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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21.

Inky
Thinks

The hard part of diplomacy, just at present, is Polignac's head.

Backbone won't get you far, however, if the knot at the top of it is solid bone.

In some particulars the world is no better, but you see very few roller towels now.

Program for a presidential candidate? First get your policy; then get your hommer.

Some of the other candidates talk more than Coolidge, but few of them are saying more.

Then klan is inactive now. It's too darned cold to run about at night in one's nightshirt.

Those who doubt the existence of absolute zero might observe the average man's enthusiasm for grand opera.

Many a man who thinks he is aspiring to higher things is merely aspiring to a softer job.

Progress is but the functioning of the vanity that makes a man eager to outshine his fellows.

The most shocking Paris divorce is that one old Omar mentioned, the divorce of old barren reason.

It isn't absolutely necessary to know much about chess, you know a great deal about kindness.

It seems unfair. When Eve was the first lady in the land, not a single flower or color was named for her.

Leap year: That one during which a maid is privileged to court a man without making him think he is doing it.

A kick town is one in which friends meet on your breath and tell the world.

We wonder if fallen leaves wouldn't make good furnace fuel if pressed into small bricks and baked with slate.

An experienced business woman is one who isn't offensively brusque in an effort to seem as important as a male.

The kaiser may leave Holland. Once before he demonstrated that he didn't have enough sense to let well enough alone.

The strange part is that celebrities who would America don't use some of their superior wisdom to benefit their own Europe.

Correct this sentence: "It is getting thinner every year," said the man. "I never use any tonic in an effort to save it."

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS

"I'll have your money or your life," the old time robber used to say; he threatened so with gun or knife, but 'twas not often he would say, "If you were wise and dug the mon from out the gypaire at your belt, the robber would not use his gun, or mutilate your priceless pet. I've been held up at divers times by highwaymen, a godless crew; and having pulled their mightiest crimes, they lashed their palfreys and withdrew. Held up in alley or in court, I'd euse a season and perspire; it was a rather costly sport, but held no perils deep and dire. Then robbers knew that human life by every law was sanctified, and though they threw on sin and strife, they drew the line at homicide. But nowadays the robbers shoot before they ask you for the dough; for human life they care, no boot. It is the cheapest thing they know. You'd gladly dig, at their demand, the bright, coin-motes from your purse, but they assail you, gun in hand, and you go touring in a haze. Since cave men in their lawless crime on paths of slaughter used to creep, methinks there's never been a time when human life was held so cheap."

TO GUARD SUBSCRIBERS

If your paper is not delivered

by 6 o'clock every night please

telephone 19 or 1200 before 7:30

M. Deliveries will be made

from the office up to that time

FORD, COOLIDGE AND MELLON

The Oregonian has discovered that Henry Ford is a great man, despite his "peace ship" fiasco and his visionary Muscle Shoals scheme. His reported support of Coolidge's candidacy is the reason back of the Portland paper's suddenly increased respect for Ford with his queer notions of government and finance and his boasted disrespect for education. The Oregonian has this to say of the flivver king in a recent editorial:

None will question the striking qualities which have made Henry Ford a leader in the industrial field. The matter of his qualification for the presidency no longer is at issue. But never has he displayed greater acumen, that sound commonsense which stabilizes the great industry he controls, than when he thrust aside a dream and announced his determination to support Coolidge. He has a tremendous investment in the economic and political tranquility of America, and he is of the opinion that none is better prepared to serve the country than is the man from Massachusetts, who already has given satisfactory evidence of his competency.

Of course, this stuff is buncombe and the Oregonian knows it. Ford is supporting Coolidge for cold blooded business reasons. His income is \$50,000,000.00 or more a year and a large percentage of it goes to the national treasury in the shape of federal taxes. President Coolidge has accepted the tax reduction plan of Secretary Mellon, one of the small group of men in this country whose fortune is figured in hundreds of millions. It in brief cuts a little from the taxes of the small fellow and a great deal more from those of the big fellow. Former chairman W. H. Hays, presumably, is still in politics as well as the movie business. Anyway, Coolidge and Mellon are being boosted in the movie films for their wonderful tax reduction plan, but the table of the proposed reductions as given on the screen shouldn't fool even a movie fan. It shows that those who pay on incomes up to \$4000 a year, and that includes at least 90 per cent of all the people, are to receive a reduction of twelve dollars and some odd cents, while the percentage of reduction grows with the size of the income until the poor tax-ridden millionaires and multi-millionaires are relieved of most of the burden of supporting the government. No wonder Henry Ford is for the Coolidge and Mellon plan.

Then Ford naturally is against the soldiers' bonus; it will be remembered that his son, Edsel, did not go to war. Moreover this soldier bonus idea has a bearing upon federal taxation and for once at least, Ford and Wall Street are working in complete harmony to see that the former soldiers get no more than is coming to them. These young men followed the flag to France and suffered hardships and wounds to crush a foreign foe whose success might have spelled ruin to Wall Street and Henry Ford—but that is all over now. A soldier bonus means that a large amount of money will have to be raised and that would make it more difficult for the "big business" representative in the cabinet, Multi-millionaire Mellon, to put over his much heralded cut in federal taxes. All the propaganda coming out of Wall Street, and the newspaper offices are flooded with it, is boosting Secretary Mellon and his tax reduction scheme and opposing the granting of a bonus to the soldiers.

That Henry Ford is at last in complete agreement with "big business" and Wall Street naturally raises him high in the estimation of the Oregonian, and as for Henry, nobody every accused him of being such a fool that he couldn't look out for his own financial interests.

THE EXPENSES OF PEACE

The budget experts, figuring how the taxpayer's dollar is divided in federal expenditure, discovered that more than one-third of it, 36.54 cents, is devoted to military functions. Of this amount, 16.64 cents go to the support of the army and navy, and 19.90 cents to the payment of pensions and other aftermath of war.

But is that all the war bill? By no means. Fixed charges take 41.61 cent; and all but about 4 per cent of these charges are due to the recent war. That means that 40 cents must be added to the 36.54 cents debited by the experts to defense, before the war share of the dollar can be accurately computed.

Three-quarters of America's budget for war and rumors of war! Less than a billion dollars for the expense of peace! Lord Birkenhead recently said the world holds great rewards for the glittering sword. Well, the United States has been victorious in all her wars—and her reward is that she has to spend a dollar of taxes for twenty-four cents worth of the benefits of the peace the wars are supposed to have procured.

A Mrs. Miracle is running for mayor of Seattle. It most assuredly would take a miracle to give them even fairly good municipal government in that city of political radicalism.

In Bulgaria a man killed a whole orchestra. That's carrying the jazz prejudice too far; he should have stopped after potting the leader.

The Mexican revolution is becoming serious. A rebel general is said to have been wounded in the heel, and a private died of heart failure in the act of running to cover.

And now Doc Cook will probably incorporate the penitentiary and sell stock to the warden and other officials.

If you can't shop early, you might square yourself by shopping often.

The Woman-Hater Husband

By KATHARINE MOORE

Author of "Love," "His Wife's Mistake," Etc.

BENSON TRIES ANOTHER METHOD

Chapter 59.

While Bensons and Macfarlane were having their interview with Benson, Louise Marshall called upon Margalo. "I suppose you are surprised to see me, Margalo," she said, brushing a complimentary kiss across her friend's soft cheek.

"No, I'm glad to see you anyway," she returned. She gave her fingers eagerly to meet the other's proffered hand.

"Louise looked at her guardedly. 'Mr. Dater is not home—is he?'"

"No, I'm sorry! Benson does not get home until dinner time. He will be disappointed not to see you. But perhaps you can stay for dinner."

Margalo led the way into the living room. When they were seated there was a long, tense silence between them. Apparently their old friendliness had been badly shaken.

"Are you happy now?" Louise

asked finally. For the first time her eyes met her friend's.

"Why, yes! I'm very happy!" Margalo returned after a second of retrospection. And as she said it a warmth of feeling lit up her blue eyes.

"I—I was afraid perhaps you weren't," Louise mused, her eyes dropping before the soft beauty which she was surprised to discover in her friend's young face. Truly she had expected to find a discomfited person instead of the blissful Margalo.

Margalo did not answer but smiled to herself. She had hardly realized how happy she was until Louise's question had forced the joyous truth from her. The little apartment, she glanced quickly at about her, instead of being a prison, as she had believed it was going to be that first dreadful night, had been a haven for her.

Then the young wife looked back at

her friend and Louise fidgeted. She was finding her task more difficult than she had expected. But she had come for a special purpose and she could not be content until she had relieved her own mind of its message.

"I—I hope you will always be happy, Margalo. Only I—I'm afraid!" she exclaimed.

"I know what it is to be unhappy—I am not afraid any more," Margalo answered slowly. But perhaps she would be unhappy again, she thought to herself fearfully—for would not Benson soon be going out of her life? Yet she would not believe that such a thing could really happen. Her heart refused to accept it.

"Do you ever see anything of Mr. Benson?" Louise interrupted suddenly. Margalo paled. "No! Not recently," she said.

"You will be surprised to know that Mr. Benson and I have been quite a good deal of each other lately," Louise informed.

"I—I feel sorry for him! You must know that he was terribly in love with you, Margalo."

"And he worries so about you now. That is one reason I came today—because he feared that you might be miserable," she insisted.

Margalo raised her hand protestingly. But why try to explain to Louise, she thought. If Louise liked Mr. Benson—she could not help it, nor did she want to.

"But Margalo," Louise went on nervously, "You are so blind. Mr. Benson is your friend—and there are things you ought to know—only you won't listen!"

He says you won't even go to see him!"

"Oh! I wish she had not come to see me," Margalo thought wearily. She did not have the strength or the desire to explain to her friend, how her former husband had needed her, how he had loved her, how he had made a deep wound in her own heart and she refused to bare it to another.

"You—you know nothing about this—man you are married to," Louise warned.

"Yes, I think I do," Margalo returned quickly, a glad smile upon her lips.

"How can you? If—if you did you wouldn't say that. I—I'm afraid I know more than you do," she protested excitedly.

"I'm not trying to make you feel bad—but you ought to know," she insisted. Tomorrow—The Price of Love

LANE COUNTY NEWS

LONDON.

London, Dec. 21.—Mrs. Jack Chapman, Mrs. E. J. Ewing, Mrs. James Powell and Mrs. W. L. Townsend were among the busy shoppers in Cottage Grove on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. S. Newton, Mrs. Bert Newton, Mrs. J. C. Newton and Mrs. J. C. Newton were shopping in Cottage Grove Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sutherland and children, Mr. and Mrs. John Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cox and children, Mr. and Mrs. John Massey, Mrs. J. E. Banton, J. N. Hogue, Miss Gladys Smith and Miss Jessie Pratt were entertained at dinner Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Albene.

Mrs. S. T. Rose, Mrs. B. A. Pruitt and daughter, Jessie, made a trip to Cottage Grove Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Roberts of Annapolis, Md., Mr. J. T. Pruitt and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Small spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Rose visited Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Haddock of Cedar Creek.

The London school will have a Christmas tree Friday afternoon, December 21. There will be only a short program, as the school gave quite a lengthy program at Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ewing and son of Cottage Grove, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell and family visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Geer.

Dale and Keith Roberts visited Sunday with Clayton and Clifford Townsend.

Ed. Brasher is building a new barn on his farm west of London. He was a business visitor in Cottage Grove Monday.

Miss Helene Newton of Cottage Grove came out Friday and spend the weekend with home folks.

Mrs. Harriet Hayes went to Eugene Sunday to receive medical attention.

Mr. Ball moved his family to Saginaw Monday.

Mrs. Mary Massey visited with relatives in Cottage Grove a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sutherland, Mrs. John Small and Mrs. Olive Willis went to Eugene Tuesday to attend the Farmers' union convention.

Mrs. Lyons and grandchildren, Daisy Warwick and Robin Wood, were in Cottage Grove Saturday afternoon.

COTTAGE GROVE

Cottage Grove, Ore., Dec. 21.—Miss Lenora Hohl and Fred Langston, both of Cottage Grove were married Wednesday at the Catholic parsonage in Eugene by Father Cullen. Miss Lenora is a daughter of Cottage Grove's best known young women, a graduate of the high school and an employee of the telephone office here for the last five years. Mr. Langston is a native of North Carolina. They will be at the home of Mrs. Langston's mother, Barbara Hohl on north H street for the present.

T. K. Campbell, public service commissioner, is in town. He came up from Salem to see about the signal bell at the Saginaw crossing which has been asked for by the citizens of that place, since an auto was run into there last winter by a train and J. A. Joll, the occupant, was almost killed.

The first six grades gave their Christmas program Thursday afternoon in the auditorium of the high school building.

The Free Methodists will have the first service in their new church Christmas day.

The Star S. S. S. club had their Christmas tree Wednesday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rente. All the members were present.

Charles McGee came home Wednesday from back for the holidays.

Mrs. H. C. Chase came up Thursday from Roseburg and is visiting her mother, Mrs. B. C. Roberts.

Mrs. M. E. Hayes is recovering from the measles. Her mother, Mrs. L. M. Powell, has been in from Delight Valley taking care of her.

The Social Twelve had their annual Christmas entertainment Thursday in the home of Mrs. Harry L. Grube.

N. E. Glass, president of the Cottage Grove bank, spoke Thursday morning in the high school to the agricultural class, giving a report of the agricultural and dairy rank of Lane county.

Mrs. J. Brownlee came Thursday from Chehalis, Wash., and is visiting in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. McCoy, until after Christmas.

Mrs. Arthur Ishmael and two small children left Thursday for Los Angeles, Cal., to visit her sons, J. D. and Joslin Smith.

Nettie Cary and Blind Anderson, came up from Drinn Thursday, and visited with Mr. Anderson's sister Mae.

Mrs. Walter Lackey returned from Portland where she has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wilson. The Wilsons had charge of the London hotel for several years.

Mrs. Frank Kelley left Thursday for

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GIFTS OF HARDWARE

Cast Aluminum Tea Kettles	\$4.00 to \$5.60
Folding Fire Screens	\$5.60 to \$9.00
Electric Irons—several makes	\$4.25 to \$6.75
Pocket Knives—a large assortment	30c to \$2.50
Bath Shower Brush Sets	\$5.00 and \$6.50
Clothes Brushes—twisted wire	75c to \$2.75
Glass Mixing Bowls—set of three	85c
Clothes Dryers—40 feet of bars	\$1.50
Food Choppers—Universal and Enterprise	\$2 to \$5.25
Universal Percolators	\$4.50 to \$6.50
Electric Toasters	\$4.75 to \$6.25
Electric Coffee Percolators	\$4.25 to \$18.00
Butcher Knives—all kinds	30c to \$2.00
Carving Sets—three and four-piece	\$3.50 to \$7.25
Flashlights—complete with battery	65c to \$3.50
Family Scales—several kinds	\$2.25 to \$9.60
Pyrex—the oven glassware	20c to \$3.40
Tea Kettles—nickel or copper	\$2.00 to \$4.40
Oil Heaters—the chill chasers	\$5.75 to \$11.00
Lunch Kits—with vacuum bottle	\$2.40 to \$4.00
Tea Pots—English and Hall China	90c to \$2.25

We have a long line of carpenter and mechanics tools from which many a nice Christmas gift might be selected.

GIFTS NOT TO FEAST THE EYES
BUT GIFTS IN WHICH SERVICE LIES—
GIFTS OF HARDWARE.

Quackenbush's

160 Ninth Ave. East

IN YE OLDE TIMES

From the Eugene Daily Guard, December 22, 1903.

O. A. C. Tea Room Serves
Many Meals During Year

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Dec. 21.—The college tea room will have served 12,540 meals by the close of this school year. The average daily service has been for 34 persons. In November 406 persons were served in special parties.

A training table for the football men was placed in the tea room this fall and last fall. Many banquets are served in the tea room. It is open at the noon hour for everyone and special dinners are served in the evenings.

Mutual Life Insurance Co. G. M. Sprague, U. S. National Bank Bldg. Phone 616 for cut flowers, Junction City Florist.

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten

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