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14-15

PAUL BLOCK, INC., Special Representative, 95 Madison avenue, New York; Century Building, Chicago; Little Building, Boston; Kresge Building, Detroit.

Union Labor Records.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has issued an interesting document dealing with the records of Gov. Cox and Senator Harding on legislation affecting organized labor. The federation does not advise its members to vote for Gov. Cox, but his record has been so uniformly satisfactory while that of Senator Harding has lacked the allegiance that organized labor requires that the implication of where the labor strength will go, so far as Mr. Gompers can control it, is unmistakable.

During his administration as governor, Gov. Cox has a record of having acted favorably on labor legislation in 59 instances with not a single adverse action marked against him. Senator Harding is less fortunate in his record. Eighteen measures affecting union labor were voted upon by him during his career in the state senate and in the national senate. On these measures 10 of his votes were unsatisfactory and in one instance he was paired unfavorably.

It is evident from these records that Gov. Cox is in complete sympathy with union labor on all matters. It is reasonable to assume that if elected he will sustain a record already made, and organized labor will find in him a ready champion of all its aspirations.

Senator Harding's record is such that his action on labor legislation and his attitude toward organized labor as a whole, is problematical in the event of his election to the presidency.

Organized labor having taken a nonpartisan attitude owes allegiance to neither party. It has placed the cause of labor above the success of political parties. Were the records reversed, the American Federation would support Senator Harding as enthusiastically as it is now supporting Gov. Cox.

Gov. Cox will profit tremendously from the vote of organized labor, but there is another phase which even the most earnest union labor advocate will not overlook, and that is the recognized prejudice among farmers and business men against anyone who is wholeheartedly in sympathy with union labor.

But Gov. Cox will arouse less hostility on account of his record than any candidate in recent years for the reason that while he has been loyal to the cause of union labor he has at no time antagonized or disregarded the public welfare.

As Others See Us.

This country is big and rich and fairly independent of what the neighbors say, but still when we have done something plainly discreditable, the scorn of the liberal nations mingles with the pangs of our own conscience and produces a total effect that is very disagreeable.

England has Ireland, and therefore has no business to be throwing stones. But we have Palmer, and the London Nation can not stay off such a shining mark.

"Through the treachery of certain of his subordinates," says the Nation, "Mr Wilson's second term has seen a fiercer reign of lawlessness upon the part of the guardians of the law themselves than any self-governing country has endured, a state of affairs to which in the great modern world there has literally been no parallel except in Russia of the czars."

The journal goes on to give a little history of the stages in Palmerism. The disease existed in this country even before the advent of Palmer. There was Hun-baiting throughout the war, if its purpose was good, it went beyond reasonable limits to fierce extremes of intolerance. Then came the armistice, and the suspicion, the hatred, the inquisitorial obsession that had been worked on Huns was now passed on to the Bolshevists. The radicals were esteemed worse than the Germans had ever been.

This is the Nation's version.

"It was not until after the armistice that America entered upon the third and genuinely heroic stage of the terror. This began early in 1919, when Mr. Wilson, absorbed in the Paris conference, instructed the attorney-generalship to a Pennsylvania lawyer and nominal Quaker, A. Mitchell Palmer."

America is now safely out of that panic. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats were ready at their conventions to take the credit for the persecution of radicals or speak for its continuance. It is strange that the Republican candidate has not made more of this chapter of administration history, which is the blackest on our records.

The Nation has got hold of that scorching decision handed down by Judge Anderson, of Massachusetts, which has been commented on and indorsed by most of the editorial columns in America, and which furnishes the foreigner with all the case he needs against America.

We will have to shout long and loud about Ireland before our ears will cease to be assailed with ugly reproaches that carry mention of the euphonious name of A. Mitchell Palmer.

Japan.

As ex-Senator Jim Ham Lewis is a candidate running for office, we are not unduly alarmed at the fervor of his prediction that before another presidential term is completed America will be confronted with an armed and angry coalition of Japan, Russia and Germany, and made to pay for an unpreparedness which is like nothing so much as that of the allied powers when the storm descended in 1914.

When all allowances are made, however, there remains Japan, standing guard over the East and looking ominously to the West, potent in armaments and the fighting temper, said to be unscrupulous, her intentions clothed utterly with inscrutable Oriental mystery.

The party of American financiers and business men who went on a visit to Japan last spring have done their best to enlighten us about Japan, but we suspect the quality of their own information. Mr. Vanderlip was clearly too well entertained by the "little Nippons." His solution of the Japanese question is to give Japan everything she wants.

Darwin P. Kingsley, the president of New York Life, takes a more conventional view that commends itself to the average misinformed man. It is Mr. Kingsley's opinion, as stated in a recent number of the New York Times, that Japan stands about where Germany stood at the beginning of this century. Her power is great, and she does not yet know what to do with it. The contest is not yet settled between her liberals and her imperialists. She may decide for liberalism and assume enlightened guidance over the destinies of Asia; or she may go the route of militarism, which will take her exactly to the point that Germany has come to.

Mr. Kingsley sums up his observations as follows:

First—I believe that Japan will make almost any concession in the matter of emigration to this country in order to secure agreement with our federal government which will not compromise her self-respect.

Second—Irrespective of whether her motives are sound or sinister, I believe she has made a grave mistake in her adventure in Siberia.

Third.—While I understand and in a measure sympathize with her reluctance to surrender any part of the powerful position she has won in Shantung, I believe she has lost morally more than she now understands in her attitude toward that problem.

Finally.—I know she has made grave mistakes in Korea. Her leading citizens admit that. I believe she is making some progress there now under the leadership of Gov.-Gen. Saito.

Our Polish Correspondence.

It now appears that our department of state did not warn the Poles to stop their chase of the reds at the border and refrain from setting foot again on Russian territory. The report to that effect was "much exaggerated."

Not only did somebody say we had laid down the law to the Poles, but they knew just what the Poles had responded. The Poles were represented as finding it "strategically impossible" to halt the victorious march of their armies till the enemy was completely defeated.

Colby on Poland has satisfied the Republicans and the Democrats too, a performance for which he ought to be medalized in these times. What he said to Poland, his mind doubtless going along with President Wilson's, was that it was to the interest of all concerned that the boundaries should be respected as a permanent policy and no attempt made to encourage the breakup of the ancient racial and territorial unity known as Russia. This was a very different thing from halting the Poles before they fairly caught up with the enemy in a campaign already waging.

What Colby said in so many words was that this government would "view with satisfaction a declaration by the allied and associated powers that the territorial integrity and true boundaries of Russia should be respected." He went on to argue a point that had doubtless never before occurred to the mad Polish cabinet that sent armies far into Russia in a time of comparative peace, that the invasion of Russian territory gave the Bolshevists the best kind of chance to mobilize all Russia under the banners of patriotism, and that the present Russian government could never be overthrown while the people were united by the threat of foreign interference.

In view of the recent soul-searching experience through which Warsaw and the Polish rulers have passed, it is entirely likely that the little preachment preach d by Colby was heeded with more than casual attention. At any rate, it is announced that the reply of the Polish government was considered satisfactory at Washington.

The Rear Cell Campaign.

Eugene Debs in his rear cell is at least as remote from the stream of things as the president is in his White House or the Republican candidate on his front porch is fondly said to be. We do not know what important documents are denied him by whatever Tumulty he may have for a keeper.

Notes emanate from the cell at Atlanta, however, bearing more or less on the contemporary campaign.

In the most recent notes Debs says the league of nations is a dishonest and artificial issue gotten up for political purposes by the schemers of the two parties. In naming the coal shortage as the real issue, the Socialist candidate is apparently unaware of the Democratic arbitration tribunals, railway labor boards and interstate commerce commissions whereby the miners and railroad workers have all been enrolled in Sunday school, the roads saved from an untimely grave, and coal brought within the reach of every consumer cheaper than dirt itself.

Debs must not be allowed to impose on the untrammeled in this way.

Foolish Dancing Masters.

The brains of the dancing masters now meeting in New York to set the styles for the coming season must be in their feet only, if it is true as reported that they have named a new step the "Wesleyan," in order to get the support of the Methodist bishops.

The discipline of the Methodist church, as all dancing masters know, specifically mentions dancing as one of the carnal amusements not recommended to the members. This provision will in all probability stay there till the mind of the church gets changed on that point, no matter how many of the younger generation may be allowed by their mammas to attend social dances. The dancing masters had better take "On with the dance" as their policy, instead of consuming the valuable time of their official gathering in sending expostulations and compliments to the bishops.

The battleship Tennessee rammed an innocent boat off Providence the other day, doubtless in the course of celebrating her godmother's latest exploit.

The Prohibition candidates should have a good season. Both sugar and lemons are down.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

DULCIE.

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The "sweet" significance of Dulcie is fully warranted. It is undoubtedly one of the most charming names in feminine nomenclature. It has its origin in "dulcis" meaning "sweet" or "mild," and is explained by Spanish authors as the source of the Spanish favorite, Dulcia. Aldoncia and Adoncia are other forms of the same name, which occurred frequently among the Navarrese and Catalonian princesses from the year 900 to 1200.

Don Quixote, it will be recalled, translated his Aldonca Lorenco into the peerless Dulcinea del Tobosco. Meanwhile Dulcia was popular in the south of France. It finally became Douce and was taken to England at the time of William the Conqueror, as Dulcia. Later it was changed to Dulce and even Dulcibella.

In the time of Henry VIII, the curious version, Dowsabel, made its appearance and was borne by many living women as well as by the wife of Dromio. Dousie was another popular form; the pretty widow, Dousie Moor, was buried at Newcastle in 1658. But of all the forms, Dulcie alone persisted, its usage and popularity are widespread today.

Jade is Dulcie's talismanic gem. It promises her long life and happiness. Thursday is her lucky day and seven her lucky number.

Note to readers: Is there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meaning; its derivative and significance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall will tell you.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News Scimitar.

HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, AUG. 31, 1920.

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The stars rule strongly for good today, according to astrology.

Commercial matters continue subject to a planetary government that makes for sharp business dealings. Intrigues for great gain will be prevalent at this time.

During this configuration men and women of dominating character have the best possible direction of the stars. It is a time when ambitions flourish and attain new promise of fulfillment.

There is a sign read as presaging changeable attitudes of mind on the part of the public, which will be inconstant and quickly responsive to theories varied and contradictory.

Political leaders have the prognostication of extraordinary success in drawing crowds that accord great applause, but the seers declare that individuals will not vote as they cheer.

It would seem that many surprises will take place in the fall elections, owing to unexpected strength developed by candidates not reckoned with by dominant parties.

A new leader will attain great prominence at this time, but he may suffer from abuse and serious misjudgment.

Educators have the most encouraging outlook, for the stars foreshadow the coming of great benefits and honors.

Spain is likely to pass through a severe crisis before the new year, if the signs are read aright.

Thrift so persistently preached during the early part of the year may suddenly become important to many men and women.

Workers again are warned to save money as there will be a decline in wages before the end of winter.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a year of prosperity and success. Money will greatly increase, in all probability.

Children born on this day are likely to make much of the opportunities that life offers them.

JOIN THE FIGHT AGAINST RATS AND MICE.

The rat is the worst animal pest in the world.

From its home among filth it visits dwellings, stores and warehouses in search of food—and it spoils ten times as much as it eats.

It spreads so much disease that it has caused more untimely deaths among human beings than all the wars of history.

If left alone it multiplies at an almost unbelievable rate.

You owe it to yourself and to your neighbors to catch and kill every rat—and every mouse—on your premises.

Send today for a free illustrated booklet of 24 pages, telling in detail how you can rid your house of rats and mice.

(Use the coupon. Write plainly.)

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, The Memphis News Scimitar, Information Bureau, Washington, D. C.:

I inclose herewith, two cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of the bulletin on rats and mice.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Fashion's Forecast

By Annabel Worthington.

GIRL'S DRESS.

The decidedly novel treatment of the collar is the interesting feature of this school dress, No. 8102. The latter is cut square at the back, but the front very surprisingly develops into a waistcoat.

The girl's dress, No. 8102, is cut in sizes six to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

Limited space prevents showing all the styles. We will send you our 32-page fashion magazine, containing all the good new styles, dressmaking helps, serial story, etc., for five cents postage prepaid, or three cents if ordered with a pattern. Send 15 cents for pattern and magazine.

Our fashions and patterns are furnished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth street, New York city.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—What are the tests that can be made to prove that death has occurred? —M. A. T.

A.—Richardson summarizes the more important tests of death as (1) absence of the pulsation of the heart, (2) absence of the respiratory murmur, (3) pressure on veins (fillet test), (4) electric test for muscular irritability, (5) the ammonia hypodermic test, (6) coagulation of the blood in the veins, (7) rigor mortis, (8) decomposition.

Q.—A claims there were a number of veteterian regiments in active service in the German army, and that they were recognized as the best soldiers. Thought you might be able to furnish some information.—B. H.

A.—The war departments of the different countries take issue with the statement that the Germans who were vegetable-fed made the best soldiers. Scientists show that meat-fed soldiers had the most initiative.

Q.—Please inform a constant reader when and where the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held.—A. V. A.

A.—The annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held in Indianapolis, Ind., the week of Sept. 19, the place having been changed from Atlantic City.

Q.—What amount of rice do we consume yearly in the United States? Also what is our export of this product—E. P. R.

A.—The yearly average consumption of rice in this country for the years 1914-1918 was 1,132,942,000 pounds, while the average yearly net export of rice for the same period was 176,164,000 pounds.

Q.—How can eggs be soft boiled without timing them?—M. E. P.

A.—Use a pan of such a size that the eggs are just covered with cold water. Place over a moderate flame. When the water comes to a boil the eggs will be "soft boiled." This method is used in many hospitals as eggs so cooked are more easily digested than when cooked in boiling water.

Q.—How large do snails grow?—V. E. R.

A.—Species of snail found in East Africa, grow to be eight inches long. Their eggs are about the size of pigeon's eggs. Both the snail and the egg are used for food by the natives.

Q.—Recent news articles say New York state purchased 2¼ grams of radium. Could you tell us how much ore it took for this amount of radium —C. E. P., E. R.

A.—This small amount of radium was extracted from 625 tons of ore mined in Colorado.

Q.—How much would a million dollar bills weigh?—A. F. M.

A.—The treasury department says that a million dollar bills weight 3,000 pounds.

Q.—Does a parrot's tongue have to be split before it is able to talk?—W. W. S.

A.—The bureau of biological survey says that a parrot's tongue need not be split before it can be taught to talk.

Q.—Is there such a thing as the New York Petroleum exchange?—W. P.

A.—The National City company says that there is a Petroleum exchange in New York city.

Q.—Will you tell me the origin of the expression "French leave?"—D. K.

A.—Many authorities believe that the term "French leave" originated in a French custom in the 18th century of withdrawing from crowded assemblies without taking leave of host or hostess; others maintain that the word "French" is a corruption of "frank," meaning "free."

Q.—What was the real name of Voltaire?—C. S. W.

A.—Jean-Francois Marie Arouet assumed the name of Voltaire when about 24 years of age. He had already been recognized as a rising author and dramatic poet, and the reason for the change in name is not satisfactorily explained.

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The News Scimitar Information bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C. This offer applies strictly to information. The bureau can not give advice on legal, medical and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your question plainly and briefly. Give full name and address and inclose two cents in stamps for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

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Give a woman "three wishes,"

And her first wish would be more wishes!

Wishing has been woman's favorite pastime ever since Eve began wishing for clothes.

And man has always generously indulged her in it.

He is always giving her something—to wish for!

If he is good, he is usually dull, or poor, or full of old-fashioned prejudices, and self-righteousness, which goad her into wishing he would strike her, or elope with the widow next door—

Just to break the monotony!

And if he is fascinating, he keeps her busy wishing that she could pleasantly murder every other woman.

If he's fat and good-natured, she wishes that he were slender and romantic looking—

And, if he's thin and wiry, she wishes that he would keep still, and grow fat and placid and livable.

The woman who wished for a shilling every day, but never got one, was blessed, indeed.

If she had ever received it, she would have been robbed of many thrills, hopes, dreams and air castles. One can spend an imaginary shilling a thousand times and still have one's "wish."

The debutante of 16 wishes that she were a divorcee of 30, so that she could wear long earrings and a bored expression, and call a man "silly boy," when he talks sentiment.

And the woman of 30 wishes that she were 16, so that she could wear pink and a baby stare, and "flap" around at dove luncheons and "coo" convincingly.

The long, thin girl wishes for a few pads on her collarbones and a few curves, appropriately placed.

And the plump, short woman wishes that she could find a magic charm which would enable her to eat two desserts at dinner, and still get into the "sylph" class.

The woman with a home and a husband wishes that she had taken up art or stenography, so that she could escape from the dustpan, dishes and darning.

And the woman with a career and a latchkey wishes passionately for a chance to darn sox, and for a house full of closets, and a husband to pet her and call her "Cutey," and smooth her tired head when it aches.

The beauty wishes that she had been born a literary genius.

And the highbrow would give her whole brain for a retrousse nose, curly hair and a lisp.

The woman with "nothing but money" wishes for romance—or for a lot more money—

And the woman with a "Prince Charming" and nothing but "love in a cottage," wishes she could mortgage the cottage to buy a motor car.

Sometimes,

I think that there is a special fairy working night and day, just spinning wishes—

Weaving them out of dreams, of jewels, hopes, of cloth of gold and silver stars.

But if any one woman ever should attain all her wishes,

There would be nothing left in the world.

For any other woman!

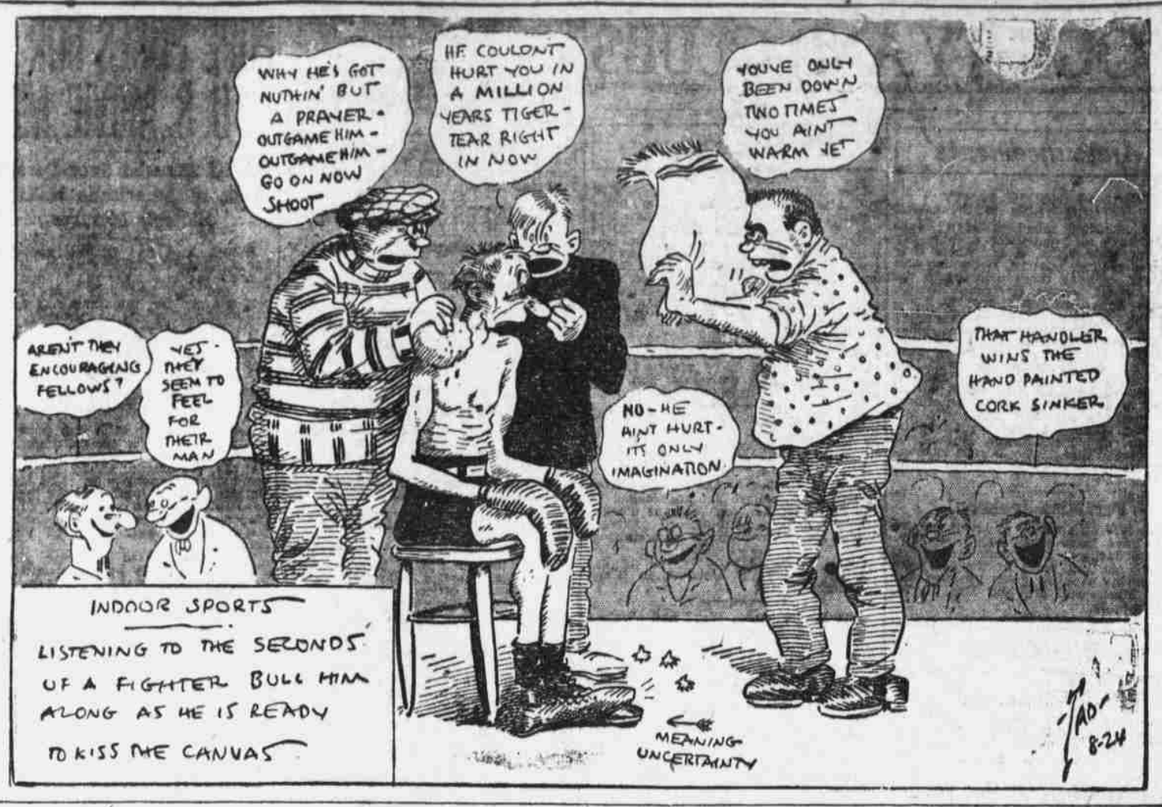
For there is only one moment in a woman's life, when she wishes for nothing else on earth—

The dazzling, sweet, ecstatic moment, When she is kissed for the first time, By the man she loves.

OMAHA PUBLISHER DIES.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 30.—Dr. George L. Miller, who in 1885 founded the Omaha Herald, which later was consolidated into the World-Herald, died here Saturday night. He was born in Booneville, N. Y., in 1831.

Of course, words do not prove a man's love—but, to a woman, they are as necessary to its flavor as the froth on top is to the sodawater.



Girl, 15, In Love With Two Boys, 20

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl of 15 and am irrevocably in love with two boys, both aged 20. Are they too old for me? One is exceedingly jealous, but is so much better looking and attentive. The other tries to make me jealous and is wealthy. Both have proposed. I am so much in love with both I don't know which to accept. Is there any harm in "shimmying" in public? "DOLL."

First of all you do not know what love is. You are too young to even have the slightest idea about marriage and what it means. You need a good spanking from a real old-fashioned mother. If you were in love you would not be in doubt as to which one was the right man. I do not approve of that sort of dancing either in public or in private. Others do, I know, but I can not.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—A few nights ago I went to a public dance with my best fellow. He treated me swell the first part of the evening. But—then he met another girl and immediately forgot all about me. He even forgot to take me home, but went with the other girl. Now he has asked for another date. Should I let him come?—CUTIE.

I can hardly say that he is keenly interested in you if he has treated you in the manner described. He may have been momentarily swept from his feet by her entrancing beauty, but he has no excuse for leaving you. As to the date, you alone can decide, depending upon whether or not you care for his company, and remembering also that "A Good Man Nowadays Is Hard to Find."

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a little story and wish to have it printed. Where can I send it and what kind of stationery and ink should I use?—GREENISH GREENHORN.

Unless you have talent it will be difficult to sell your story. Have some true friend read it carefully and venture a frank opinion upon its worth. In any event it will be necessary to have it neatly typewritten, double spaced and forwarded with return postage and addressed envelope to any magazine you choose. Don't forget the stamps; otherwise you will not get it back.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I was led to believe that a girl living near me cared for my company, but I did not try to go with her until recently as I was passing her home on the way to preaching. She came out of her house and was also going there, so we went together. She seemed to like my company, but after making the proper excuse I left her and as another young man took her home I did not go near her again. Now she will not speak to me except to answer a question. What did I do wrong and should I beg her pardon?—WORRIED.

Evidently you are so backward as to be miserable to yourself. While in her presence you must have been frightened, nervous and excited and you had no legitimate excuse for slipping away. You thereby displayed a preference for other company. Buckle up, develop nerve, add life and vim and ask for a date. Then you will have opportunity to blame your action upon temporary excitement, stage fright or partial insanity. How can you win the girl on a long-distance telephone?

Dears Mrs. Thompson—I have a boy friend whose main theme is kissing. He is nice in other respects. How can I stop him? I have boy friends, but they do not seem to care for me. How can I be more attractive?—SMILES.

Apply quinine to your lips. He may find it very distasteful. Keep on smiling and eventually you will be fascinating and distinctive.

DEAR MRS. THOMPSON—I am deeply in love and engaged to a gentleman who is 10 years my senior. Although I would not break the engagement do you think I am doing right in marrying a man 10 years older than I?—ANXIOUS C. S.

Whether or not you are making a mistake depends upon your age and various conditions. You have given no information that would help me to advise you. You say, however, that you would not break the engagement anyway, and therefore you must be quite sure of your love for the man.

Dear Mrs. Thompson.—My mother is dead and I have no one to guide me. I have been going with a fellow three months and I have learned he goes out with other girls for what he calls a good time. He comes to see me three times a week and seems to be very true to me, but I do not quite understand why he does that. I will be very anxious to know.—BLUE EYES.

You say nothing of an engagement to the young man. If you are not engaged, he is free to go with as many girls as he wants to. Probably he means to be a true friend to you, but does not consider himself a sweetheart. Under the circumstances, do not permit him to talk of love or make love to you.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

BABY VAMPS.

By DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.
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Girls, are there no more fresh-faced, clean-faced young girls, with the dewy sweetness of early morning upon them, and God's roses blooming in their cheeks?

It has been my luck to twice cross the continent this summer, and to be in many cities and pleasure resorts, and everywhere I have seen the same shocking and grotesque sight—young girls, still in their teens, who were gotten up like Jezebels.

Little young girls with noses like marshmallows protruding from faces so heavily calsomined with powder they were as stiff as masques. Little young girls' cheeks so frankly painted as any scarlet woman's. Little young girls with lips that were purple smears of grease paint. Little young girls with eye lashes built out with gobs of lamp black, the way Anna Held used to do hers when she sang, "I Can't Make My Eyes Behave."

Now I am no prude who objects to paint and powder on principle. On the contrary, I think it a kindly and meritorious act for every woman to make herself as easy on the eyes of the beholder as she can. I see no especial virtue radiating from a shiny nose. I even honor and respect the woman who touches up her hair when it begins to fade, and substitutes artificial roses for the ones of which time has robbed her.

That is a case of art for art's sake, and the result often justifies the means, but when a silly flapper paints herself up like a circus wagon, she sins against both nature and art.

Believe me, little sisters, no girl ever commits a greater blunder than the does when she fails to realize that youth and naturalness are the greatest charm any woman ever has and she has them for such a little time that she is a three-ply idiot if she fails to make the most of them. Perhaps if you knew that the thing that every mature woman envies you is a skin that doesn't have to be plastered over with cosmetics, and eyes that do not need to have shadows pencilled under them to make them bright, you would not be so eager to hide your freshness under the artifices of age.

Youth just of itself is entrancing. The satiny, smooth skin, the color that ebbs and flows with every emotion, the eyes that look with shy, wondering artlessness upon life, endow a young girl with a subtle fascination no older woman possesses.

All of this you throw into the discard when you put on your hand-made complexion. No blush can penetrate a layer of adamantine "liquid white," warranted not to come off or crack, nor can any made-up eye look unsophisticated. Neither is any man set dreaming of the sweetness of a young maiden's first kiss when he can plainly see that the said kiss will be flavored with lip salve.

Furthermore, my dears, the girl who makes up, puts herself in the same class, so far as looks go, with the woman of 40, since all drug store beauty comes in similar packages. This is supreme folly, because the young girl lacks the poise, the social ease, the knowledge of men that older woman has. The young girl's one best bet was just her freshness, and she chucked that away when she went in for the baby vamp stuff.

And you make another terrible mistake, girls, when you pose as being worldly wise and wicked. Why, your greatest charm is your innocence. Those of us who have seen so much sorrow, so much sordidness, so much that is hideous and rotten in life, those of us who have known so many blighting disappointments, love you because you have known only the white things and the bright things, and because your faith in all that is good and true is still unsullied.

A young girl who has gone wrong is the saddest sight on earth. A young girl who is wise and disillusioned, and pessimistic, hurts every one who sees her. She is like a soiled dove, or a lily that has been trampled in the dust.

I know it is the fashion now for young girls to curse. They don't say "Oh, Piffle," now when they stub their little toes. They come out with good, round oaths that would make a longshoreman green with envy. Don't do it, girls. It may sound smart to you and the callow crowd you are with, but it sounds blasphemous to other people.

You see we have spent ages in weaving a halo about girlhood. We have attributed to it everything that is pure, and sweet and innocent and lovely, and we can not bear to have our ideal smeared over with paint, or shattered with a big, big D.

The young girl who looks as if she had been reared on the street instead of in a refined home, and who curses and swears like a truck driver—she is not the kind of a girl we hope our little daughters will develop into, or our sons marry.

Just listen to me a moment, dear little flappers, you who are so ignorant you don't know what you are doing; if you want to be admired, if you want men in especial to admire you, and if you want to catch a good husband, go home and wash your faces. Throw your make-up boxes out of the window, and be just the simple, sweet, fresh, natured young girls you really are, for you are not as bad as you are painted.

Don't make us have to depend for our ingenues on ladies of 40, who are wearing a white muslin and blue ribbon, and aping the artlessness that you despise, and the world finds so alluring.

MERCHANT ARRESTED.

C. W. Schindler, a merchant, 15 South Second street, is scheduled to appear before the city court Monday afternoon to answer to a charge of violating the Sunday closing law. He was arrested Sunday morning after he had failed to close his store to the trade, according to the police report.

In the fall, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—escape.

UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PIE.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Will you please put up a lunch for me today, Nurse Jane," said Uncle Wiggily one morning as he started to hop out of the red, white and blue-striped bungalow—oh, excuse me, I mean hollow stump house.

"Put you up a lunch—what in the world for?" asked Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper.

"Well, I am going for a long walk, to look for an adventure," replied the bunny rabbit gentleman, "and I don't want to have to come all the way back for my lunch. So put me up a little 'snack,' as Jackie or Peetie Bow Wow might say."

Nurse Jane said she would, and she made some carrot and lettuce sandwiches, some pickled turnips, and then she looked in the pantry for something extra good.

"Uncle Wiggily is very fond of cherry pie," thought Nurse Jane. "I'll put a piece in his lunch." She slipped a generous slice of pie in the basket and she was just going to close it when Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, called to ask about the best way of baking eggs.

"I'll tell you how to do it," said Nurse Jane, going out on the back porch.

Just then Uncle Wiggily, who had been out on the front porch, looking up at the sky to see if it would rain, came in the kitchen. He saw his lunch partly put up and noticed the cut pie on the table.

"I'll just slip in an extra piece of pie for myself," said the bunny rabbit, with a twinkle of his pink nose. So he did, and then he went upstairs to get his old red, white and blue rheumatism crutch, for he didn't want to take his best one this time.

Nurse Jane came in from the back stoop after telling Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, how to boil lollypops, and the muskrat lady said:

"Now, I might as well give Uncle Wiggily two pieces of pie as well as one. It looks as if he'd been in here, helping himself to a slice," she went on, "but no matter." So she slipped her second piece of pie into the lunch basket, making three in all. Then Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel lady, called Nurse Jane to the telephone to ask about putting hooks and eyes in a bed spread to stop it from falling out of the crib. And while Nurse Jane was talking on the telephone Uncle Wiggily came in the kitchen again.

"I'll just slip myself a second piece of pie," he said, blinking his nose. "Nurse Jane may forget to give me any." So he cut another slice and put it in the lunch basket, making one, two, three, four in all.

"Well, good-bye," called Uncle Wiggily to Nurse Jane, slinging his lunch basket over his shoulder.

"Oh, wait a minute! I was going to give you an extra piece of pie!" called the muskrat lady, at the last minute.

"Oh, that's very kind of you," said Uncle Wiggily, with a blinkle of his left eyelid. "But as my lunch basket is closed, wrap the pie in a piece of paper and I'll put it in my pocket."

"This will be three pieces I've given him, but no matter," thought Nurse Jane, as she cut another slice of cherry pie. And she didn't know a thing about the other two pieces the bunny had cut for himself.

Along and along walked Uncle Wiggily, looking for an adventure, with his lunch basket over his shoulder. But adventures seemed to be scarce that day.

"I guess I'll sit down on a log and eat the piece of cherry pie from my pocket," said the bunny. So down he sat and he was just eating the pie and letting the red juice run down his paw, knowing he could wash it off later, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a cinnamon bush jumped the unpleasant old Whiffle Whaffle. The Whiffle Whaffle had two heads and faces and while one was asleep the other was awake.

"Ha! Give me that cherry pie!" cried the bad Whiffle Whaffle, most impolitely, grabbing the slice from Uncle Wiggily's paws. "I like cherry pie!"

"So do I," said the bunny, "but I never grab it away from other folks. However, I'd rather have you do that than take my souse. And I think I can feel you, for that is not the only pie I have."

So while the Whiffle Whaffle with his one face asleep and the other awake, ate the piece of pie, Uncle Wiggily reached in his lunch basket and took out a second piece.

"Ha! That's funny!" cried the bad Whiffle Whaffle, as he saw the bunny eating more pie. "I never knew that there could be two pieces of pie in the same lunch."

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Wiggily, casual like.

"Well, I'll take that piece, too!" cried the bad chap, and before Uncle Wiggily could take more than three bites the Whiff Whaff (as I call him for short) grabbed the second piece of pie and gobbled it up.

"Well, I still have another," laughed the bunny, and, reaching in, he took out the third slice.

The Whiffle Whaffle was so surprised he nearly fell over backward off a log.

"Well, you can't have any more after that," sneered the unpleasant animal, "I'll take the last piece of pie!"

He grabbed it away from Uncle Wiggily, who was very sad.

"Yes, I guess that's the last of the pie," said the bunny, but his paw happened to slip into the basket and he felt still another piece of pie.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Wiggily, as he brought out the fourth piece of pie.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" screamed the Whiffle Whaffle. "You aren't a bunny rabbit at all. "You're a magician—you can bring forty 'leven pieces of pie from that basket if you wish, and you can turn me into a Snipper Snapper if you choose to! Oh, this is no place for me!" and away he ran and Uncle Wiggily had all the pie that was left.

"And I had an adventure, too!" laughed the bunny, "but I never thought I had so much pie. Though I'm glad I did." And if the ice cream doesn't melt and run a race with the blackberry jam down the back of the rocking chair, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily in the hay.

Twice Told Tales

News of Memphis 10 Years Ago.

AUGUST 30, 1910.

Mrs. Jewel Warren King, of New Albany, Miss., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Ella B. Brownlee.

Miss Jessie McClung returned this morning from Cincinnati, where she spent the summer ter mstudying at the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Emmons left this morning for New York and other Eastern points, to be gone some time visiting relatives.

Mrs. L. T. Gammon and daughter, Pauline, of Knoxville, are visiting Mrs. T. J. Killmartin, 921 Bayburn boulevard.

Miss Helen Bach is visiting her grandparents in Chicago and will be absent for about 15 days.

Mrs. M. C. Gerber and Miss Elsa Gerber left this morning for New York city, to be gone for several days visiting friends.

Miss Lucile Gage, of Vinton avenue, will return to Memphis tonight after visiting friends and relatives in Springfield, Ky.

Mrs. Lula B. Nott returned to Memphis today after a visit of several weeks with relatives in New York, Chicago, Detroit and other Eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Miller returned today after spending several weeks in the mountains of Virginia.

Mrs. Benjamin West returned this afternoon after spending several weeks with friends in Northern cities near the lakes.

Ben A. Adams arrived in Memphis this morning to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Mattie B. Adams, to E. Lyman McLallen.

The highest temperature reached in Memphis today was 92 degrees. The lowest was 74 degrees.

Fresh country eggs were quoted on the local market today at 23 cents. Creamery butter was quoted at from 32 to 33 cents a pound.

DRY LAWS PLANNED BY HONDURAN PRESIDENT

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 30.—Plans for making Honduras prohibition territory are being made by Gen. Bulnes, president of the Central American republic, according to an announcement received by Dr. Toledo, consul-general here for Honduras and a near relative to the president.

The president, according to the consul-general, was inclined to hold liquor responsible to some extent for recent disturbances in the republic. Whether "bone dry" laws would be sought or ban placed only on distilled liquors was not indicated.

Additional wireless towers will shortly be constructed at Honduras ports, it was said.

This is the time of year when only the hardiest flowers and flirtations still survive the turbulent, tarrid season.

News of Memphis 25 Years Ago.

AUGUST 30, 1895.

Mrs. John J. Latura, accompanied by her sister, Miss Maggie Woods, left today on the steamer City of St. Louis for St. Louis and Chicago.

Mrs. H. Ritterband has returned from a three weeks' stay in Eureka Springs, Ark., very much improved in health.

Miss Lucy Oates, of Russellville, Ark., is the guest of Miss Virginia Raymond, 378 Linden.

Constable T. J. Cole today began serving distress warrants issued by the county trustee on persons who are delinquent to the city on privilege taxes.

Rev. G. A. Nunnally arrived in the city today and on tomorrow will preach his farewell sermon. He has been pastor of the Central Baptist church for a number of years. Ill health is the cause of his leaving the church.

Vincent Williamson left today to enter the Virginia Military institute.

John Gerber left today for Eastern markets in the interest of his firm.

Nicholas Rightor, newspaper man of Helena, Ark., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Jane M. Search, on Mississippi boulevard.

Manager A. H. Gattis, Jr., of the Gayoso, has returned from a business trip to Cincinnati and St. Louis.

At a meeting held today a new military organization was perfected and the following officers selected: Edward McGowan, captain; Ernest J. Gray, first lieutenant; Walk C. Jones, second lieutenant; Dr. E. Lippencott, surgeon, and Rev. E. A. Taylor, chapiain. The company has 34 members and 12 applications are yet to be acted on. Following the meeting the members were guests of Capt. McGowan at Floyd's.

R. M. and T. A. Moorman, prominent citizens of