, chikkens being mutch qwiter than his bruther, he says. Sevveral of the fellers ast thare muthers to let Andy come and live with them, but so fur thare hasent been anny wild demand for him.

BULL BEAT BOL.

Bol Haynes has lost his prowd position of being the wartiest feller in school. Bull Hickey has suddenly growed five moar on his left hand which maiks him have nineteen, beating Bol by two. Bol says he bets Bull has fownd sum early todes sumwhares, but Bull says he dident do nuthing to get the warts, he being just naturally blest with them.

GOSSUP.

Gen Hicks lost the last paige of her novvul, and cant studdy or anything, she not knowing wheather the hero got killed or not.

Walt White has got four robbins eggs which he will swap for a skwirrel's egg, he havving been told they are such things.

Lilac Grimes who has lost a front tooth has been aekting so qweer Miss Palmer ast her what she was twisting her tung round like that for, & Lilac sed she was trying to keep it out of whare the tooth was out so a gold tooth would grow in.

Doant forget to bring sum pritty plant or lovely flower to school tomorrer to make the room look cheerful!

PASSING THE BUCK

(Salem Capital Journal)

With the four-power pact, the most important measure of his administration affecting foreign policy, under attack in the senate, and the soldiers bonus bill, the most vital issue affecting domestic policy, pending in the house, President Harding has run away from his responsibilities, and is vacationing in fur away Florida.

While the senate is dissecting and debating and attacking the four-power treaty that determines whether or not the United States, having refused to join a big League of Nations, is going to join a little league of big nations, Mr. Harding is bekguiling himself with golf. While the house is in turmoil over the question of plunging of debt five billion dollars deeper in the quagmire of debt to give gratuities to healthy and able-bodied ex-service men, Mr. Harding is cruising care free amid the semi-tropic isles of the southern seas.

The president has "passed the buck" and left it to congress to determine the national and domestic policies—a congress that has so far failed to satisfactorily solve any of its problems and that has broken down as far as reconstruction legislation is concerned. Pledged to a world association of nations, the president has made no efffort to keep his pledge and permitted the senate to substitute a four-power alliance for a fifty-power treaty. Promising a bonus for campaign purposes, the president forced its withdrawal from congress. Then he conditionally favored it with a sales-tax to finance it. Now the house over the protest of the secretary of the treasury has devised a substitute whereby those who served the shortest time will get cash and others treasury certificates to mature after the next general election.

While the senate is milling around the Anglo-Jap-French-American alliance and the house muddling over the bonus, the president is enjoying himself far from the maddening crowd. Having "passed the buck," he is letting things drift—as they have since his election and are likely to do until the expiration of his term.

THE WORLD DO MOVE

London.—(United Press).—"Alarmed" and "Old Fashioned Woman" are writing to the papers again about the modern woman. A girl was best man at the wedding here of an air force officer and a war widow. Miss Elsie Jackson, of Kirkhead, Lincolnshire, has challenged Miss Joan Hutchinson, of East Learmouth, Northumberland, to decide the plowing championship of the two counties. Each is champion in her county.

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KU KLUX PERSONNEL.

(Oregon Voter.)

Pendleton Tribune thinks it has discovered the identity of the leading Ku Kluxers of Oregon, the "six very mediocre but ambitious officers" who "sit as the board of review upon candidates," naming them as:

"F. L. Gifford, an employe of the Northwest Electric Company, of Portland, Van Horn, in the traffic department of the Southern Pacific company, George Brandenburg, an employe of the J. K. Gill company, Quinn, an employe of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company, and John Hibbard, an employe of the J. K. Gill company. These are six; at times another lord high director sits in with the gang, a fellow named Pierce."

We have traced these identifications down as far as we can. Mr. Gifford, while not connected with Northwestern Electric Co. since last year, is undoubtedly the head of the Ku Klux Klan in Oregon. There is no Van Horn employed by the Southern Pacific. George Brandenburg is not connected with J. K. Gill Co., and we cannot identify him with the klan. The Mr. Quinn who is employed by the telephone company, while an active supporter of two candidates who have been prominently identified with the American Legion, is not a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Major John Hibbard, of the J. K. Gill Co., was one of the proposers of Gifford for election as an Elk; Gifford was blackballed because of his Klan connection; this may have led to identifying Hibbard with the Klan, an identification we are unable to verify. Pierce we have not been able to locate.

The great "hidden power," which control the elections in Oregon, is unrevealed. Except Gifford, we whether any of those named by Pen Tribune are in the real inner Oregon's "secret bosses."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Buenos Aires.—By Mail to the Press).—The old legal code that "an eye for an eye" was literally recently in connection with the murder of the governor of San Juan, Dr. Amable Jones, this case it was an "ear for an ear," lowing the murder it was discovered someone, apparently one of the had cut the lobe off of one of tim's ears, perhaps for a souvenir. eral days later a number of arrested charged with knowledge crime and thrown into jail. One supposed to be the actual murderer, was attacked while in jail "by unknown" and when found by keeper later the lobe of one had been neatly severed.

SMALLPOX DANGER LESSENS

Washington, March 20.—Less than terror of the name is left for pox, the census bureau announced Fatalities, due to smallpox are one per hundred thousand of the bureau declared on the basis of 1920 census. In 1900 the fatalities 6.6 per 100,000. Vaccination has the disease of its terrors, stated.

The Boys and Girls Guard

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors — The Biggest Little Paper in the World — Edited by John R. Min

ONE REEL YARNS

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

"Water!" yelled some one on the other side of the road. Eric picked up the bucket and hurried over. "Sorry to disturb your royal highness," said the man, with an elaborate bow, "but walkin' in the park makes me thirsty."

Eric flushed and said nothing. It was not the warm weather and the long hours that made the job of carrying water for the road gang hard for him. They all knew that he came of one of the best families in the town, and though many of them secretly felt admiration for his desire to make money for himself, they taunted him because he was not one of them.

His politeness irritated them. "Sir! Sir!" they mocked him. They called him absurd nicknames. Some of them even threw dirt in his water bucket when his back was turned.

Eric wiped his forehead. The air was sultry. He was tired out. "Water!" yelled a burly young fellow, not much older than Eric. Eric hurried over. He set down the pail. The young man edged toward it, then, with pretended awkwardness, lost his balance and stumbled against the pail. Eric grabbed it, but not before it was half spilt. It was a long way to the water supply. Eric calmly picked up the pail and upset it over his tormenter's head.

Work stopped, as the victim howled and stamped, pulling off the pail jammed over his head. Eric stood quietly by. "I'll show you," fumed the boy, once he was free. He took a step forward, but Eric, with unexpected swiftness, shot out a hard fist.

Eric stooped over and helped the bewildered fellow to his feet. "I beg your pardon for losing my temper," he said politely, and he quietly picked up his pail and walked off.

The men called him "the young gentleman" after that, but they meant it.

Peggy Plans A Party

Mrs. McGovern was having a surprise birthday party for the twins, and Peggy, who had been called in to help, being one of the "bunch," was having a hard time keeping the secret. She could hardly wait to see the twins' eyes almost pop out of their heads when they opened the

dining room door and saw the group of boys and girls and heard them sing out "Happy birthday!"

Peggy and Mrs. McGovern had long conferences in which they made their plans, and Peggy was sure she was having as good a time planning it as she would have when the party really happened.

"It's going to be the best party, Mother," said Peggy, as she came into the kitchen, where her mother was just starting dinner. "It's to be a 'bluebird for happiness' party, you know. There's going to be a basket full of pretty paper flowers in the center of the table, with bluebirds cut out and pasted around the basket and perched on the handle. And there'll be bluebird paper napkins. Then we're cutting some different kinds of birds out of some old wallpaper we dug up and mounting them on heavy paper. We'll suspend them on strings from the ceiling in the living room and dining room, and the rooms will look like they're full of flying birds."

"It sounds as though it would be lovely," said her mother, as she took another peek into the oven.

"We're going to play some new games, too," said Peggy. "There's 'bellman', for instance. It's different from the regular tag. Every one is blindfolded except the one who is 'it', and he wears a string of little bells around his neck. Then every one in the room tries to catch him. Who ever gets him is 'it'.

"Another game the bunch doesn't know is the 'hindrance race'. About half the people are sent out of the room. Then one of them is called back in and shown a row of upturned chairs, books and pillow, which he is told to observe carefully. Then he is blindfolded and told to walk across the room without stepping on any of the objects. As he starts, the things are quietly taken out of the way in front of him. It's so funny to see him hopping, and everybody yells 'Look out' and cheering him on. Then the bandage is taken off and he has to fool the next one."

"Birthdays are always good times for parties," her mother said. "I used to know what flowers and gems belong to each month, but I've forgotten."

"I have it in my memory book," said Peggy, and she ran to get it. She was back in a minute. "Here it is: 'January, snowdrop and garnet; February, primrose and amethyst; March, violet and bloodstone; April, lilly-of-the-valley and diamond; May, iris and emerald; June, rose and agate; July, poppy and ruby; August, sunflower and sardonyx; September, morning-glory and sapphire; October, goldenrod and opal; November, chrysanthemum and topaz, December, holly and turquoise'."

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

LISE, NEDE, NLEI, DSIA

Rearrange these groups to form proper words, then arrange the words so that they form a word square.

Answer to yesterday's: Brook, New Orleans.

The State of Affairs

Two soldiers went into a restaurant in the Near East and said to the waiter: "We want Turkey with Greece."

"Sorry," said the waiter. "We only have Serbia."

"Well, then, get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard the order. Then he said, "I don't want Russia, but you can't Roumania."

So the two soldiers went away with Hungary.

Freshie: "Mother, can a person live in parts of his body any place?"

Mother: "Why, John, what a funny question! Why do you ask?"

John: "Well, I heard my teacher say he was going to California for his lungs."

"I want to take out some insurance."

"Fire or life?"

"Both. I have a wooden leg."