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**WAR RISK INSURANCE**

The committee headed by Charles Evans Hughes to offer suggestions for the improvement of the War Risk Insurance Bureau has submitted some specific recommendations that are worthy of immediate consideration. Policies have been written for about 4,000,000 men, three-fourths of whom have not continued their payments since leaving the service and have thus lost the opportunity to secure life insurance at a very low premium. The government has arranged to carry these war policies forward at a premium lower than any insurance company could afford. That so many neglected this insurance, it is assumed, is due to a lack of knowledge of what it involves. The bureau has been unable to communicate with many of the men because their addresses are incorrect.

The Hughes committee has reported that the first thing to be done is to get into closer touch with the discharged soldiers through co-operation of state and municipal officials, the Red Cross, American Federation of Labor and other organizations that have proved efficient and willing during the war. The committee also recommends branches of the bureau in every state to keep in personal contact with its policy holders, a publicity campaign to inform the discharged men of the opportunity and finally enactment of legislation authorizing the bureau to conduct its affairs "on business principles."

The success or failure of the bureau is in the balance. If the discharged soldiers, sailors and marines do not take advantage of the opportunity afforded them, the success of the bureau during the war will be lessened by its failure to carry out after the war the generous intention of Congress.

Since the advent of the R-34, it isn't a long way to Tipperary anymore.

**BUTTERFLY DAYS**

We are now in the languid butterfly and locust days of July. We are at the noontide of the calendar. A sultry stillness holds the world; the birds are too lazy to sing in the heated air. The rains have ceased save for an occasional thunderstorm. The woods are deep in the shadow of completed foliage, roads and paths grow dusty and the rambler seeks the water courses. The tall cottonwood trees gently float their soft balls of cotton in the hazy air and predict the mellow, golden fall that is to come.

The musicians of the forest are hushed. They are no longer inspired by the eagerness of courtship. The season of nesting is finished and the male songster is away by himself in selfish freedom or else is busy helping the little mother feed and guard the fledglings, whose peeping is heard along every roadside. This is the main reason for the comparative silence.

It is July—the heyday of insect life. Threading the aisles of the miniature forest of grass and herbage beneath our feet, searching the bark and thronging amid the foliage of trees, or burrowing beneath the ground, insects are active and innumerable.

July, the seventh month of the Gregorian calendar and the fifth month of the old, is the month of Julius, named after Julius Caesar. It was the fifth month in the original Latin year, which before Numa began with March. The name was changed to July by the proposal of Mark Antony, in honor of Julius Caesar, who was born the twelfth of this month. The Roman name for it was Quintilis. The Anglo-Saxons called it 'mead month' because the meads were then in bloom, and also the 'latter mild month.' June being known as the 'earlier mild month.' Charlemagne gave it the name of 'hay month,' for it is the month fragrant with the harvest of hay.

July is the hottest month of the year. The days are long and torpid. July is the only month of thirty-one days that is followed by another month of equal length.

July is the birthday of the independence of two republics; July Fourth for America and July Fourteenth for France.

**THE WORDS OF A STATESMAN**

Out of the war has come one great clear-sighted statesman—Lieut.-Gen. Jan Christian Smuts of the Union of South Africa, a member of the British

peace delegation. In a farewell statement, as he left London for South Africa an appeal is made by General Smuts for an abiding faith in high ideals, despite what he terms the disillusionment produced by the Peace Treaty. He says the fundamental significance of the war has been a victory, spiritual and moral, over the material factors, a victory of the finer elements of human nature over the baser, and hence there should be no bitterness left in the minds of the people.

He pleads for appeasement and reconciliation as the only means for the regeneration of exhausted Europe, which he says is the most awful spectacle in history.

In urging encouragement of the republican administration in Germany he says the issue probably will be decided in Germany and that President Ebert "deserves our backing and encouragement."

"Do not let us deal with Ebert as we have dealt with Kerensky and Karolyi (former premiers respectively of Russia and Hungary) with results beyond recall today," the statement of General Smuts concludes.

Dealing with questions concerning the British empire and the dominions, General Smuts says the most pressing of all is the Irish question.

"It has become a chronic wound whose septic effects are spreading to our whole system, and through its influence on America is beginning to poison our most vital foreign relations," he said.

"Our statesmen in Paris dealt with racial problems resembling Ireland and in every way as difficult as the Irish problem, and they may not shrink from applying to Ireland the same medicine they applied to Bohemia and many another part of Europe."

General Smuts regards whole chapters of the Peace Treaty as nothing compared with the supreme importance of having a stable democratic republicanism represented in the League of Nations.

He urges the Allies to leave Russia alone, remove the blockade and adopt a policy of friendly neutrality and impartiality to all factions.

"It may be well," he continues, "that the only ultimate hope for Russia is a sobered, purified soviet system and that may be far better than barbarism, to which our present policy seems inevitably tending. Be patient with sick Russia, give her time and sympathy and await the results of her convalescence."

General Smuts is 49 years old. He was educated at Victoria College, Stellenbosch, and Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he is an honorary fellow. He practiced law at the Cape Town bar. He served in the Boer War and in 1901 was given supreme command in Cape Colony.

He drew the first draft of the League of Nations.

Did King Arthur's Excalibur have anything on the gold-mounted and diamond-studded sword presented to General Pershing by the city of London last Friday?

**Real Estate Transfers.**

L. C. Gibson to I. V. Evans	
Lt 170 Smithton & pt Its 4 & 5 Stewart sub 29 & 32	
Garth sub Columbia	1.00
Jesse Crowley et al to E. T. Palmer Et al SW SE 5-49-13.	1,100.00
J. A. Barnett to O. W. Barnett 1/2 int Its 4 & 5, blk 57, Sturgeon	200.00
Boone County Trust Co. tr., to A. B. Coffman E pt It Mikel sub	50.00

**THE CALENDAR**

- Aug. 1—Boy Scouts leave on scout encampment.
- Aug. 2—Teachers' Examination for five-year certificate in Agricultural Auditorium at 8 o'clock in the morning.
- Aug. 4—Basil Gauntlett will give a piano recital at the University Auditorium at 7:30 p. m.
- August 14—Summer term of the University ends.
- August 21-26—Columbia chautauqua on Stephens College campus.
- Fall Term of University.**
- Aug. 26, 27, 28—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, entrance examinations.
- Aug. 29, 30—Friday, Saturday, registration.
- Aug. 30—7:30 p. m., Saturday opening convocation.
- Sept. 1—8 a. m., Monday, class work begins.
- Oct. 27—8 a. m., Monday, to Dec. 20, noon, Saturday first term, two-year winter course in agriculture.
- Nov. 27—Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, holiday.
- Dec. 20—noon, Saturday, fall term ends; Christmas holidays begin.
- Winter Term of University.**
- Dec. 30—Tuesday, registration.
- Dec. 30—7:30 p. m., Tuesday, opening convocation.
- Dec. 31—8 a. m., Wednesday, class work begins.
- Dec. 31—8 a. m., Wednesday to Feb. 27, 1920, 4 p. m., Friday, second term, two-year winter course in agriculture.
- Feb. 22—Sunday, Washington's Birthday.
- April 18—Sunday, Baccalaureate Address.
- April 20—4 p. m., Tuesday, winter term ends.
- April 22—Thursday, Commencement Day.
- Spring-Summer Term of University.**
- April 24—Saturday, registration.
- April 24—7:30 p. m., Saturday, opening convocation.
- April 26—8 a. m., Monday, class work begins.
- June 19—Saturday, first half of term ends.
- June 21—Monday, second half of term begins.
- Aug. 14—Noon, Saturday, spring-summer term ends.

**GOLF? FIDDLESTICKS! TRY A GARDEN, SAYS R. B. PRICE**



There are two things R. B. Price, Sr., likes to talk about—his garden and his great-grandson. The latter, Preston Blair Henrotin, is shown here with him.

Dressed in his work clothes, sleeves rolled up, and silvery hair peeping from beneath a wide-brimmed straw hat, was R. B. Price, Sr., weeding a peanut patch and perspiring as hard as any day laborer.

Here was a man approaching his eighty-eighth year, a banker for sixty years, who still continues to work six hours a day at the bank, and yet finds time to tend an acre of ground for the love and exercise of it. He does all the work himself.

"Why don't you play golf for exercise?" asked a friend who had approached him unexpectedly.

"Golf? Fiddlesticks! Some of my friends once induced me to learn that game, but there's no comparison, especially when a man has had his own garden for fifty-eight years. Everyone to his taste, but me for the garden."

"I guess I inherited my mother's love for the garden and flowers," said Mr. Price, fanning his face with his straw hat.

"Here is my favorite flower," he said, breaking off a twig from a large calycanthus bush. "My mother had one in her Virginia garden. I sent back there for three plants, which came part way by steamboat, but this is the only one which lived. It is more than fifty years old."

"Those peonies over there are also fifty years old and came from Virginia."

**Old-Fashioned Favorites.** One corner of the garden includes only the old-fashioned flowers: Here are groups of single and double hollyhocks, fringes of feverfew, rows of paradise feather and love-in-the-mist. Opposite these in another bed are bunches of hen-and-chickens, bachelor buttons and snapdragons.

At the end of a pink-and-white-bordered walk is the herb bed. Mint, sage, lavender, pennyroyal and tansy grow here. Mr. Price removed his hat as he walked past these and smilingly remarked that a southern man always removed his hat in honor of a mint bed.

A rose arbor in the center of the garden divides the lowly from the high-brow flowers. The two do not

even call or nod to each other, and no wonder; these dainty tea roses were sent direct from Europe especially for this garden.

**Roasts Own Peanuts.**

"Now from the artistic to the prosaic side—the vegetable garden," said Mr. Price. "I want you to see my peanuts. Usually I raise several bushels, and because of my fondness for them I shall put in a larger crop next year. I roast my own peanuts, and find that it is as enjoyable as the eating."

"We had our first roasting ears July 15."

Growing next to the corn are eighty tall tomato vines of the Mont Rose variety.

Mr. Price turned on the hose and watered a celery bed containing 500 plants, which had been set out the day before. Opposite these are sixty

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cantaloupe vines, covered profusely with cantaloupes of every size. Cauliflower, cucumbers, chard, carrots, parsnips, almost every known variety of vegetables, are growing in rows or beds side by side.

"Here in this one acre is growing enough for three hotels," said Mr. Price, "but we have never sold a penny's worth. We share the products with our friends."

The guest, carrying two old-fashioned nosegays, picked by Mr. Price (who said as he picked them that each was his favorite flower) started down the path.

"Wait a moment," called the banker, "I want you to see a new picture of my only great-grandson, Preston Blair Henrotin. He is only ten months old and lives in Brooklyn, N. Y."

"Now," he said, holding the picture out, "did you ever see a finer chap? A great-grandson like that ought to add ten years to any man's life. Don't you think so?"

And the guest agreed.

**Germany May Change National Colors.** BERLIN, July 1 (by mail).—The German national colors hereafter will be black, red and gold, provided the

state constitution is ratified. The constitutional committee has just finished days of wrangling over whether the old imperial colors are preferable to the new.

**SCHOOLS TO EXHIBIT AT FAIR**

**Entries Must Be Made Not Later Than August 4.**

Many Boone County schools are preparing exhibits of work they have done to send to the State Fair, Charles Northcutt, county superintendent of schools, said yesterday afternoon. Both city and rural schools of the county will compete.

Rocheport's school exhibit at the State Fair last year won two cups and a number of ribbons, and the school there expects to make a showing equally as good this year. Mr. Northcutt said he believed the Columbia schools would send a number of drawings to the event. Agricultural exhibits are sent from the rural districts.

"All entries of educational exhibits should be made immediately," Mr. Northcutt said. "No school will be allowed to enter after August 4."



**THE TERROR OF FIRE**

is always present in the mind of the woman of the house, especially if she has a little one. And she also worries a lot about what she would do if her home burned and it was not insured. If you have a wife and a home and perhaps a little one, don't you think it your duty to insure them against being made homeless? Better take out a policy today.

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