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TOM SIMS SAYS

The world is returning from its ten-year naval holiday already. One nice thing is cold waves are never permanent waves.

This is the moving season. Even kings are doing it.

Many a small boy is kept in after school because his father worked his arithmetic wrong.

"Twelve Slain in Mexico"—headline. Mexico is jealous over losing the trouble championship.

Fish that swim backwards near Red Bluff, Calif., probably want to see where they have been.

Ohio bandit left part of his thumb in a door. Police are busy trying to match it.

One cause of trouble is fall is so pleasant we have to cuss other things besides the weather.

It doesn't matter, but Gallipoli, which the British have left, sounds like a race horse.

"Hears Noise After 27 Years"—Philadelphia headline. Things are quiet in Philadelphia.

You can go hunting without a license if you are careful not to find anything.

to get glimpse at the crowds in wild uproar.

Ogden never had known a day to compare with Armistice day. There were no restraints, no formalities—just the joy of existence.

That Armistice day meant so much to every family as to be beyond expression.

No such long-sustained excitement ever took possession of a people.

From early dawn of November 11 to the early hours of the next morning there was a noise and jollification. No one worked, no one had time to eat, no one stopped in the wild stampede of humanity. Only physical exhaustion checked the celebration.

JUNGLE STUFF. Down in the tropics, takes place one of the most interesting peculiarities of the great mystery, life. This one deals with a partnership between plants and insects for mutual protection.

Come into the jungle. See the leaf-cutting ants, one of the most destructive insects of the tropics. They frequently strip a tree of its entire foliage in a night.

The ants lug away the leaves over roads which they have built. These roads are six inches wide, sometimes a mile long, and are kept in repair and free of vegetation by squads of "white-wing" ants.

At the far end of the road the ants turn the leaves into a compost, or fertilizer, from which springs up a fungus growth, a kind of mushroom food which the ants are gluttons.

These minute insects have become expert mushroom growers," says Dr. F. J. Seaver, who tells the story in a lecture at the New York Botanical Garden.

The leaf-cutting ants turn from the trees and attack certain jungle plants. Maybe these plants have intelligence, maybe not.

At any rate, they seek a means of protection. Presto! An "idea" comes to them. They change their shape, alter their structure until they become small hotels.

Colonies of fighting ants observe that the plants have provided ideal housing and feeding quarters. They move in.

And they protect their homes. Let a leaf-cutting ant come marauding in—and it never gets out alive. The army ants kill it. They also protect the plants against all other insects.

As a military alliance, what do you think of this combination between plants and ants?

The arrangement between the jungle plants and the army ants, you'll observe, is a 50-50 proposition. The plants give free rent and get protection. The ants get the free rent and give protection.

There is no sentiment about it. It's give-and-take, dollar for dollar. No one gets any more than he pays for. Nor does he pay for any more than he gets. It's a natural law. "A fair ex-

If you don't believe silence is golden a million will be spent to make a Chicago hotel quiet.

The sidewalk jumped up and hit seven Alabama men who believed what a bootlegger said.

Reports shows laundry work most dangerous in Pennsylvania. How about saxophone playing?

Rockefeller has books showing every penny he ever earned. But there are still other reasons for the paper shortage.

In London a man claims he has been dead and we agree with him—from the neck up.

Strange things happen. Miss Minnie Murray, who won an Iowa beauty contest, can cook.

Irish free state privates call officers by their first name but this isn't what the fighting is about.

Two Baltimore men went to jail for bringing home the bacon. They stole a truck load.

Isn't it a wonder the Massachusetts boy dressed as a girl didn't catch pneumonia and die?

A parrot told the customs men to go to hell. The new tariff is getting in its work.

change is no robbery." If we humans lived up to this natural law, getting a good living would be easier for all of us—and the average standard of living would be higher than it is in this day of trying to get something for nothing.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise.

BEHIND. Twenty thousand bicycles a day pass over one bridge. You know instantly that this doesn't happen in our country, though it might have, 20 years ago. England is the place.

It's just another illustration of how America, mechanically and otherwise, is from 20 years to 20 centuries ahead of the rest of the world. What good does it do us? We aren't any happier.

On whom could he count? On nobody unless he paid their hire. None among the lawless men who haunted his backwoods "hotel" at Star Pond would lift a finger to help him. Almost any among them would have been glad to have taken the job.

He could not trust Jake Klooz; Lovett was as treacherous as only a born scoundrel can be. Old Hench, Harvey Chase, Broocher, Byron Hazelton—he knew them all too well to trust them—a sullen, unscrupulous pack, partly cowardly, always fiercely resentful of the law, and, if it were known that jewels were hidden in the house.

And yet one of this gang had stood by him—Hal Smith—the man he himself had been about to slay.

Clinch got up from the bench where he had been sitting and walked down to the pond where Hal Smith sat cleaning trout.

"Hal," he said, "I been figuring some. Quintana don't dare call in the constables. I can't afford to. You and I've got to settle this on our own."

Smith slit open a ten-inch trout, stripped it, flung the entrails out into the pond, soured the fish in the water and poured into a milk pan.

"Whose jewels were they in the bagging?" he inquired carelessly.

"How do I know?"

"If you ever found out—"

"I don't want to go them in the war, anyway. And I don't make no difference how I got 'em. Eye's going to be a lady if I go to the chair for it. So that's that."

"Clinch hit a sixteen-inch trout, gutted it, flung away the viscera but laid back the roe.

"Shame to take them in October," he remarked, "but people must eat."

"I don't want to kill no one, but Eve she's gotta be a lady and ride in her own automobile with the proudest."

"Does Eye know about the jewels?"

"Clinch pale eyes, which had been roving over the wooded shores of Star Pond, reverted to Smith.

"I'd put my throat before I'd tell her," he said softly.

"She won't mind for it?"

"Hal, when you said to me, 'Eve's a lady, by God,' you swattered the bull pie. That's the answer. A lady don't stand for what you and I don't bother about."

"Suppose she learns that you robbed a man who robbed somebody else of these jewels."

Clinch's pale eyes were fixed on him, and he said, "I know."

"Quintana knows. His gang knows." Clinch's smile was terrifying. "I guess she ain't never likely to know nothing. Hal."

"What do you purpose to do, Mike?"

"Still hunt."

"For Quintana?"

"I might make him for a deer. Them accidents is likely, too."

"If Quintana catches you it will go hard with you, Mike."

"Sure, I know."

"He'll torture you to make you talk."

"You think I'd talk, Hal?"

Smith looked up into the light-colored eyes. The pupils were pin points. Then he went on cleaning fish.

"Hal?"

"If they get me—but no matter, they ain't a-going to get me."

"Were you going to tell me where those jewels are hid, Mike?"

"I inquired the young man, still busy with his fish. He did not look around when he spoke. Clinch's murderous gaze was fastened on the back of his head.

"Don't go to gettin' too damn nosy. Hal," he said in his always agreeable voice.

Smith soured all the fish in water again. "You'd better tell somebody if you go gunning for Quintana."

"Did I ask your advice?"

"You did not," said the young man, smiling.

"A right. Mind your business."

Smith took up from the water's edge with his pan of trout.

"That's what I shall do, Mike," he said, laughing. "So go on with your private war. It's no button off my pants if Quintana gets you."

He went away toward the doo-ho chamber work, watched the young man from an upper room.

The girl's instinct was to like Smith—but that very instinct aroused her distrust. What was a man of his breeding and education doing at Clinch's dump? Why was he content to hang around and do chores? A man of his type, who has gone crooked enough to stick up a tourist in an automobile nourishes higher—though probably perverted—ambitions than a chaffer and boarder.

She heard Clinch's light step on the uncarpeted stair, went on making up Smith's bed; and smiled as her stepfather came into the room, still carrying his rifle.

He had something else in his hand, too—a flat, thin packet wrapped in

The FLAMING JEWEL by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. A story about a man who steals a diamond and is pursued by a woman who is in love with him.

BEGIN HERE TODAY. QUINTANA and his band of international thieves who first stole that priceless gem, the Flaming Jewel, from the COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA. For love of the now beguiled countess, JAMES DARRRIGH sought the gem and traced it to the disreputable "hotel" in the Adirondacks owned by MIKE CLINCH. Under the name of HAL SMITH, Darragh works at the Clinch hotel, where he meets Clinch's step-daughter, the beautiful EVE STRAYER, the one great influence for good in the career of Clinch. Then Quintana and his gang appeared in the vicinity, and both Clinch and Darragh knew they would stop at nothing to regain the loot fished from the royal casket.

GO ON WITH THE STORY. EPISODE THREE. ON STAR PEAK CHAPTER I. Mike Clinch regarded the jewels taken from Joss Quintana as legitimate loot acquired in war. He was prepared to kill anybody who attempted to take the gems from him. At the very possibility his ruling passion blazed—his mania to make of Eve Strayer a grand lady. But now, what he had feared for years had happened. Quintana had found him—Quintana, after all those years, had discovered the identity and dwelling place of the obscure American soldier who had robbed him in the Adirondacks. Quintana was now in America, here in this very wilderness, tracking the man who had despoiled him.

CLINCH, in his shirt-sleeves, carrying a gun, sat on the porch of Star Pond and sat down to think it over. He began to realize that he was likely to have trouble with a man as cold-blooded and as dogged as himself. Nor did he doubt that those with Quintana were desperate men. On whom could he count? On nobody unless he paid their hire. None among the lawless men who haunted his backwoods "hotel" at Star Pond would lift a finger to help him. Almost any among them would have been glad to have taken the job.

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CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT NO. 1. Proposing to Amend Section 1, Article XIV, of the Constitution of Utah Relating to State Indebtedness. A concurrent resolution providing an amendment to Section 1, Article XIV, of the Constitution of the State of Utah, relating to state debt limitation. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Utah, two-thirds of all the members elected to each of the two houses concurring therein: Section 1. That it is proposed to amend Section 1, Article 14, of the Constitution of the State of Utah, so that the same will read as follows: Sec. 1. To meet casual deficits or failures in revenue, and for necessary expenditures for public purposes, including the erection of public buildings and for the payment of all territorial indebtedness assumed by the state, the state may contract at any time not exceeding in the aggregate at 2 percentum the value of the taxable property of the state, as shown by the last assessment for state purposes, previous to the incurring of such indebtedness. But the state shall never contract any indebtedness, except as in the next section provided, in excess of such amount, and all moneys arising from loans herein authorized, shall be applied solely to the purposes for which they were obtained.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT NO. 2. Proposing to Amend Sections 2 and 3, Article XIII, of the Constitution of Utah Relating to Property Subject to Taxation and Rates of Tax. A resolution proposing amendment to Sections 2 and 3, Article 13, of the Constitution of the State of Utah relating to property subject to taxation and rates of tax. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Utah, two-thirds of all the members elected to each house concurring therein: Section 1. That it is proposed to amend Sections 2 and 3, of Article 13 of the Constitution of the State of Utah, so that such sections will read as follows: Sec. 2. To the end that the burden of taxation may be equitable upon all property, the legislature is empowered to divide all property including money and credits as well as physical property, into classes and to determine what class or classes of property shall be subject to taxation and what property, if any, shall not be subject to taxation. Taxes shall be uniform upon all property of the same class and shall be levied and collected for public purposes only. Taxes may be imposed upon any and all property, including privileges, franchises and licenses to do business in the state, but this shall not be so construed as to authorize the taxation of the stocks of any company or corporation when the property of such company or corporation represented by such stocks has been taxed. The legislature is empowered to impose taxes upon incomes, which taxes may be graduated and progressive and reasonable exemptions may be provided, and

BRYAN OPENS HIS TOUR OF NEBRASKA. OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 16.—William Jennings Bryan, campaigning in Nebraska in the interests of a United Democratic party in general and of the candidacy of Democrats who seek national and state political office in particular, opened his six-day tour Monday by speaking in seven towns. He declared that the Democratic party is again united over the grave of the liquor issue, her Winchester and belt. "You shoot to kill," said Clinch grimly, "if anyone wants to stop you. But lay low and you won't need to shoot nobody, girlie. G'wan out the back way, Hal's in the ice house." (Continued in our Next Issue.)

LIVESTOCK LEAVE SAWTOOTH RANGES. POCATELLO, Ida., Oct. 16.—Reports of the forestry service declare there was no rain in the Sawtooth national reserve during the month of September.

White-of-Egg in Calumet a Vital Element Most Baking Powders Lack. Don't use a leavener that does not contain white-of-egg. When you do you take chances—you run the risk of spoiling your bakings. CALUMET The Economy BAKING POWDER contains a small amount of white-of-egg. This makes it possible for representatives of the company to test it frequently for leavening strength—right on the dealer's counter. Nothing but absolutely fresh stock is permitted to remain on the dealers' shelves. It must always be up to the high Calumet standard. Remember the white-of-egg in Calumet protects the success of your bakings. It is the economical positive bake-day aid and its sale is 2 1/2 times as much as that of any other brand. A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 ounces. Some baking powders come in 12 ounce instead of 16 ounce cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it. THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

REGISTER TODAY OR TOMORROW. This is registration day for those who expect to vote on November 7. Registration offices will be open up to 7 o'clock this evening. Tomorrow also will be a day on which you may register. Then after that there will be two days on which to get your name on the poll books—October 17 and 21. If you have been registered in a district from which you have moved, get a transfer. If you did not vote at the last election have your name recorded. If you are a new voter, register. Do not neglect this important duty. Every man and woman should respond to the call of citizenship.

COURAGE AND CO-OPERATION. Falling to have harmony and lacking pluck, the Yankees were defeated by the Glants, although the Yankees were rated by experts as the better players. Therefore, once more will it be said that the race is not always to the swift. The Yankees did not have the courage which the Glants possessed. They failed in heart and mind. To lack of courage was added discord. Without co-operation such as McGraw developed, the men under Huggins were incapable under supreme strain of successfully battling against the Glants. The contest for championship has emphasized the need of courage and unity of action in not only baseball but in all life's undertakings.

UNCLE JOE CANNON WILL BE LONELY. Habit is a mighty factor in life. Even Uncle Joe Cannon acknowledges that the habit of attending congress and helping to legislate for the American people has a hold on him so strong that now he is retiring there comes a regret. Back once more in his old home in Danville, Illinois, he tells the reporter: "Fifty years since I first went to Washington and I have been there ever since with the exception of two vacations. I voluntarily decided to retire, but I'm just a little sorry." It is a radical change for one of active mind suddenly to drop the activities of a lifetime and turn to something else. Thoughts are like individuals. They become our companions and demand attention. After many years the impressions and the creations of the mind assert themselves and there is a harking back. Today Uncle Joe Cannon is recalling the days of long ago and when congress reopens this winter he will be lonely, separated from the scenes of fifty years.

THAT FIRST ARMISTICE DAY. A month hence and Armistice day will be with us. The observance of the day is being kept up by the exercise men. Armistice day is the greatest day in modern history. On that day the most destructive of all wars ended, after millions of men had been killed and billions of dollars of property had been destroyed. It ended in time to save civilization from a complete disaster.

There is reason to rejoice on Armistice day. America took a big part in bringing the mighty struggle to a close, and the sons of America proved their heroic worth. Before it is too late, and too many who took part have passed away, Ogden should re-enact the scenes of Armistice day, 1918. Four years ago, November 11, was a chilly day for those who had "flu," but from the time the whistles started to blow and the bell ring until human nature had to succumb to the endless round of hilarity, there was no chill for the participants in the hurrah. Soon after daylight the streets were crowded with men, women and children, trying to express their joy over the news which was bringing back to them the boys of America, or was warding off an expected blow. Everyone had a heart throbbing that day. All had cause to shout and laugh and cry, and we are of the opinion the greater part of the people of the United States manifested all three emotions. Bands played; truck loads of young and old went by yelling and screaming; flags were waved; the carnival spirit prevailed; no one stayed in doors, except those stricken with influenza and many of them crawled out

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