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THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

PARAGRAPHS

By Robert Quillen

Plan for writing a modern comedy:
First furnish your bedroom.

The mist that hides the sunshine of
prosperity is the pessimist.

We fear the Irish Free State will be
of few days and full of trouble.

You can hear almost everything on
the radio except a Hollywood
party.

At this season of the year, comical
bliss is largely a matter of spring hats.

There is a general suspicion that hands
across the sea itch a little in the palms.



The poet who sings of "the shade
of night and the eloquent palm"
knows the great American porter all
right.

People seldom object to the length of
a sermon, however, if it has depth as
well.

Some marriages are happy, and some
people think two families can live in
the same house.

Another good way to expand the chest
is to carry a roll of long green in your
pant pockets.

Some men are no free of carnal nature
that they can't even work up an interest
in garden hose.

The mere fact that the driver you pass
bristles with indignation doesn't prove
that he is a road hog.

Almost any minor statesman can tell
you that the first essential to success
is a majority following.



In the old days, the chorus director
used stage notes; now he merely
notes the notes.

Somewhat we have a notion that a
slow-motion picture of a checker tourna-
ment would be good for the nerves.

Effort to raise bonus money by taxing
beer is merely an effort to make the
bonus measure a liquid measure.

Now that Uncle Sam is pressing for
payment, we expect any day to see Ger-
many put in a bill for brides taken.

The inalienable rights with which man
is endowed are seldom won, unless he
is endowed with a fighting spirit
as well.

Uncle Joe will soon have no standing
in congress; and at times we suspect that
Uncle Sam has lost his standing there,
also.

As we understand English celebrities,
the only thing in America wholly com-
mendable is the disposition to pay when
celebrities come.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

PILLS.

I take pink pills to cure my ills, my
gout and then I think I'm feeling
better. I read the boast of Dr. Yost,
who does much advertising; his pills, he
claims, cure germs and diseases with quick-
ness most surprising. His ads. are
throughout the year in every moral daily,
his pills will cure the rich and poor he
tells us, proudly, gaily. The village doc
is prone to knock the pills he sees me
taking. "These healing guys who adver-
tise," he says, "are always taking. Oh,
come to me, my friend," says he, "when
you are sick and jaded; I'll feed you
pills and nix and squills that have the
Yost pills faded." But old Doc Yost
he gets the most of all the ads. I'm
earnest; he takes his stand, throughout
the land he keeps his lantern burning.
In every sheet I chance to meet his pills
are recommended; day after day we hear
him say, "My pills are truly scientific.
My pills are made of junk and jade, of
bark and buds and simples, they'll cure
catch and leave no scars; they'll banish
bills and pimples." Physicians read this
old Doc Yost who keeps on advertising,
and still he tells about his pills, whose
sales are most surprising.

LANDIS FOR TAIL-ENDERS

Chicago—"Of course, nobody
can tell in April what the situation
will be in August, but all in-
dications now are encouraging
for 1922 in both major and mi-
nor. General's morale is good and what
I hope for is to see the fellow
at the bottom of the league
shorten the distance between
himself and the top notches.
Therefore I am a rooster for the
team in the cellar, whoever it
may be."—Judge Landis.

MONEY IN BALES—NOTHING TO EAT

A newspaper correspondent tells of interviewing recently
an intelligent worker in Petrograd, a technical school gradu-
ate, and this is what he said of the present situation in
bolshevist Russia:

"I am a tool worker and a graduate of a tech-
nical school. Before the war I made five rubles
(\$2.50) a day and lived comfortably. I am now in
a group in which each man gets 12,000,000 paper
rubles a month. I pay 500,000 rubles for rent and
pay 4,000,000 rubles a month for wood with which
to heat my rooms. Then I have to pay for water
and electricity. I have 10,000,000 rubles for food
and clothing for my wife, four children and my-
self. To live decently we must have 25,000,000 ru-
bles a month. We live on potatoes, cabbage and
herring. We have no butter or milk. We seldom
have meat and we cannot buy clothing. Workers
earning only 5,000,000 rubles a month are in a still
worse condition.

"I am not a communist, but I welcomed the rev-
olution. Before that the workers were 'depersonal-
ized.' Now they feel that they have things their
own way and even managers belong to 'our crowd'
and we are free to talk to them. But the trouble is
that we cannot make a living."

Thus we see that the possession of an immense amount
of money does not always promote happiness. This man
draws down 12,000,000 rubles a month (\$6,000,000 before
the revolution) and still he complains about the high cost of
living, and finds there are some essential things, like but-
ter and milk, that no amount of money—Russian money—
can buy. The workers have got all they thought they want-
ed, and now, he confesses, they do not know what to do
with it—a pitiable confession of the failure of an idealistic
system where work and responsibility are thrown to the
winds in order that all humanity may be placed on an equal-
ity without regard to mental, physical or moral worth. Rus-
sia starves because industry and labor is without direction
and what is everybody's business has literally become no-
body's business. The workingman with his plethoric bale
of paper money based on nothing knows that something
has gone wrong but he can't understand the reason when
there is no czar to oppress the people and everybody is free
and unrestrained. He should send for America's parlor bol-
shevists that they may tell him how much better off he is
than the American workingman, who has plenty of food and
clothing, and generally an automobile, but is nevertheless
a cringing slave of capital. That line of talk goes over here,
and—well, it used to go big in Russia, too.

A number of persons have died in Portland of septic sore
throat, and the city health officials profess to have speedily
traced the infection to one particular dairy. That is the
same old story, locking the stable after the horse is stolen.
Oregon maintains an expensive system of food and dairy
inspection, Portland has a health department supposed
to cover about the same ground, and inspectors are as thick
all the year around as primary candidates in April. Why
was not this infected dairy discovered before it spread the
germs of disease and death? The answer probably lies in
the fact that we have a government by political parties and
most of these bureaus of inspection are created primarily for
the purpose of providing jobs for party heelers who will
work at nothing else but politics and are totally ignorant
of the duties of the positions they fill, providing any spe-
cial knowledge is required. They occasionally trap a few
eating houses into the harmless offense of selling half cream
and milk for cream and widely advertise their arrest for
disposing of adulterated foods, in order to justify their con-
nection with the public pay roll. This happened in Eugene
recently and we expect to read such items at occasional in-
tervals, but they overlook the real breeding places of dis-
ease as in the Portland instance. Still we should not be too
severe in our criticisms—these faithful party workers must
be "taken care of" at public expense or they wouldn't
have leisure to line up the wavering voter for primary and
election day.

A typical Portland enterprise for the benefit of the pro-
ducers of the Northwest has just been uncovered by court
action. A rancher who invested \$7,500 in the Western
Wool Warehouse company sues to recover his money, and in
his complaint shows that the Portland promoters made
fake subscriptions of stock while the country investors fur-
nished all the cash that was put into the enterprise. Some-
thing like the 1925 exposition on a considerably smaller
scale.

Mark Sullivan, the Oregonian special correspondent, says
President Harding was no doubt animated by high ideals
when he discharged several hundred civil service employes
in the printing department at Washington to make room for
an equal number of insistent party workers. Sullivan is
the official apologist of the administration and is working
over-time to keep its record straight.

Of the 1,241 through passenger trains operated by the
Southern Pacific Company on its system during March, 1,180
or 95.1 per cent made running time, and of the 4,567 local
passenger trains 4,455 or 97.6 per cent were on time, says a
recent company bulletin. Splendid! But how does it hap-
pen that when a fellow is in a hurry he always gets on one
of those 2.4 per cent trains?

The public on this side of the ocean is beginning to hope
that those foreign notables who wish to express their opin-
ions of America and Americans will find it more convenient
to utilize the cables instead of the lecture platform.

Next week is set aside as "forest protection week," but
who can work up much enthusiasm on the subject in a ses-
sion when Nature's automatic sprinkling device is working
day and night?

Colonel Geo. A. White says he will cut state expenses
a million dollars a year if elected governor. Let's see—
didn't Ike Patterson bid higher than that in his announce-
ment?

Margot Asquith received \$35,000 net for telling the
American people what she thought of them, and it was any-
thing but complimentary at that.

Women who wear their skirts too short are arrested in
Germany. In this country they are held for observation.

There will be egg rolling outside the White House Easter.
Log rolling is done inside.

Carrie Chapman Catt has taken up Near East relief
work. Seat!

THE MIDDLE RUBICAM

By MARION RUBICAM

THE DANGER SPREADS.

Chapter 11.

"All the more reason why I wouldn't!"
Jane went on, her fine eyes sparkling
while she became more interested in her
subject. "If I were married I suppose
I'd be foot of the man. And then think
how I should have to have him work just
to keep me in idleness and luxury!"

Young Amy was taking this in with
breathless interest. It was a new idea
to her and a fascinating one.

"But if your husband had heaps of
money?" little Amy questioned.

"I should make him give it away—en-
dow a hospital or a college. He'd do it
anyway, if he were worth anything."

"But Jane!" the mother expostulated.
"Why do parents work so hard to bring
up their children, and save and sacrifice
and go without, if not so the children
can take life a little easier?"

"I suppose they do it because so many
parents are silly," Jane made a sweep-
ing denunciation. "If the children are
able-bodied, the parents should only give
them the education necessary for them
to make their own way. After that, they
should work for what they get and pay
back what they can, as I shall reimburse
father with the money I took for college
as soon as I am making an income."

Mrs. Talbot found herself quite with-
out an answer. She felt as though some-
one had knocked a secure foundation
from under her. She was trying to find
something firm metaphysically, but put
her foot on it, and nothing was there.

"What a frivolous soul you have!"
Jane laughed. "It must be your red
hair, Amy. Yes, I suppose I should have
nice things to wear and a nice place to
live, and only make that the harder I
work for a thing, the more I appreciate
it when I have it."

"If you were in love you'd feel differ-
ent about being so independent," Mrs.
Talbot said, as though this were the final
argument.

"Well, then, I'm glad I'm in love with
my oldest daughter replied."

The mother was amazed, shocked, hurt,
and excited, all at the same time. It was
"FATTY" ARBUCKLE

IS FREED BY JURY

(Continued from page one)

termined Arbuckle's popularity with an-
xiety second only to that of the big
comedians of the time.

Few Are Not Optimistic.
All moviedom has something at stake
on the reception given this picture.

The general opinion that "Fatty" can
make a big thing of it was shared by
Charlie Chaplin, the only funny man
whose fame was greater than Arbuck-
le's.

Many Portland, Douglas, Fairbanks
and other stars expressed the same be-
lief in Arbuckle's future.

Mabel Normand, who used to work
with "Fatty" in the Keystone com-
pany, declared that Arbuckle was the
funniest man she had ever seen. "He
is the only man who can make a funny
thing out of anything," she said.

The jury, vindicated Arbuckle—his
fame will be only the greater now. I'm
glad they went out of their way to place
the stamp of approval on him.

In the midst of the general rejoicing
in "Fatty" triumph, there were only
a few voices raised with prophesies that
the comedian will be "top" when he at-
tempts to come back.

FAVORITE STUNT OF KU KLUX
(Spokane Spokesman Review.)

Two hooded figures, draped in the
robes of the Ku Klux Klan, entered the
auditorium of the New York City
Monday night and landed the pastor
an envelope understood to contain money
for the church charity funds. In most
of the states there are laws forbidding
the wearing of robes and hoods.

These invasions, a favorite stunt of the
Ku Klux Klan, are unseemly and more
or less terrifying to women and children.
They are resorted to as a cheap means
of melodramatic publicity. At Baltimore,
the treasurer of the invaded church properly
objected and blamed the pastor for
approving the invasion by accepting the
mysterious gift.

The Ku Klux Klan is especially active
in the south, where it has its origin in
the reconstruction period following the
Civil War. High heads of the organiza-
tion have denied that its purpose is to
violate the laws, and some of them have
attempted to repudiate the acts of the
white robed night riders who have taken
citizens from their homes and inflicted
physical torture in violation of law. But
the fact remains that, even though these
denials were true, the existence of this
mysterious organization has led to the
perpetration of innumerable crimes, in
all probability many of these outrages
have been committed by bodies of men
who have obtained membership in the
order and acquired its robes.

The Ku Klux Klan is an American and
understanding of the approval or support of
law abiding citizens. At best it is a dan-
gerous organization whose methods in-
cite others to mob action and cowardly
acts of violence.

WATCHING THE SCORE BOARD

New York, April 13.—McGraw's ma-
jor league field had a couple go through
at "crucial moments" and the Brook-
lyn Robins beat the Giants, 4 to 3.

Washington—Sam Jones, one of the
stars of the Yanks "all star" pitching
staff, stumbled over the Senators and
the ruthless Yanks lost, 6 to 5.

St. Louis—Del Gainer, new Card,
knocked in five runs, homered hit a ho-
mer and the Cards beat the Pirates, 10
to 1.

Chicago, April 13.—Red Faber let the
Browns down with three hits but Shock-
er got the breaks and the White Sox
lost, 3 to 2.

Boston—Errors by the former Yank
battery, Quinn and Ruel, caused the Red
Sox to lose to the Athletics, 3 to 2.

Cincinnati—Spectacular hitting by
Chase Hollocher and whiffing pitching
by Alexander stopped the Reds, the Cubs
winning, 7 to 3.

Cleveland—Stuffy McInnis playing his
first game for the Indians hit a single,
a double, a triple and helped beat
the Tigers, 7 to 4.

Philadelphia—Hard hitting of Lebour-
ville, and great pitching by Lee Meadows
gave the Phillies a 7 to 1 victory over the
Braves.

NOTICE

This is to notify the public that I
have taken my place from the market.
J. KARIAN.

Calapoy Mineral Water, the prince
of table waters. Keep a case in your
home.

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In Our School

By PAUL WEST

THURSDAY.
When our merry little school opened
to greet us this morning everybody
was on hand including Bull Hickey
and Phil Wigglesworth, much to our surprise,
the last seen of them being when they
were offering their services to the cer-
eons man yesterday, to go away and be akro-
bats or something with the show. Bull
says the man would of looked him, he
thinks, only for Phil. That was going
to run away with the cereus when it let
last night, but changed three minds.

The cereus was pretty good, even if it
wasn't quite up to the pitchers, but the
klowns was very bright and could say
sum things almost as funny as Ex Brigh-
man when he starts cutting up, but not
quite.

Fatty Bellows missed quite a lot of
the show, he standing round outside the
Fat Boy's tent most of the time, feel-
ing flattered when people would come
along and talk him for the Fat Boy. But
he got mad when Gen Hicks told people
he wasn't. Gen said she would of said
he was, only he told sum people she
wasn't. The Pin Heddled girl, what she
thought she looked like.

Gen was disappointed about the Pin
Heddled girl. They looked so much alike
Gen tried to work up a story that her
and the Pin Heddled girl were really sis-
ters, kidnapped at the cradle. But when
she set the Pin Heddled girl she didn't
say nothing but "Google-oogie" or some-
thing like that, and look foolish. Gen
says she thinks she was trying to keep
something from her.

IT WASN'T HER.
Bol Haynes thought the lady which dug
things on the trapeze in the pink dress
was Miss Palmer, so he said, "Oh, I seen
you there, why didn't you tell us, Miss
Palmer?" "Where was I?" she said, and
Bol said, "You was up on the trapeze in
the pink dress, wasn't you?" Miss Palmer
didn't look a bit pleased, and said it was-
n't her, but Bol says he thinks it was.

U. P. TO BUILD AT DENVER
Denver, Colo., April 13.—The Union
Pacific railway company will spend \$1,
250,000 on the construction of a new
freight depot and enlarged railroad yards
here, it is reported. Modern machinery
for the handling of freight will be in-
stalled in a new depot, it was learned.

The Boys and Girls Guard

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The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Edited by John H. Miller

ONE REEL YARNS

THE MAGICIAN'S PIGEON



AMBO WAS a
blue-green pi-
geon. She was
proud of her
shining feathers,
but most of all
she was proud of
her job, for Bam-
bo was a magi-
cian's bird. She
traveled about the
country with him.

Every night
the magician brought out on a
wand, put in his hand, and pulled
out Bambo, who fluttered gracefully
off into the wings of the stage. New
audience would together. It was an
easy life, and they were both satis-
fied.

But Bambo was getting older now.
She no longer could fly so swiftly and
gracefully. She walked about stiffly.
Her feathers were losing their gloss.
The magician noticed it and treated
her very tenderly. But one day he
brought home a new pigeon, and
Bambo, with an aching heart,
watched him teaching the new pigeon
how to fly up gracefully out of the
hat and flutter off into the wings.

He always brought her out onto the
stage, but he kept the new pigeon
waiting.

It was a hot night and Bambo was
tired. At the afternoon performance
she had fallen before she got to the
stage. She sat, a dull, huddled figure,
in the dressing room, waiting her
turn. Then she saw one man stoop and
pick up the little bird from the wings.
The magician had taken out the new
pigeon.

She was half-blinded with grief.
She could still go on. The new pi-
geon might struggle, and rain the
audience. She must go before it was too
late. She limped out of her little
house, which was always unlocked,
and, with a great effort, flew out on
the stage, just as the magician was
reaching in to pull out the other
pigeon.

He felt her flutter against him, and
turned in surprise to grab her. But
Bambo fell, a heavy little lump, on
the stage, while the new pigeon cir-
cled about in a panic. The audience
had started to laugh, but they stopped
when they saw one man stoop and
pick up the little heap of feathers and
hold it tenderly against his cheek.
The curtain went down on Bam-
bo's last act.

Little Benny
THE ALL-NEIGH-
BORLY SLING
SHOOTER
TAKES ALL
THE JOKES
OUT OF
MARRIAGE
HE VERY
SELDOM
MISSES.

Good Boy, All Right
"I don't like you to play with that
new boy," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I'm
afraid he isn't a very good boy."
"Oh, yes, mother," said Joe, "he
really is a very good boy. He's been
in the reform school twice, and both
times they let him out on account of
good behavior."

Blockhead
Mother was proudly displaying the
various articles Tommy had made in
woodwork.

"Just think," she said, "Tommy
made this birdhouse this afternoon
and that stand out of his own head."

Home Talent Plays

BLACK MAGIC
The magician threw a white cloth
over the girl who was acting as his
assistant. He drew it slowly away,
but she had vanished. The audience
gasped.

Magie? Of course not. You can do
it yourself. Here's how to perform
this wonder and many other kinds
of "black stage magic."

The secret is a rather deep, box-like
stage fitted entirely with black cloth.
The light in the room must be very
low, the only brilliant light being made
by a row of candles or lamps fixed
down along each side of the stage.
No light must shine into the stage,
but into the eyes of the audience.
Anything black against this black
stage is invisible.

The disappearing trick is worked by
having a black cloth inside the white
cloth, under the girl. Miss Palmer
the white cloth is pulled away and
she remains the black one over her and
cannot be seen. She might pull the
black cloth around her so that her
head remains uncovered. The audi-
ence is then startled to see a head
apparently floating in the air. She
can add to the effect by answering
question in a mysterious, faraway
voice.

For a black stage show you need an
invisible assistant. That assistant must
be dressed entirely in black, with
black gloves and a black cylinder
mask. This mask is made from a piece
of silk and is stitched in the form of
a cylinder large enough to pull over
the head, with two holes cut in the
proper place for the eyes. Dressed in
this way, the assistant can move
about on the stage without being
seen at all by the audience.

With the help of this assistant,
you can perform many other tricks.
She was half-blinded with grief.
She could still go on. The new pi-
geon might struggle, and rain the
audience. She must go before it was too
late. She limped out of her little
house, which was always unlocked,
and, with a great effort, flew out on
the stage, just as the magician was
reaching in to pull out the other
pigeon.

TRAFFIC RULES
Boys and girls sometimes get "tan-
gled up" when they are going down
the street because they do not know
the traffic rules for the sidewalk. In
the United States you should always
keep to the right; in Canada and Eng-
land the rule is to keep to the left.
If you are passing some one walking
in the same direction, turn to the left.

Good Boy, All Right
"I don't like you to play with that
new boy," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I'm
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