

The Capital Journal

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Ripping Rhymes. By Walt Mason.

WHAT'S THE USE

The men in power make and mistakes, and we can rave about their breaks until the well known wadkin aches, but what's the use? The government, in awkward shape, is dealing largely in red tape, and we can deck ourselves with craps, but what the use? Why not assume that every man is doing things the best he can? We can adopt the other plan, but what the use? A thousand things were left undone, in scores of ways we've wasted men, and we can snort around like fun, but what's the use? Our airship program fell down flat; we've balled up this and balled up that; and we can lecture through a hat, but what's the use? With Eli's vim we're getting there, our cocktails flapping in the air; we still may wear the crown of care, but what's the use? We shook off all our peace time sloth, and went abroad and cut a swath; we still may talk of soup and broth, but what's the use? We made some gorgeous breaks at first, and every blunder seemed the worst, and into tens we still may burst, but what's the use? There are a million reasons why we ought to wince our hats on high, we still may spring a briny eye, but what's the use? Our every thought and every mood should be tinged with gratitude; in doubts and fears we may be stewed, but what's the use?

Odds and Ends

The Reason. She—"George, you looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me." He—"Well, very likely I was."—London Opinion.

An Easy Start. "And we'll grow old together, dear-est." Her father's voice from upstairs—"Well you needn't start doing it down there, need you?"—The Bits (London).

Something to Look Forward to. "Dah Goffer—"The day I got round these links in less than a hundred, I'll give you a dollar." "Caddy—"Thank ye, sir, 't'll come in handy in my old age."—Boston Transcript.

Literature Wins. "Oh, we called about the first ad-vertised." "Well, I did mean to let it, but since I've read the house agent's description of it, I really feel I can't part with it."—London Opinion.

Her Role. "Now we'll play zoo," said Willie, "and I'll be the elephant!" "That will be fine," said Aunt Mabel, "but what shall I be?" "Oh, you can be the nice lady who feeds the elephant with bones and sugar," explained Willie—Blighy (London).

A Grand Plan. "What's the idea of sitting in the barn here all by yourself?" "Well," answered Farmer Constable, "if the summer boarders aren't playin' jazz on the phonograph they're quincrellin' over the league nations, so I'm luggerin' out here with the cattle and restin' my mind."—Washington Star.

Newlywed Style. A young farmer's bride who recently undertook the management of the horticultural department of the farm, writes the agricultural editor as follows: "What can I do to make my potatoes grow? I needed them ever so carefully before planting them, but they haven't even come up yet."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Bark Test. Two sailors at a dog show were gazing at a valuable Skye terrier, which had so much hair that it looked more like a woaden mat than a dog. "Which end is 'is head, Tom?" asked one. "Blowed if I know," was the reply. "But 'ere, I'll stick a pin in him, and you look which end 'is bark!"—Blighy (London).

He Raised 'Em. "How did you get the testkeys the officer found in your possession?" sternly asked the police-magistrate. "I—I—I raised 'em, your honor," stammered the prisoner. "Tell me the truth." "That's the truth, your honor," persisted the crime-stained creature. "I reached down through a hole in the roof."—The Continent.

CONGRESS FAILS TO FUNCTION.

THE inability of Congress to function grows more apparent daily. None of the big national problems have been solved, and as a result national and international unrest continues.

Congress talks continuously. It probes continuously. It plays politics continuously, but it does nothing constructive.

The president backed by public opinion, forced the big war program through an unwilling congress, which only interrupted its flood of abuse and billingsgate long enough to pass the required legislation after interminable debate. Now congress is avenging itself by talking the country to death.

Stable conditions cannot be established until the peace treaty is ratified—yet nine months debate has got us nowhere and the prospect is offered of having a new conference to keep the world in turmoil and unrest another year.

Congress made a bluff of attacking the high cost of living—and gushed like a geyser several billion more words—but did nothing to stop the profiteering. It has talked a year on the railroad issue—and has done nothing. It has failed to do anything for the returned soldier, refused to pass the reconstruction measures, left unsolved the power problem and all other important issues.

There seems to be no real statesmanship displayed. What leadership there is, is of the ward caucus variety. The impotency and inefficiency displayed, the continual croaking, the persistent hammering, the pettifoggish partisanship in this crisis of the world's affairs are cause for national humiliation.

THE JAPANESE MENACE.

SLOWLY, steadily, the Japanese continue their peaceful penetration of the Pacific coast states, and their presence constitutes a grave menace to western civilization. Despite stringent immigration laws, the number of Japanese steadily increases. In certain regions they already outnumber the whites—and wherever they obtain a foothold, they eventually secure possession.

Japs are numerous enough in California and Washington to control certain lines of industry, own entire communities and publish daily newspapers. They come with the intention of permanently remaining and in the heart of every Jap lies the ambition to make the coast country Japanese.

As an expedient for solving the labor problem, the Jap is a failure. He labors for Americans only until he has learned the language and he soon demands higher wages than the native and engages in business for himself. He solves the labor problem only for Japanese employers.

The Japanese can never be absorbed in the "melting pot" because inherent racial differences make amalgamation impossible. Neither has he any intention of being absorbed. He soon secures a picture bride and there is never any question of race suicide. There are already Japs enough here to populate the country in another century, even if no more were admitted.

There are fewer Japs in Oregon than elsewhere, though every city has a quota and the fruit-growing sections their advance guard. In a short period, however, the state will be overrun and we will wake up some morning to find these aliens in practical possession of some of our fairest regions.

Senator Dillingham of Vermont has introduced a bill removing all restriction from European immigration and letting down the bars for Asiatics. It would admit the entrance of 12,500 Jap coolies a year as ordinary immigrants, the proportion to constantly increase and enumerate so many favored classes and privileged persons that the number who could come would be practically unlimited.

The East has worshipped so long at the shrine of the golden calf that it does not hesitate to place the dollar above patriotism and sacrifice future welfare for present gain. The captains of industry have deluged the land with alien undesirables to reap greater profit and it is not to be wondered at that they countenance the proposal to plant an alien people along the Pacific upon the specious pleas of a few Western employers.

The people of the East do not realize the menace that the Japanese constitute, as climatic conditions safeguard their own section from Asiatic invasion, or they would not tolerate the Dillingham proposal. But if the nation will not protect the Western states, they must protect themselves with alien land laws and local restrictions.

Here is a field for the energies of the 100-per cent Americanism of the Loyal Legion—let the returned soldiers aid in keeping the Pacific coast states American and bar the oriental.

HUNTING A HUSBAND

By Mary Douglas

AN UNLOOKED FOR TURN

I was telling a story to little Anne in the nursery. "You've avoided me carefully all day, Sam," said Bonnie coming in. "I'm sick of it, Will you come out with me?" "Wait till I finish this story, Bonnie," I rejoined. Little Anne and I were sitting on the nursery window-seat. The sun streamed in, making a golden aureole of her hair. "Go on, Cousin Sara," she said holding my hand tight. I had come to that part where Beauty kisses the Beast. And he springs up a handsome prince. When I had finished I looked up. Bonnie was staring at me in a strange intent way. Quiet as if I were not a person of flesh and blood. "Ready, Bonnie," I said. And we strolled out of the room. "Let's go for

a sail," I suggested. We roared out to the little dory, I'm moored in. Bonnie unfurled the sail. And we were off. How exhilarating it was! The cold spray slapped our faces. But we only laughed. And held our oil skins the tighter. Bonnie was too busy at first to talk. And I was glad. He has worried me, a little, since his return. First, a mood of strange eagerness. Then moroseness. And now something unfathomable. As if he had stepped his boyhood leash—and was in waters too deep. "Sam, you know you're lovely as you sit there!" "A drowned rat!" I answered. "Your hair whips around your face. And your cheeks are rose-red." "Bonnie, you're getting poetical. Is that the way they set in the Art League?"

Bonnie's eyes darkened in sudden anger. "Sara Lane, don't you realize I'm serious! Can't you stop that! You must know I love you!" "Oh, Bonnie no," I said. The sparkle went out of the blue waters. The whole bright day seemed to grow hard, metallic.

"Please don't, Bonnie," I said. There was a strong wind now. Bonnie tacked. And again. I saw he was making for land. He said nothing until he had made his landing.

I stood on the dock, then, waiting for him. No longer could I avoid the issue. Bonnie came up to me. There were no more hesitations, no more pauses. "Sara, you're the first girl I've ever loved. You are so wonderful, so splendid. I knew you couldn't care for a poor duffer like me. But there isn't anything—"

I interrupted. "Bonnie, you must see straight. We're cousins. I'm twenty-five, you're nineteen. When you are thirty, I shall be almost forty. Don't you see that it is impossible?" "Those stale old arguments, Sara. What do they matter in love? Love is too big for any of them. We're only second cousins, anyway. And it isn't as if you are old. I'm older in lots of ways."

Bonnie and I had been blind to our surroundings. I looked up suddenly to see Mrs. Ashby coming toward us. As she joined us I tried to speak casually of our sail. But Bonnie was suddenly plunged in his most silent mood. (Monday—The Girl Who Blushed.)

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Al King of the Portland Journal, were among the fair visitors Thursday.

A. C. Gage, editor of the Oregon Journal and Milk Goat Bulletin of Portland, was a fair visitor Thursday helping organize a state association of goat growers.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Corwall of Newberg were state capital visitors Wednesday, visiting with friends and attending the fair.

Sick 17 Years Relieved By Taking No. 40 For The Blood

"For 17 years I was troubled with dropsy and bad blood. I took every kind of medicine that was recommended to me without benefit until I got a bottle of Number 40 and it helped me so much that I sent and got two more bottles and since taking the second bottle, I am feeling fine. I wish to recommend Number 40 to any one needing a blood medicine as I believe it is as good as recommended. Mrs. Jane Goodwin, Gideon, Mo." Number 40 is demanded in depraved conditions of the system, especially of the blood and general health. In chronic enlargement of the spleen or liver, in chronic malarial poisoning, removes the causes of disease by stimulating the removal of waste thus encouraging nutrition. Employed with success in blood poisoning, chronic rheumatism, catarrh, eczema and skin diseases. Made by J. C. Mendenhall, Evansville, Ind. 40 years a druggist. Sold by Schaefer's drug store.

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16799 DIED

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Sloan's Liniment Keep it handy

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Is a veritable balm for the nerves; an intensely penetrating application that softens the muscles, relaxes nervous tension of the delicate organism involved in maternity, and prepares the way for an easier, quicker and more practical delivery. Such relief is so markedly upon the unborn child. Mother's Friend is used externally. At all Druggists. Special Booklet on Motherhood and Baby Care. Bradford Regulator Co., Dept. F-8, Atlanta, Ga.

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