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SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1926

A POOR, MISTAKEN BOY

Down at Astoria there is a youth of 14 who professes to be in profound sympathy with the principles of the Communist Internationale, and wears proudly a button displaying the picture of Nikolai Lenin.

Before becoming excited over this discovery, it is well to remember that he is a boy of only 14. Youth is apt to be radical in its beliefs. It is the nature of youth to be impatient of authority.

But when anyone, young or old, begins to talk of overthrowing of the so-called "capitalistic" government of the United States, we are justified in wondering if he knows what he is talking about, or what he really wants.

Fortunately there are in existence some figures bearing upon that exact point. These figures are based upon a careful study of data collected by the international labor office of the League of Nations at Geneva for the first nine months of 1924.

Table with 2 columns: City and Real wages. Rows include Philadelphia, U. S., Ottawa, Canada, Sydney, Australia, Copenhagen, Denmark, London, England, Oslo, Norway, Amsterdam, Holland, Stockholm, Sweden, Paris, France, Berlin, Germany, Leeds, Poland, Brussels, Belgium, Prague, Czechoslovakia, Warsaw, Poland, Rome, Italy, Milan, Italy.

There is an old saying that the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof. Radicals may rave about the government of the United States and may tell each other heatedly that it should be overthrown and a dictatorship of the proletariat substituted for it, but the fact remains that living conditions for the average man are better in the United States than anywhere else on earth.

States gets more for the average run of people than other forms of government, it may be said truly that it is worth while and that talk of overthrowing it is merely the idle vaporing of inferior minds.

THE FIRST TOURIST Marco Polo is out in a new, modern edition, and there is some prospect that the picturesque old Venetian traveler of the thirteenth century may yet become a best seller in this enlightened generation.

This is interesting, as showing our widening taste and the progress of knowledge. For centuries Marco Polo was regarded as a wild romancer. His fellow-citizens of Venice themselves would not believe him when he returned from his Asiatic travels and told them of the wonders of India, Tibet and China and the glories of the great ruler, Kublai Khan.

It has been the same with Herodotus, the "father of history," whom shallow historians of modern times have sometimes scoffed at as the "father of lies." Late researches and explorations in Egypt and Asia have done much to clear his reputation as not a merely entertaining story-teller but a careful observer and surprisingly truthful narrator, considering the limited opportunities of a historian of his time.

Cynics used to say there was never any Trojan war, and now Homer is upheld. So it is, to some extent, with nearly all ancient writings of note. There is pretty sure to be some fundamental truth in the old books, whether of history of travel or poetry or religion, no matter if there is a considerable admixture of rubbish or fancy.

ART FOR FILM STARS There was a surprise in Hollywood, Cal., when a well known art collection was auctioned off. The buyers were mostly film stars instead of the usual connoisseurs and art museum agents.

Rudolph Valentino distinguished himself by paying \$5,000 for a painting. Cyril Chadwick bought a picture for \$8,000, and Mrs. Tom Sanchi set herself back \$11,000 for an antique Canton vase.

When filmdom goes in for art instead of parties, the rest of us may take new hope for the artistic soul of America. It is a natural development, too, when you come to think of it. The film artists create grand houses, and then begin to feel the need of something to put into them besides rugs and period furniture and victrolas and Japanese servants.

One of these times, when they get their art galleries comfortably filled, our film heroes and heroines may surprise everybody by going in for books.

The McMinnville Telephone-Register boasts that the Yamhill county jail is empty. Is that because the Yamhillers are so good that there is no excuse for putting 'em in jail or because the officers are so slow they can't catch 'em?

"Let the candidates speak," says a down-state newspaper. Let 'em! How in the name of common sense are you going to stop 'em?—that's the big question.

Will somebody kindly shy a boot-jack at the pest who goes around proclaiming that because of this beautiful March weather we'll have a rotten April?

There is just one thing to be said for that California murderer of six. He had the grace to kill himself immediately afterward.

Early Days in Eugene

(From the Morning Register, March 21, 1907.) Ave Ruef, the San Francisco politician, who has been under fire for some time on charges of city graft, was indicted by the grand jury there last night on 65 counts.

the water power. Heavy rains have swollen the river. Worth Harvey of Cottage Grove and Mammie Hickathier of Eugene are among the teachers passing the recent examinations for five-year certificates.

Mrs. H. M. Skene, mother of Eugene's new abstractor, D. M. Skene, came in from Portland yesterday.

Daily Lesson in English By W. L. Gordon Words Often Misused: Don't say "who is the letter for?" Say "for whom is the letter?"

Often Mispronounced: Soot. The correct pronunciation is "soot," not "soot." Often Misspelled: Israel; s. n. z. Synonyms: Agitation, excitement, stir, tremor, trembling, quivering.

Spring is beginning to knock at the door of people of Pendleton. Pendleton is just beginning to show its approach of this life-giving season. Here in Eugene spring has been smiling on us for the past month.

Comments of the Press Prohibition lost four to one in the Salem vote. President Doney of Salem's Methodist school, announces that 16 freshmen declare that no such man as Christ ever existed.

Astronomers have lost a comet which was, when last seen, traveling earthward at a terrific rate of speed. We suggest that traffic officers close the main highway on the state highways.—Bend Bulletin.

The horse and the automobile are on a par in one respect. When either of them balks one can use the reins to express his feelings.—Halsey Enterprise.

Speaking of prices, how high silk stockings are.—Coos Bay Times.

Portland is not to have a rose festival this year. It is unfortunate. The Portland rose festival is a great institution. It is probably more than in in Portland where it is seen every year and where people get "fed up" on that particular form of entertainment.

A local hotel reports that it turned away fully 25 cars last night. The people seeking rooms were mostly tourists, indicating that the tourist season is now on and giving promise of a real tourist business during the summer months.

Did you every try making a pal out of your boy or girl? Or do you just let 'em run loose. If you are in the latter category you are not fulfilling your responsibilities as a parent. Neither are you lending your effort to rounding out good citizenship.—Roseburg News-Review.

Two hundred and twenty-five employees of the Union Pacific here and their headquarters here and receive their pay-checks here; that is a substantial force, indeed.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Don't take your long ones off yet, for spring is not officially here until some Cottage Grove hen has hatched out a litter of kittens.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

The Natron cut-off of the Espee will be in operation July 31st. The California Jitney corporation expects to have the paved highway ready for use about the same time.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

The Office Cat

Copyright 1925 by Edgar Allan Moss "Chicken-pecked parents are in far worse shape than hen-pecked husbands."

Even the adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady" doesn't hold good any more. The newspapers last week reported a wedding where the bridegroom fainted five times before the ceremony was over. They revived him each time and proceeded with the torture.

Our imagination falls out when we try to picture a girl tripping on her own skirt.

What has become of the old fashioned prisoner who used to plead guilty?

Isn't it just possible that the death of men stenographers is not due so much to the fact that the salaries aren't large enough, as that they can't endure talking dictation.

Nowadays you see women's dresses advertised one-third off and worn one-third on.

RAIL men are the only ones who feel free to go to a barber shop just to sit.

One way to be sure of money out of chickens is to have a steady income from some other source.

Isn't it about time for someone to start a drive for better moonshine.

Our idea of the height of absurdity is offering lush money in a deaf and dumb institution.

Topics of the Times

Spring in Eugene. Is Mussolini Anti-Christ? The Question As to Sin, Borah and the Nomination.

I read in a news item recently where a man near Pendleton, Oregon, having moved it upon his own land. That is going some. I have known of thieves stealing the furniture out of a house, but to steal the house also is the limit of thievery.

A defective bridge and an overcrowded train caused the death of 248 people in Costa Rica recently. The sad thing about this particular accident is that these people were trying to raise funds for the purchase of a building for home for the aged, and the commendable project will be delayed if not defeated.

Spring is beginning to knock at the door of people of Pendleton. Pendleton is just beginning to show its approach of this life-giving season. Here in Eugene spring has been smiling on us for the past month. Maple and other trees and shrubbery are putting their coat of green, and the birds are in full bloom and the air is redolent with their perfume and Eugeneans are appreciating the coming of spring.

No Apology Needed, He Says EUGENE, Ore., March 20.—(To the Editor)—I notice in a recent issue of the Morning Register an announcement of the candidacy of my brother, W. A. Elkins, for state secretary. This announcement is an apology offered for my political affiliation and an explanation being made to the effect that I am the only known Democrat in our family. It seems to me that this apology and explanation is entirely uncalled for. No white man in any place in the United States need apologize for being a Democrat, while on the other hand there is considerable territory in our country where it is taken as a deadly insult to accuse a man of being a Republican.

Not These Days A judge, not having evidence to convict a man of stealing a watch, said: "Rastus, you are acquitted." Rastus: "Ah, what?" Judge: "You are acquitted." Rastus: "Does dat mean dat ah heve tuh give de watch back?"

With the Home Poets

The Little Queen's Sleep Eugene is the home of the versatile author in the person of Henry Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stewart. Not only is she gifted as a writer, but her short stories find prominent places on the pages of literary magazines. Recently poems from her pen have been accepted by The New York Times, The Boston Herald, The Lyric, Norfolk, Va., one by the Los Angeles Times, and one by the San Francisco Review. There appears a clever short prose story entitled "Celeste and the Poet" in the March issue of Poetry, a Chicago publication, containing the following poem written by Miss Stewart:

Where is the little queen Amaranthene Who were singing dreams Like pearls in her hair? Where, where and where? Where are the feet that once were so fleet To kick off the royal shoes And run bare on the lawn? Gone, gone and gone.

A silence keeps since the little queen sleeps No rose makes a sound of blooming; Still is the lark and the days are dark. For the sun has forgotten his grooming.

Even the great moths hide at the While baby Queen Amaranthene Sleeps a sleep deep and deep.

Welcome Death I hate this earth of wrath and tears. Of trouble and of sin: Where God's own children live in fear. And terror of their kin.

This earth to me, no gift does give, Naught but the worst— The crimes and sin that live In this old universe.

How I pray that death may take me From this land of sorrow, And in the Kingdom far awake me To view the shining morrow. —R. D. Mendell, Eugene, Ore., March 16, 1926.

The Lumber Poet Aureilly, Mr. Corning, you have made a timely quiz. And I will tell you truly, what a fine poem it is. Since you speak with candor, I will take a little time, To try to tell the story in simple measured rhyme.

If the lines don't matter but your rhyme system racks, Remember the one that's writing is but a lumber jack.

He may tell of the hungry raven, Or, over all the planet, where's everything goes hang. Perhaps, a grouchy super to show that he's the boss.

Perhaps there's a wife and kiddies in a two room shack, For whom he toils and struggles, and nearly breaks his back. His wage is also meager, less than a hundred per.

And you may bet your hat he earns it. Judging Douglas fit. When he visions in the future, his fortunes to enhance, His prayer is for a pittance to give the kids a chance.

Then, dear sir, a lumber poet is not a long haired guy, Who spends his hours in dreaming when time is fleeting by. In summer's boiling sunshine, in winter's chilling rain, He'll be on the job a minute, though his body racks with pain.

And when the Angel Gabriel shall sound his rovelle, The first to skip to "Attention," he'll be the leader judge for himself. —Charles Wolfe Egan, Wondolung, Ore., March 17, 1926.

not be deceived by them. This heralded young Hindu Christ has now, before he is publicly announced, more than a million kneeling at his shrine, if reports are to be relied upon, yet according to Hindu belief, Christ is not to come back again in the flesh as He did the first time, but in a glorified, immortal body with the nail-prints in His hands and feet, and with His riven side.

I read another news item recently which seemed to me to be paradoxically absurd when political prejudice is of such Gibraltar strength, and that was that senator Borah is going to try for the presidential nomination this year on the Republican ticket. Judging Borah by his constant and inconsistent opposition to the present Republican regime, one wonders that a man of his apparent sense would ask a real Republican to vote for him.

Mr. Blakely recently purchased and took to Brownsville, his old home town, a fine big granite monument, which was there erected on the old donation land claim within the city limits, in honor of his parents, Captain Blakely was the founder of the town. He was active and successful in a score of enterprises, including farming and stock raising, helped get the Brownsville mill mill and served in the legislature, led a company of volunteers to the Southern Indian war, and was one of the first to go across the cascades with cattle through the passes which are now being improved by state and nation.

There were twelve children born to Mr. and Mrs. James Blakely, and eight of them died today. Of the five boys William Blakely is the oldest, and his youngest brother is seventy years of age. There are three living sisters.

Many of the events and incidents of the great Oregon emigration are recalled by William Blakely. He says: "At one place on the old Oregon Trail, a man by the name of Buckner, a deserter from the United States army, joined our wagon train. One night after camp had been made within the sheltering and protecting circle of the wagons, a band of belligerent Indians rode up.

While the main party stopped a short distance away, they sent a young buck into camp who seemed determined to make trouble. He leaped into the circle of wagons defiantly, but received a reception which he was not looking for.

Renegade Buckner entered the circle in order to create mischief and thus give his companions a reason for bringing on a battle. Buckner seized a big whip and without hesitation proceeded to give the Indians a terrific lashing. This caused a little mirth among the Indians who were looking on. As for the young buck, he was glad to make his escape. After he had rejoined his comrades, the whole party moved off, and offered no further motivation to the emigrants.

Oxen Trampled Youngster In some way or another, one day while the westward march was in progress, young Blakely and a prairie schooner, was knocked down and run over. He was picked up and presumed to be dead, but in the midst of the lamentations of the emigrants, he had recovered and seemed little the worse, for wear.

To Eastern Oregon After his marriage to a daughter of W. C. Baird here in 1864, Mr. William Blakely, went to Eastern Oregon, where he was engaged in the development of the Eastern Oregon country. He was sheriff of the Umatilla county for a four year period. Mr. and Mrs. Blakely will celebrate their sixty-second wedding anniversary in August.

Concerning the value of gardening activity for those who seek health, or want to preserve it, a writer opines: "Gymnastics? Yes, a plenty if you have a yard and a garden; because with these, health and contentment await you,—provided you work with a will,—for the mud and dirt that settling on your hands will send health—giving electricity through your veins and prolong the elasticity of your arteries.

"The deep breaths you draw as you weed the hoe or pick will bring a glow to your cheeks, and your lips and a sparkle to your eyes that will mock at the years as they come and go, and the bending and rising that digging requires will overcome that foe of happiness, constipation."

NO WRONG WAS INTENDED Mr. Keeney Says He Had No Desire To Injure W. W. Brown EUGENE, Ore., March 20.—(To the Editor)—I hope that I may make myself clear to all concerned and that this will serve as a final explanation on my part as to the W. W. Brown timber land assessment controversy. That which I have to say will be accepted as being offered as facts—not mere insinuations.

No assessment has ever been made and none will ever be made by me or any other individual, with the intention of wronging any one, resident or non-resident.

Mr. Brown's timber lands were assessed in accordance with the reconnaissance or timber land survey by which other individuals and corporations were in like manner assessed, irrespective to ownership and may or may not have been over valued—no determination as to this has resulted from the controversy. An increase of 257 per cent in one year, assessed for 1923, was assessed as "logged off" land, but whether Mr. Brown "logged off" assessed valuation, I can not say.

Another business has gone to smash! Member of the Chicago smasher, the employment of "changers" or snip operators, is strictly forbidden.—Bellefontaine Examiner.

The Spice of Life "Have you anything to offer in your behalf?" the judge asked the prisoner. "I'm sorry, your honor, but I've turned every cent I own over to my lawyer and a couple of jury-men."

"I would like to see the judge," "Sorry, sir, but he is in dinner." "But, my man, this errand is a vital one." "He can't be helped, sir. His honor is at stake."

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My Line of Talk

By Everett Paris Stewart WILLIAM Blakely—W1114444 Blakely, of Portland, is a pioneer who has seen adventures of the liveliest sort since that day in the spring of 1846 when with his parents, Mrs. James and William Blakely, he started over the old Oregon Trail, for the Oregon country. Mr. Blakely is now in his eighty-sixth year. He was a lad of six years of age when he made the meandering journey behind the lumbering oxen. Thus it comes about that he has resided in West continuously for a period of eighty years.

A Virile Hero Mr. Blakely recently purchased and took to Brownsville, his old home town, a fine big granite monument, which was there erected on the old donation land claim within the city limits, in honor of his parents. Captain Blakely was the founder of the town. He was active and successful in a score of enterprises, including farming and stock raising, helped get the Brownsville mill mill and served in the legislature, led a company of volunteers to the Southern Indian war, and was one of the first to go across the cascades with cattle through the passes which are now being improved by state and nation.

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no "slide bidder" and that the land was not sold at the sale. These are the facts: One man bid \$220, after which the clerk of the sale "knocked down" and declared sold to him. Mrs. James Blakely. Make good, Mr. Brown, and forward your "suitably engraved leather medal"; you know who you are. BEN F. KEENEY.

USE OF NAME IS PROTECTED Quotation in Oil Pamphlet Unauthorized, Says Dr. Smith EUGENE, Ore., March 19.—(To the Editor)—There has come to my attention a circular advertising a pamphlet on the "Oil Fields of Oregon" by Dr. M. T. Doolittle of Eugene. The circular makes a statement that certain "nationally known" geologists (among whom my name is given) have "contributed" to the pamphlet. The undersigned wishes to state that he has contributed nothing to any such pamphlet. On page 6 of the pamphlet there is an excerpt from an article by the present writer published originally in "Economic Geology," August, 1924. A time taken are correctly quoted, taken entirely out of their context, give an impression not justified. The writer wishes to protest against this unwarranted use of his name in what appears to be an oil promotion scheme and he would advise the interested public to read the original article.

Mr. Chester W. Washburne's name has been misused in the same way, and because Mr. Washburne is now in New Zealand and cannot speak for himself at a time when this material is being circulated, the present writer wishes to protest also in behalf of Mr. Washburne, whose views in regard to the oil situation in Oregon are well known to him. Apparently no legal action can be taken against propaganda of this kind, but it should be pointed out that this sort of thing is decidedly unethical and such methods are not employed by reputable oil companies.

Very truly yours, WARREN D. SMITH.

Green Oregon Yearned For HANCOCK, Cal., March 17.—(To the Editor)—I have just received someone from being utterly destroyed please send me the Sunday Register for March 7. Mine failed to come and I've been raving ever since.

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Baby's Illness... Contaminated Milk... Upset an Infant's System... Produce Pure, Sterilized, and Perfectly Clean.

What a lot of trouble... mother must have... talk but they can't see...

Perhaps the first thing... thing is wrong with... milk has a quality...

The breast-fed baby... The physical deterioration... cow's milk is liable to...

The baby's unfurling... the mother will be high... the symptoms of...

Answers to Health... Q—What do you do... for falling hair?

Q—What do you do... for falling hair? A—The condition... general health...

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