The News Scimitar

PUBLISHED BY THE MEMPHIS NEWS SCIMITAR COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By carrier, 15c per week. By mail, postage paid, 1 month, 40c; 3 months, 75c; 3 months, $1.00; 6 months, $2.00; 12 months, $4.00.

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MEMPHIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TRADE EXPANSION COUNCIL 1919-20 14-15

PAUL BLOCK, INC., Special Representative. 250 Fifth Ave., New York; Mallers Building, Chicago; Little Building, Boston; Kresge Building, Detroit.

SMOKEHOUSE LOGIC

Is this problem of high cost of living one to be solved by legislative investigation, congressional legislation, presidential proclamation, or is it merely a high tide in our economic life that will settle back to normal by the ordinary process of the checks and balances of supply and demand?

It ought not to be difficult to ascertain the underlying causes, and when the cause has been discovered the remedy will suggest itself.

But there is this much that may be conceded. If we are to have government regulation it should be thorough and complete. If we are not to have government regulation the government should keep its hands off the question. We cannot regulate half the people and half the manufacturing industries of the country and leave the other half unregulated and solve the question.

There are some who believe as a temporary measure the government should assume control of every article of food and merchandise; regulate the purchase price of the material that goes into the product; regulate the cost price of the manufacture; regulate the sale price to the wholesaler and jobber; regulate the sale price to the retailer, and regulate the profit and the sale price of the retailer.

There are others who believe that the government should say: "The government is merely the people; it is made up of individuals of different professions, different occupations and different businesses. It is the duty of the government to see that there are no illegal combinations for the purpose of price-fixing or profiteering, but aside from that every man is for himself, to get what he can for his labor, for his product, raw or finished, and competition eventually will establish a basis of wages and prices for clothing and food."

What the best policy is might be determined by trying something. So far there has been no scientific plan formulated for dealing with it.

There is a rare opportunity for statesmanship in this country. We were looking to Senator Kenyon to get results from his licensing system for the packers, but the opposition he has met from his Republican colleagues has about dissipated that hope. The only prospect he has is to make his program so plain and simple and put it before the people so forcibly that, if it is correct, no one will dare to stand against it.

Two or three able senators could array the whole country behind them with a definite program looking to the solution of our most pressing problems.

The derangement of industry and the unsettled conditions are appealing much more strongly to the average citizen than the league of nations. Men may discourse wisely and with a show of great learning in the library, but they are much more easily influenced by conditions affecting the smokehouse.

THE COME-BACK

The recuperative power of the German is amazing. There are some who thought he was crushed to earth never to rise again. Mr. Barney Baruch, one of the president's advisers and Mr. Tumulty's great friend, says it is a matter of impossibility for the German people to sustain the burden that has been placed upon them. And while we are discoursing upon the ability or inability of the Germans to bear the yoke that was placed upon them by their victorious enemies there comes a revelation.

The Germans—a syndicate representing them, while we are pulling hair over the league of nations and debating whether the Germans are qualified for admission—have invaded this country and purchased practically the visible supply of leather and hides. It is said that they have bought not less than $300,000,000 worth of hides and leather.

That somebody has been lax in permitting this, which will redound to the discomfort of the American people, must be evident from the prevailing price of shoes, to say nothing of the price that is now impending. Nor is this all. The Germans have practically obtained a monopoly on the cattle, hides and leather in Argentina.

Not only will this country be deprived of the much needed product of its own plants, because the material is to be exported to the Germans, but it will be practically impossible to import sufficient materials to meet our requirements, because the Germans have operated on the same scale and with the same idea in other countries.

The expectation that the Germans would "come back" seems to be on the way to realization, even before we are prepared for the return.

RIGHT OF SANCTUARY

The ruffians who attacked the young girl Sunday should have been in the city jail an hour after the outrage occurred. The men seem to have had no difficulty in getting all the liquor they wanted; the automobile they used carried an undecipherable tag; they collided with another car and violated all the speed laws, every act constituting a separate offense. The men were said to have been around their accustomed haunts Sunday afternoon and Monday morning. Is it possible that the right of sanctuary is conceded to the chauffeurs at the taxicab stands?

In 1917 Tennessee shipped more hogs to market than there were hogs in the state in 1914. In 1918 the revenue from the sale of hogs in the state was nearly double the amount received in 1917. The first six months of 1919 produced a revenue from the hog markets equal to the revenue for the entire year of 1918. This is a splendid showing, and there is still a long way to go before the state will equal Iowa and other states that have been in the business for many years, but there is no reason why Tennessee should not rank well up with the best within a relatively short time.

As an ardent prohibitionist we must confess that the pictures we drew of the man who carried home an armful of provisions instead of spending 20 cents for a drink at the corner grocery on Saturday night did not fully materialize under our beneficent laws.

The railroad men are willing to take over the railroads with the government on a 50-50 basis—the government to absorb the deficit and they to absorb the profits.

If conditions continue to improve in Russia and grow worse in America Lenine and Trotzky may change their seat of government to Washington.

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life—By Briggs

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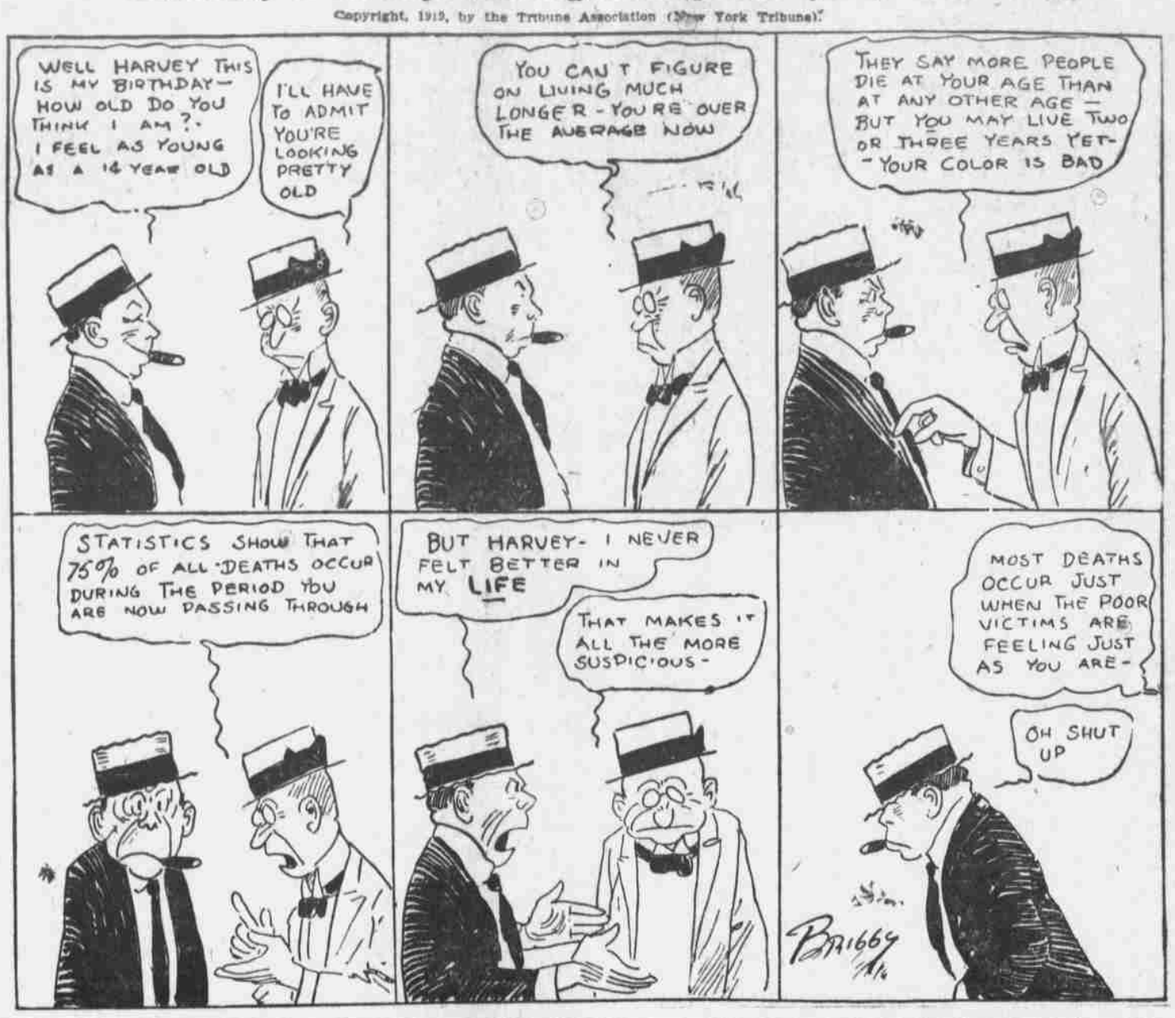

The Wonderful Stories of "OZ"

By L. Frank Baum

Dorothy's Imprisonment by Langwidere

Princess Langwidere's sitting room was panelled with great mirrors, which reached from the ceiling to the floor; also the ceiling was composed of mirrors, and the floor was of polished silver that reflected every object upon it. So when Langwidere sat in her easy chair and played sofe melodies upon her mandolin, her form was mirrored hundreds of times, in walls and ceiling and floor, and whichever way the lady turned her head she could see and admire her own features. This she loved to do, and just as the maid entered she was saying to herself:

"This head with the auburn hair and hazel eyes is quite attractive. I must wear it more often than I have done of late, although it may not be the best of my collection."

"You have company, Your Highness," announced the maid, bowing low.

"Who is it?" asked Langwidere, yawning.

"Dorothy Gale of Kansas, Mr. Tiktok and Billina," answered the maid.

"What a queer lot of names!" murmured the Princess, beginning to be a little interested. "What are they like? Is Dorothy Gale of Kansas pretty?"

"She might be called so," the maid replied.

"And is Mr. Tiktok attractive?" continued the Princess.

"That I cannot say, Your Highness. But he seems very bright. Will Your Gracious Highness see them?"

"Oh, I may as well, Nanda. But I am tired admiring this head, and if my visitor has any claim to beauty I must take care that she does not surpass me. So I will go to my cabinet and change to No.17, which I think is my best appearance. Don't you?"

"Your No. 17 is exceedingly beautiful," answered Nanda, with another bow.

Again the Princess yawned. Then she said:

"Help me to rise."

So the maid assisted her to gain her feet, although Langwidere was the stronger of the two; and then the Princess slowly walked across the silver floor to her cabinet, leaning heavily at every step upon Nanda's arm.

Now I must explain to you that the Princess Langwidere had thirty heads—as many as there are days in the month. But, of course, she could only wear one of them at a time, because she had but one neck. These heads were kept in what she called her "cabinet," which was a beautiful dressing room that lay just between Langwidere's sleeping chamber and the mirrored sitting room. Each head was in a separate cupboard lined with velvet. The cupboards ran all around the sides of the dressing room, and had elaborately carved doors with gold numbers on the outside and jeweled framed mirrors on the inside of them.

When the Princess got out of her crystal bed in the morning she went to her cabinet, opened one of the velvet-lined cupboards, and took the head it contained from its golden shelf. Then, by the aid of the mirror inside the door opened, she put on the head—as neat and straight as could be—and afterward called her maids to robe her for the day. She always wore a simple white costume, that suited all the heads. For, being able to change her face whenever she liked, the Princess had not interest in wearing a variety of gowns, as have other ladies who are compelled to wear the same face constantly.

Of course the 30 heads were in great variety, no two formed alike but all being of exceeding loveliness. There were heads with golden hair, brown hair, rich auburn hair and black hair; but none with gray hair. The heads had eyes of blue, of gray, of hazel, of brown and of black; but there were no red eyes among them, and all were bright and handsome. The noses were Grecian, Roman, retrousse and Oriental, representing all types of beauty; and the mouths were of assorted sizes and shapes, displaying pearly teeth when the heads smiled. As for dimples, they appeared in cheeks and chins, wherever they might be most charming, and one or two heads had freckles upon the faces to contrast the better with the brilliancy of their complexions.

One key unlocked all the velvet cupboards containing these treasures—a curious key carved from a single blood-red duby—and this was fastened to a strong but slender chain which the Princess wore around her left wrist.

When Nanda had supported Langwidere to a position in front of No. 17, the Princess unlocked the door with her ruby key and after handing head No. 9, which she had been wearing to the maid, she took No. 17 from its shelf and fitted it to her neck. It had black hair and dark eyes and a lovely pearl-and-white complexion, and when Langwidere wore it she knew she was remarkably beautiful in appearance.

There was only one trouble with No. 17; the temper that went with it (and which was hidden somewhere under the glossy black hair) was fiery, harsh and haughty in the extreme and it often led the Princess to do unpleasant things which she regretted when she came to wear her other heads.

But she did not remember this today, and went to meet her guests in the drawing room with a feeling of certainty that she would surprise them with her beauty.

BY THE AID OF THE MIRROR SHE PUT ON THE HEAD.

However, she was greatly disappointed to find that her visitors were merely a small girl in a gingham dress, a copper man that would only go when wound up, and a yellow hen that was sitting contentedly in Langwidere's best workbasket, where there was a china egg used for darning stockings.

"It may surprise you to learn that a princess ever does such a common thing as darn stockings. But, if you will stop to think, you will realize that a princess is sure to wear holes in her stockings, the same as other people; only it isn't considered quite polite to mention the matter.

"Oh!" said Langwidere, slightly lifting the nose of No. 17, "I thought some one of importance had called."

"Then you were right," declared Dorothy. "I'm a good deal of 'portance myself, and when Billina lays an egg she has the proudest cackle you ever heard. As for Tiktok, he's the——"

"Stop—stop!" commanded the Princess, with an angry flash of her splendid eyes. "How dare you annoy me with your senseless chatter?"

"Why, you horrid thing!" said Dorothy, who was not accustomed to being treated so rudely.

The princess looked at her more closely.

"Tell me," she resumed, "are you of royal blood?"

"Better than that, ma'am," said Dorothy. "I came from Kansas."

"Huh!" cried the Princess scornfully. "You are a foolish child, and I can not allow you to annoy me. Run away, you little goose, and bother some one else."

Dorothy was so indignant that for a moment she could find no words to reply. But she arose from her chair, and was about to leave the room when the Princess, who had been scanning the girl's face, stopped her by saying, more gently:

"Come nearer to me."

Dorothy obeyed, without a thought of fear, and stood before the Princess while Langwidere examined her face with careful attention.

"You are rather attractive," said the lady, presently. "Not at all beautiful, you understand, but you have a certain style of prettiness that is different from that of any of my 30 heads. So I believe I'll take your head and give you No. 26 for it."

"Well, I b'lieve you won't!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"It will do you no good to refuse," continued the Princess, "for I need your head for my collection, and in the Land of Ev my will is law. I never have cared much for No. 26, and you will find that it is very little worn. Besides, it will do you just as well as the one you're wearing, for all practical purposes."

"I don't know anything about your No. 26, and I don't want to," said Dorothy, firmly. "I'm not used to taking cast-off things, so I'll just keep my own head."

"You refuse?" cried the Princess, with a frown.

"Of course I do," was the reply.

"Then," said Langwidere, "I shall lock you up in a tower until you decide to obey me. Nanda," turning to her maid, "call my army."

Nanda rang a silver bell, and at once a big fat colonel in a bright red uniform entered the room, followed by 10 lean soldiers, who all looked sad and discouraged and saluted the princess in a very melancholy fashion.

"Carry that girl to the North Tower and lock her up!" cried the Princess, pointing to Dorothy.

"To hear is to obey," answered the big red colonel, and caught the child by her arm. But at that moment Tiktok raised his dinner-bell and pounded it so forcibly against the colonel's head that the big officer sat down upon the floor with a sudden bump, looking both dazed and very much astonished.

"Help!" he shouted, and the ten lean soldiers sprang to assist their leader.

There was great excitement for the next few moments, and Tiktok had knocked down seven of the army, who were sprawling in every direction upon the carpet, when suddenly the machine paused, with the dinner pail raised for another blow, and remained perfectly motionless.

"My action has run down," he called to Dorothy. "Wind me up quick!"

She tried to obey, but the big colonel had by this time managed to get upon his feet again, so he grabbed fast hold of the girl and she was helpless to escape.

"This is too bad," said the machine. "I ought to have run six hours longer at least, but I suppose my long walk and my fight with the Wheelers made me run faster than usual."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

"Will you exchange heads with me?" demanded the princess.

"No, indeed!" cried Dorothy.

"Then lock her up," said Langwidere to her soldiers, and they led Dorothy to a high tower at the north of the palace and locked here securely within.

The soldiers afterward tried to lift Tiktok, but they found the machine so solid and heavy that they could not stir it. So they left him standing in the center of the drawing room.

"People will think I have a new statue," said Langwidere, "so it won't matter in the least, and Nanda can keep him well polished."

"What shall we do with the hen?" asked the colonel, who had just discovered Billina in the work basket.

"Put her in the chicken house," answered the princess. "Some day I'll have her fried for breakfast."

"She looks rather tough, your highness," said Nanda, doubtfully.

"That is a base slander!" cried Billina, struggling frantically in the colonel's arms. "But the breed of chickens I come from is said to be poison to all princesses."

"Then," remarked Langwidere, "I will not fry the hen, but will keep her to lay eggs; and if she doesn't do her duty I'll have her drowned in the horse trough."

Editor's Note—In our next story "Ozma of Oz to the Rescue," we meet our old friends again—the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Saw-Horse and the wonderful "Ozma of Oz." Ozma is on a mission to release the royal family of Ev from the thrall of the Noma king and discovers Dorothy of Kansas in the tower. Through the aid of a magic carpet Dorithy is rescued.

Ye Editor Nods

Jolts and Jests Slipped Past The Blue Pencil

SHOW US HOW IT'S DONE, HERB.

"I am through with food," says Herb. Hoover.

When Uncle Sam turns over all that pork to the general public, said public should not make a hog of itself.

Those American doughboys in Germany would undoubtedly prefer a little watermelon to so much Rhine.

Sometimes a voice that has all the sweetness of the ripple of the village brook or the tinkling of a silver bell belongs to a female with a face that only a mother could love.

Marriages are made in heaven, it is said. Divorce courts are where they are unmade.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to wear a long flowing veil around her hat when she went out flivvering?

Every time we see a woman lugging a fuzzy dog around we don't know which one we are the sorrier for.

Mr. Burleson now can appreciate the wire entanglements Uncle Sam's doughboys were up against in France.

THE DOC DID IT!

Wolf Calishman has been seen lately wearing immense blue-glass spectacles. It took Charlie Garibaldi to ferret out the reason.

Wolf, it seems, developed a devilish tickling in his throat. It irritated him, day and night. Meeting a doctor friend Wolf held a sidewalk consultation.

"Get a gargle," advised the doc.

Ever since Wolf has been wearing goggles.

A dirty shirt may cover an honest heart, but no man ever is in doubt about what a peek-a-boo waist covers.

Evidently the profiteers are figuring on a flood, judging from the amount of jack they are laying up.

Many a man who turns loose 10 bucks on a race horse that never comes home lets out a squawk like a hungry jackal, when his wife attempts to separate him from a five spot.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY.

Two years ago Jess Willard was heavyweight champion and Jack Demnsey was a bum. Today Jack Dempsey is champion and Jess Willard is a bum.

To complete the camouflage every soft drink emporium should be equipped with a brass rail.

NATURALLY.

Went up to buy a high chair for the kid today and the furniture man charged me a high price for it.

NOT BEHIND TIMES.

"What a quaint little village! As I live, there are some old men pitching horseshoes on the public square!"

"Yes, but those old codgers are not as far behind the times as you may suppose. Any one of them can give you the warmest argument on 'What's the Matter With Russia' that you ever listened to."

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

TRAGEDY.

It was 3 a.m.

Her husband was snoring.

Stealthily she arose and groped in the dark for her husband's clothes.

Finding them at last, she proceeded to search the pockets.

"Foiled!" she wailed between chattering teeth.

Then she descended the stairs to the hall.

On the satrack hung her husband's overcoat.

She delved into the pockets one by one.

"My God!" she cried. "The letters I gave him are gone. He must have mailed them."

Thoroughly unnerved, she went back to bed.—Walter Pulitzer.

* * * *

THE CYNIC'S VIEW.

A yard or two of stuff that's called a skirt,
A waist that's made of some expensive lace,
A pair of shoes that are so tight they hurt,
Some padding put in just the proper place,
A hat that costs nine times what it is worth,
A peck or two of someone else's hair,
A complexion bought most anywhere on earth,
A corset that is too tight everywhere,
A bundle of artistic temperament,
A flow of conversation that is light,
A passing whiff of some delicious scent,
A show of vanity from morn till night—
And that's a woman.

A bag of wind inflated without cause,
A blowhard and an ardent egotist
Who knows more than the ones who made the laws,
A set of teeth, a mustache and a fist,
Some shoulders that are padded out of shape,
A smell of burned tobacco that is stale,
A blossom on the nose from festive grape,
Some stories that make modest folk turn pale,
A punk cigar that sizzles all day long,
A thing whose chiefest aim is just to eat;
A party who is right, all others wrong;
Who's always 99 per cent conceit—
And that's a man.

* * * *

PHILOSOPHICAL DAVID.

An adv. in the Queensland News says:

"Dave Lewis begs to notify that he has started business on his own hook as an up-to-date restaurant, and hopes that his many friends will dam well stay away and give him a chance."

* * * *

THE COLUMBINE.

Like a jewel trembling,
At a lady's ear,
In this lovely woodland place,
Lo! I found thee, dear.

Among the dazzling beauties
In haunts of royalty,
E'en in the courts of Solomon,
None was arrayed like thee.

—Doris Kenyon.

Moving Pictures

Majestic.

Clara Kimball Young continues to manifest her popularity at the Majestic theater, where she is being featured in her newest society drama, "The Better Wife." In this absorbing romance, Miss Young is seen in the role of a pretty American girl who is on a visit to England, where she became involved in the domestic affairs of a royal family.

A clandestine love affair which the wife is conducting, leads to her death and that of her lover, and Miss Young suddenly finds herself in the wife's place. Miss Young wears many stunning gowns in this picture, and her supporting cast includes Lillian Walker, Kathlyn Williams, Nigel Barrie and others.

Princess.

All who have seen Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East," "Poor Boob" and other delightful photoplays, should see him as the lively young millionaire in "Something To Do," his latest Paramount picture, which is on view at the Princess theater today only. Mr. Washburn's magnetic personality in the stellar role, and his vivid and enthusiastic acting never fails to key up his audiences to the highest pitch of enjoyment. An excellent cast headed by Ann Little, who supported Elliott Dexter in "The Squaw Man" with great success, has been provided for this splendid Washburn picture. Hondini, in another episode of "The Master Mystery," is also featured.

Strand.

Some of the finest riding ever seen in a film is to be found in William S. Hart's new Artcraft picture, "Square Deal Sanderson," picturized by Lambert Hillyer from the story by Charles Alden Seltzer, which is attracting big houses at every showing at the Strand theater this week. Mr. Hart presents one of the finest portrayals of his screen career and his support headed by Ann Little is eminently satisfactory. Much of the picture is exterior in character and Mr. Hart and Lambert Hillyer, co-directors, took the company to a place near Victorville, Cal., for desert scenes and spent two weeks in the open.

WRONG KIND OF SHOES.

"Germany," said a lawyer of New York, "Germany now declares her pacifism. She wants to participate in the league of nations. Our parlor Bolshevists would welcome her, too.

"But the rest of us know well that Germany' presence in the league of nations would be like Wash White's presence at the wedding.

"'What caused the wedding to break up in a fight?' asked the magistrate.

"'It was Washington White's fault, yer honor,' said the bride. 'De weddin' guests was frowin' ole shoes at us from de gallery, and Wash, wot was jealous, 'kase I jilted him, he started frowin ole hoss shoes.'"

OLD HAND AT GAME.

William J. Burns, the detective, said in a Scranton lecture:

"To a well-trained detective every incident is pregnant with significance—yes, every incident is as full of meaning as—well, I am reminded of a story:

"A young man sat in a parlor alone. To him a beautiful girl entered. Thereupon the young man arose, took six cigars from his upper waistcoat pocket, laid them carefully on the piano, and then advanced toward the girl passionately, his arms outstretched.

"But the girl drew back.

"'You have loved before,' she said."

PUBLIC DISCUSSION

SIZE OF BOND.

To The News Scimitar:

In yesterday's Scimitar I read the account of the shocking tragedy in the kidnaping and assaulting of a Memphis young lady. In my judgment it is one of the most horrible crimes ever perpetrated in the state of Tennessee. I notice that in this case the band was fixed at $8,000, and I found myself thinking of another case in Memphis where a young man was charged with making insulting remarks to school girls on the street, and whose bond was fixed at the same amount, $,000. This matter may look all right to lawyers and Judges, but the ordinary layman is impressed to believe that either one of these bonds is very much too high or the other very much too low. Respectfully,

Memphis, Tenn. BEN COX.

AMUSEMENTS

Loew's Lyceum.

As the headline attraction on a well-balanced vaudeville bill, Bud Walker is making a decided hit at Loew's Lyceum during the first half of the present week. Walker has a conglomeration of his own design, which he terms "A Little of This and a Little of That," which includes songs, stories and impersonations.

Herb Walker and Lelia West, singers and dancers, have an act which reserves a better position than spat No. 1. A real suprise develops at the climax of "Just For Instance," an entertaining one-act comedy, and the three Dixie boys are drawing encores with their songs. An exhibition of cycling by Walthour and Princeton, which is both daring and unique, rounds out the vaudeville program.

Few film dramas of more gripping interest than "Her Code of Honor," the motion picture attraction, have appeared here in the past. Florence Reed takes the lead in this offering.

THEATERS.

LOEW'S LYCEUM COOL COMFORTABLE CONTINUOUS

THREE DIXIE BOYS
Entertainers Extraordinary and Four Other Classy Loew Acts
—and—
The Picture All Memphis Is Talking About.
ITS POWER IS IRRESISTIBLE
FLORENCE REED
—IN—
"HER CODE OF HONOR"
ITS POWER IS IRRESISTIBLE
LOEW'S NEWS WEEKLY
COMEDIES AND TRAVELOGUES
MATINEES 10c-15c
NIGHTS 10c-20c-30c

MOVING PICTURES.

PRINCESS HIGH CLASS PHOTOPLAYS
TODAY ONLY
BRYANT
WASHBURN
—IN—
SOMETHING TO DO
You'll laugh and chuckle every minute of this amusing comedy.
Added Feature
HOUDINI
—IN—
"THE MASTER MYSTERY"
COMING
Wednesday and Thursday
"THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"