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NOW THAT THE FARMERS ARE OUT OF THE TRENCHES GET THEM INTO THE FURROWS

The food problem is one that was not solved with the winning of the war.

On the contrary it has become more complex, since we are now called upon to feed the nations that a few weeks ago we were endeavoring to starve into submission.

From the outset of the war the burden has rested upon the producer of food. He has been called upon for a greatly increased production with a greatly reduced capacity for production.

The farmer was called into the war along with other men with trades and professions. He was asked to assume the responsibility of the soldier without diminishing his responsibility for feeding the world. He was taken away from the farm, but the farm was called upon to double its yield.

The farmer was taken into the army, into the shipyards and the munitions plants. He was inducted into every branch of the service that would contribute to winning the war. The nation was told that it must fight and farm, but the farmers were taken away to fight.

During the war the farmers of the nation were obliged, with their reduced facilities, to feed the workmen, the carpenters, the shipbuilders, the munitions workers, the soldiers and sailors, not only of this country, but of the allied nations, with the civil populations of other nations added, as they, for the most part, were engaged in war activity.

This country was taxed to its capacity to do this. It was possible only because of a voluntary rationing system that our people imposed upon themselves, with the idea that those who fight should be the first to be fed.

With the collapse of Germany and Austria we find those countries mere shells of their former selves. They are without food. They are in dire straits. They are at our mercy, and we are at a serious disadvantage. While they fought we saw to it that food did not reach them from this or neutral countries. Now they have surrendered and have thrown themselves upon our mercy. Perhaps it is not to the liking of all of us, but those who are wiser say they must be fed and that we must feed them.

We shall not be less magnanimous in peace than we were in war. The victor can afford to be generous. The war was won without our murdering women, children and innocent peoples. Surely we shall not, in time of peace, permit the women and children of enemy nations to starve, since not one was injured or wronged by us in time of war.

The food problem will not be solved this year. There are critical months yet to come. The food cannot be dug from the earth at any time, as the ore, nor cut down as the tree in the forest. It is a long and tedious process. The ground must be prepared, the seed sown, the crop cultivated, gathered and transformed into food for consumption. The earth must pass through all the cycles of seasons before the foods are all available.

If we are to measure up to our new responsibility for feeding the peoples of the enemy nations, as well as those of our own and of our allies, we must begin to prepare now.

There is no time to lose. The farmer must begin his work not later than the first of February. Only a little more than two months' time is available to get a start for next year's crop.

In the cantonments and in France are something in the neighborhood of 4,000,000 men. Many of them are farmers. Many of them left good farms, and they not only would like to return, but they are badly needed.

In the discharge of men from the army the government should give first consideration to the farmers. The mustering out process is going to be tedious. It may be long. If the farmers in the army are mustered out in April, May or June they will not be able to make a crop next year.

It is highly important that the government, which is planning on such a broad scale to help feed the world, should provide also the means of fulfilling its program.

Every farmer who can be spared from the army; every man in the army who will pledge himself to go to the farm, should have first consideration, and should be the first to be mustered out.

This is a matter that cannot be postponed. It is as urgent as it is vital. The Germans are appealing to President Wilson for food. The women of Germany, who spat in the faces of prisoners and refused them even a drink of water, are hungry now. They have appealed to Mrs. Wilson. We are told that Mr. Hoover may go to Germany, as he went to Belgium to help that country bear its cross, to study the needs and the food problems peculiar to that country.

This nation can feed its own soldiers. It has fed them and the soldiers of the allied nations. It is big enough and strong enough to beat the Germans and feed them, too.

But if we are to do these things we must have soldiers in the furrows next spring, as we had soldiers in the trenches last spring.

Let the slogan be, "Get the soldiers out of the trenches and get the farmers into the furrows."

It is a problem of peace, less thrilling, less spectacular, than the problems of war, but it is just as imperative, and delay will be attended by consequences just as fatal.

As we look about us in the fields of West Tennessee, Northern Mississippi and Eastern Arkansas, with their depleted help, unpicked cotton and accumulating evidence of absentee tenancy, we know that the call to send the boys back to the farm is not untimely, and the situation that confronts us is not peculiar, but a general condition affecting every part of the country alike.

Let's have the farmers home first.

Chairman Hurley is planning a mighty fleet that will fly the American flag. He is getting ready for the next war—the one that must be fought with the agencies of peace.

There is considerable fear that the German propagandist will secure lenient peace terms. At least it will do as much good as fighting for them.

Hooverize time by doing your Christmas shopping early.

Movie of a Certain Ex-Monarch—By Briggs

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer. THE WALL FLOWER.

I get a great many letters from girls who tell me that they are just as good looking and attractive as other girls, but that for some reason they do not attract men. They never have a beau. When they go to parties they ornament the walls. They buy their own theater tickets, and treat themselves to sodas, and have none of the good times that their more fortunate sisters have. And these girls want to know why this is thus, and how they may acquire the arts of the man-catcher. Alas, they ask the question that women have been trying to solve from another five down, and whose answer none has guessed. Doubtless the riddle that the Sphinx is pondering over on her desert sands, is why men flock around some women like bees around a honey pot while other women, better looking, more intelligent, more interesting, better placed socially, with more brains and more heart, never attract a single man within telephoning distance. Nobody can explain this any more than they can why the type of women that other women admire makes no hit with men, while the women that men go crazy over generally seem to other women to be sorry specimens of their sex. Nor is there any definite line of demarcation that fires the masculine fancy. The girl with no particular pretensions to beauty is often a belle, while some living pictures in her vicinity are totally neglected. Sometimes it's the jolly girl whom the boys rush, and sometimes it's the athletic maiden who has broken their necks to play golf with and go on hikes with, and now it's the fluffly ruffles in high-heeled shoes whose most strenuous physical exercise consists in holding in the corner of a limousine. Sometimes it's the common sense girl who has to keep a waiting list of her admirers, and again it's the baby talk before whom suitors stand in rows. All of which indicates that what attracts men is something that no woman can find out. It is some mysterious quality or personal magnetism that a girl is born with, or born without. It is the "come hither" look in the eye that nature gives or withholds from a maiden, and according as she has it, or not, men rise up and follow her, or flee from her. But let not the girl upon whom her good fairy failed to bestow this precious gift mourn as one without hope. There is art in there, and art is a substitute. There is camouflage, and as one of the characters in a recent play saw, "we have been catching flies in the same way for 2,000 years, and it still works." Therefore, to the girl who isn't popular with men and who desires to be, I would recommend three things. First, to sit down and cold-bloodedly take stock of herself, no matter how much it hurts her vanity. Let her ask herself these questions: "Am I unattractive looking so that a man would not be proud to be seen out with me? Then I will enhance my looks by getting my hair combed in the latest wrinkle, and patronizing a dress-maker and milliner who will turn me out a living fashion plate, for I have observed that it flatters a man to appear in public with what he calls a 'well-looking' girl." "Do I bore men with my conversation? Do I afflict them with prattle about my family? Do I scare them by making sharp speeches? Do I try to hand out a line of high-browed opinions on Masterlock and Ibsen to men who never read anything but the newspaper headlines and the sporting page? If I do I will learn to follow where a man leads in talk, and become a gifted listener." "Do I dance well enough to make a man seek me as a partner, or is dancing with me as hard labor as trucking around a load of dry goods? Do I play a good game of golf, tennis and cards? If I don't, why should any man wish to play with me? It is up to me to make myself a cracker-jack playfellow." Then I should advise the girl who is not personally attractive to men, to remember that in catching flies we must bait the trap with sugar. A good way to do this is with a popular girl. Beautiful girls make the mistake of flocking with other wall flowers. They should never do this. They should always choose as companions girls who possess the power that they lack to allure men with. Also the unattractive girl must bait her trap with food. Any girl can entertain herself into a sort of boredom because in common decency a man can not accept hospitality without making some return for it. This is where another comes in. It is mother's place to make her house so attractive that young men will like to come to it, and in this way she gives her daughter her chance, for many a girl who seems unattractive to a man at first finds her to be a charmer when he gets acquainted with her. Likewise many a girl who isn't showy in company is seen to her best advantage against the background of home, and with the aroma of mother's pies floating about her. Finally, I would remind the beautiful girl of the wisdom of striking out into new pastures and fresh fields. She is not admired and appreciated in her own home town. Many a girl, like the prophet, merely lacks honor in her own country, and she finds in another environment the attentions from men she has always craved and never had. The moral of all of which is, never give up the ship, and set sail for foreign waters. If the fishing is poor at home. (Copyright, 1918, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

On the Spur of the Moment by Roy K. Moulton

GOOD-BYE. Good-bye, O pumpkin pie, With thee I have communed For lo, these many years, And now, in bitter tears, With voice of grief attuned, I say good-bye. Since youth I have drawn nigh Thy brown and luscious self, My inmost soul has yearned, But, far as I'm concerned, You're now upon the shelf For good and aye. You used to be a jilt, Say, I don't run a bank, At 20 cents a hunk, Which I think is the bunk, You're far above my rank, So beat it—fitt. When o'er food got high I barked a lot on you, Somehow I had no fear That you'd turn proffiter, I thought you'd see me through, Good-bye, false pie. One of the most important news items of today is that Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, who was executed by the Bolsheviks on Oct. 16, is living quietly on his estate in the Crimea. A scientist has discovered that parsnips are nutritious. It is a good thing they are, for they have nothing else to recommend them. The price of razors has gone up "because the soldiers need them." Didn't these boys ever shave before they entered the army? "Randolph, let me smell your breath," said Mrs. Jaggs as her husband rolled home at 1 a.m. "Shorry, m'dear," he replied, "but it ish impossible. The health rules are very stricked during the inflienssher ephidemmick." A recent ad. says: "The greatest floor enamel ever made. You can put it on yourself." In other words, don't take it internally. Economy is the watchword in England, and, as a result, they are considering seriously a plan to pay the poet laureate by piecework instead of a straight salary. And now they say the Spanish flu is nothing but the old-fashioned grip with the scare thrown in. Which, by the way, is not far from the truth.



News of Memphis Twice Told Tales News of Memphis 25 Years Ago. 10 Years Ago. NOVEMBER 20, 1903. More than 2,000 Japanese were drowned and \$5,000,000 damage was done to property in Japan by a storm and flood on Oct. 24, advices say. No decision has been reached by the government relative to the annexation of Hawaii to the United States against the wishes of the deposed queen. Miss Florence Gage, talented soprano, is stopping a few days at Mrs. Frayser Holt's, arranging for a concert. Rev. James Vernon, of Kentucky, who is assisting Rev. J. A. Brooks in a revival at the First Christian church, preached yesterday on "A Secular Study of Jesus." The Church Orphan's home, badly in need of money, will start a campaign soon for finances. The entertainment to raise money for the burned Lyceum theater, will be held tonight at the Auditorium. The wedding of Miss Beulah Jackson and Lewis Baker is announced to take place on the 23d inst. Col. I. L. Baker has returned after an absence of four months. NOVEMBER 20, 1908. Chancellor von Bismarck, of Germany, is reported as greatly depressed over his clash with the Kaiser, and probably will resign shortly. A train bearing the private car of William Rockefeller was purposely derailed near Utica, N. Y., but no one was hurt. John D. Rockefeller is on the stand in the trial of the government against the Standard Oil company, in an effort to disprove it. Mrs. James P. Chase, of 715 Adams avenue, is entertaining her sister, Miss Anna Evans George, of University, Miss. Russia has decided to send out special agents to develop trade in the region in which Turkey and Serbia have boycotted Austrian goods. Gov. Malcolm R. Patterson will return Friday to Nashville, after having spent several days in Memphis with the hardware men's convention. Beale avenue, from South Third to Orleans street will be opened this week to the public with a new pavement.

YE TOWNE GOSSIP BY K.C.B.

OUT IN the desert, OF COLORADO, IN A little town, THAT THEY call Indio, IS A friend of mine, NAMED "W. L. R." AND NEAR where he lives, IS ANOTHER man, IN A neat little house, AND A great big yard, AND WHERE this is, IT USED to be sand, THAT BURNED in the sun, AND THEN grew cold, WITH THE chill of night, AND IN all the place, WHERE THE yard now lies, THERE WAS no life, AND SO it ran, IN THE memory of man, AND THE neighbor came, AND A house was built, AND A fence grew up, AND FROM up on the hills, WHENCE THE water came, TO THE little town, CAME THE life of the hills, AND IT tempered the heat, OF THE noonday sun, AND TEMPERED the chill, OF THE desert night, AND THE sun, AND THE night, AND THE melted snows, AND THE neighbor man, HELD COUNSEL there, AND A seed was set, AND ANOTHER seed, AND THE life of the hills, WENT INTO them, AND THEY crowded their way, THROUGH THE blistered sand, AND DRANK of the hills, AND SEARCHED for the sun, AND SO they grew, TILL THE square of sand, THAT THE fence held in, HAD ALL grown green, EXCEPT FOR spots. WHERE FLOWERS came, AND THE sun, AND THE snow, THAT HAD run away, AND THE desert chill, PAINTED WONDROUS hues, WHERE THE flowers grew, AND THE town went by, AND STOPPED on its way, AND STOOD at the fence, AND BREAthed of the life, AND FEASTED its eyes, AND INSIDE of the fence, THE NEIGHBOR man, WENT ON his way, AND IN all of the town, THERE WAS but one, WHO COULDN'T see, WHERE THE sand had been, AND HE was the neighbor man himself. AND HIS eyes were blind, BUT HIS was the joy, AND THE greatest joy, FOR HIS was the work, THAT HAD been wrought, I THANK you.

ONE ON DOG. This story was told by a soldier after a two weeks' stay at a base hospital with an attack of the measles. A nurse went around and took the temperature of the sick soldiers, and while her back was turned one soldier, instead of pulling the thermometer into his mouth, inserted it into a cup of hot coffee standing near by. The nurse, the thermometer passing doctor, who first looked at it and then at the patient. "My boy," he exclaimed, "you are not dead, but ought to be." The thermometer registered 120 degrees.

THEATERS. LOEW'S LYCEUM Theater. Continuous 1 to 11 p.m. "WHAT WOMAN CAN DO." A Clever Combination of Vaudeville Specialties. OTHER LOEW ACTS. Dorothy Gish & Geo. Fawcett. "The Hun Within". Entire New Show Tomorrow, Headed by "THE REEL GUYS". A Musical Satire on the "Movies."—and— WALLACE REID in "THE SOURCE." MATINEES 10c-15c NIGHTS 10c-20c-30c

MOVING PICTURES. Loew's Princess. Continuous 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. TODAY AND THURSDAY. Pauline Frederick in "FEDORA". The Strangest of All the Stage's Immortal Heroines. Paramount-Sennett Comedy, "SLEUTHS." FRIDAY AND SATURDAY. LILA LEE in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes." You remember "CUDDELES," the "cute" little girl in vaudeville? She's now the latest successful screen actress.

Opheum. Carl Jorn. Distinguished Tenor, Formerly of Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Marie Nordstrom. "LET'S PRETEND." W. L. Thorpe & Co. "THE NOTORIOUS DELPHINE." Other Feature Acts. SATURDAY, 3 P.M., NOVEMBER 23d. GOODWYN INSTITUTE. Madam Sturkow-Ryder. Chicago Pianist. FIRST RECITAL OF THE SERIES OF Artist Piano Recitals. Seat Sale Opens Thursday, Nov. 21, 9 a.m. O. K. HOUCK PIANO CO. Season Tickets, including war tax, \$2.50. Single Tickets (plus war tax), \$1.00. Mail orders please include 10 cents for exchange on checks. Management. MEMPHIS MUSICAL BUREAU. MRS. JASON WALKER, Manager.