The News Scimitar

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Every One Should Help.

The Federation of Jewish Charities has started a drive to add 2,000 members to the organization. At present the organization has only a small membership of 300, who support the organization in all its work in various activities by voluntary contributions, and perform all charity work among the Jews.

We believe that a large number of the Jewish population will respond to the opportunity offered to enlist in this work of charity. The door is by no means closed to others who wish to enlist, for the cause is worthy and the organization needs assistance.

No set amount is required. The organization will be glad to receive amounts from $5 up. The officers of the organization are: Elias Gates, president; Saul Isenberg, first vice-president; Jacob Marks, second vice-president; Henry Loeb, third vice-president; Gilbert Schloss, secretary; Herman Bluthenthal, treasurer; M. H. Rosenthal, chairman of social service, and Lula D. Krakauer, superintendent-secretary of social service.

These names are familiar to every one in Memphis because of their generosity and interest in drives and solicitations for worthy enterprises. While the appeal is made directly to the Jewish people it would be a handsome thing for all the people to join in making the membership drive a success. The organization is doing a splendid work and deserves the support of a generous public.

The Fiasco in Italy.

The Italian government, with keen insight into psychology, permitted workers to take over certain factories and run them as they would. The strikers expected resistance and had laid up a stock of ammunition and firearms, but it was not needed. There was no overt act by Giolitti that would have precipitated bloodshed and made proletarian heroes of the communists. Instead of that no soldiers with fixed bayonets were called upon to quell them, police sauntered past with an ennuied air; the proprietor of one large factory handed over the key to his erstwhile employes and cheerfully wished them "good day," and, later, lifted his hat to the wives of some of his workmen who had confiscated his motor car and were taking a joy ride.

To say that the self-elected leaders of the uprising, whose greatest asset was their gift of "gab," were surprised would be to put it mildly. They had anticipated armed intervention and gloried in anticipation of the cheap martyrdom it would give them, but, when instead of becoming haloed heroes they were unmolested, they were clearly nonplussed and then, when workmen turned to them as self-chosen leaders, for skilled direction in factory operation, for wise manipulation of highly technical industry, the men whose greatest asset for leadership was a large mouth, strong lungs and a limited brain pan, were plainly stumped and failed ignominiously. Too late the duped devotees of demagogues realized that you can not transmute mere mouthings into money.

In Russia, in the putrescent proletarian paradise set up by Lenine, Trotzky, et al., the same experience has been gone through. Men with training and technical skill were turned out in favor of those who toiled by tongues and teeth. The proletarian leaders, with that fine regard for justice(?) that must appeal to workmen here, promptly hanged the proprietors if ropes were handy, or shot them if they had ammunition and needed exercise. Naturally factories did not run long and now the wild-eyed theorists are vainly endeavoring to get back to first principles.

It does not alter matters in the least that Premier Giolitti has stated that wages in the seized factories averaged less than a dollar a day, in terms of our money. Living is cheaper in Italy than here, but even so not even over there can a man live upon such a scanty wage. They may, and probably did have provocation for their course, but that does not alter the one glaring fact that the communism they adopted is not a remedy for the ills they complain of.

Advertising a State.

Gov. Dorsey of Georgia has issued a proclamation making October "Advertising Georgia" month, and enterprising Georgians are raising $300,000 to spend in state publicity. This is an example that might well be followed to advantage by other states, not forgetting Tennessee.

The late census of that state shows a lack of normal increase, and, in some of the rural districts an actual decrease in population; this, too, with millions of acres of lands suitable for agriculture lying untilled in the sun. Much of this land, too, is among the most fertile in the state, and only needs the hand of man to blossom like the rose.

Georgia knows the ill and is wisely seeking a remedy. The facilities of Georgia, the products of Georgia, and the colossal opportunities of that fine old state will be placed before the people of the country in such a thought-compelling manner that they will be forced to listen and nothing but great good can accrue therefrom.

Kansas occupies the proud position she holds today in population, wealth and products from the fact that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway started an advertising campaign giving the widest publicity to the state and its marvelously rich soil, only waiting for the hand of man to reward him with riches. No state was ever advertised as Kansas was for a period of years. No country but that heard of Kansas and the marvelous opportunities that Kansas afforded. For years there was an exodus and Kansas was its destination. From all the four corners of the globe they came, and, once settled upon its soil, they became and remained Kansas boosters. It was the making of the state. Today the descendants of that sturdy band of modern pilgrims are the best citizens of the state. They have carried the name of Kansas into the fields of art, science, literature and industry, and have glorified whatever they have touched.

California is another state that persistent advertising has put upon the map. Every day is advertising day with them and they are at the business every month of the year. When they did not have much of anything else they capitalized their climate, and it has brought rich returns to them. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," but California has made a rich bank account out of a blue sky. They never let their advertising campaign die.

A campaign for Tennessee would work similar miracles. We have all that Kansas and Georgia possess and much more. We have enough unoccupied land in this state to support an empire to outrank the golden dreams of Patroclus. A month devoted to making our state and its enormous resources known among the peoples of the world would return to us many times over all the labor and money expended upon it.

Importance of Trifles.

"There is nothing small but large things," declared witty and wicked old Talleyrand; "it is only the trifles that are important." The same thought was in the mind of the author of the well-known lines:

"For the want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For the want of a horse the rider was lost;
For the want of a rider the battle was lost;
For the want of a battle the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

In "A Piece of String," one of Maupassant's famous stories, a prosperous peasant is ruined by the simple and frugal act of picking up and saving a small piece of string, and dies in disgrace, exclaiming, "Only a piece of string, Monsieur le Maire, only a piece of string."

William the Conqueror overturned a civilization, radically transformed a church and made all England tremble. There was only one thing the old despot did fear, and that was the grim visitant that comes but once to all. He took elaborate precautions to fight death, but he overlooked the little things. His horse stepped on a small ember, the charger reared and plunged, throwing the king across the crupper of his saddle, causing death. That burning ember was a trifle, but it laid a mighty king low.

A piece of blackberry pie saved Andrew Johnson from impeachment. A representative of an obscure county in Kansas was waiting for a train to take him to Topeka. He was to vote for a strong anti-Johnson man for senator. The pie was good and he ordered a second piece. Unnoticed while he was eating the train pulled out. He was too late and a pro-Johnson man was sent to the senate, and impeachment was defeated by this one man's vote.

History and daily observation show that the smallest act or most careless word may have a momentous effect on the greatest lives.

Passing of the Spellbinder.

The day of the spellbinder is done; he is as dead as the far-famed dodo. No longer do eager crowds press and jostle one another in wild-eyed anxiety to hear the silver-tongued orator of Oompha. In fact silver-tongued orators are a drug on the market, and people are sick of drugs. The red-faced, thick-necked, brazen-voiced aspirant for Demosthenes' vacant chair, like Othello, finds his occupation gone.

There was a time when he was in his glory; then throngs gathered about him at picnic, barbecue and fair and hung breathlessly upon his every word; breaking out in ringing cheers whenever he scored particularly strong upon the vile minions of the utterly depraved opposition party. Those were the days of torchlight processions, colored transparencies and other aids to enthusiasm.

Then it was that the local committee in painfully starched stiff-bosomed shirts and glaringly new clothes stood around the local railway station, awaiting the coming of the Great Man, while at the hall the eager audience waited to be inspired and to howl in glee as the hide of the vile and villainous party is skinned from the quivering opposition and shaken in gory triumph before admiring eyes. "Ah, them were the days!"

Today, what with phonograph records shrieking canned speeches of the candidate all over this broad and dry land, and movies picturing him all the way from the log cabin and editorial sanctum to the gateway of the White House, the average windjammer is without honor in his own party, and the sad thought comes to him with the force of a bomb that there is nothing left but work.

UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JACK FROST.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Oh, yum, yum! Something smells most delicious! I wonder what it is?" said Uncle Wiggily one morning. The bunny rabbit gentleman put down the Cabbage Leaf newspaper he was reading and went softly on tiptoe to the kitchen where Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, was at work.

The reason Uncle Wiggily went on tiptoe was because sometimes Nurse Jane did not like him to come out and watch her playing tag among the dishes, or hide and go seek with the gas stove.

"But it smells as though she might be cooking something good to eat," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "And if she is she might want me to taste the chocolate cake or lemon pie to see if it had enough sugar sprinkled over the top."

Softly Uncle Wiggily opened the kitchen door and as soon as Nurse Jane saw him she called:

"Come on out, Wiggy, you are just in time."

"Is the cake baked?" asked the bunny.

"I am not making cake," said Nurse Jane. "I am making jelly from frost grapes, and I am also squeezing out some grape juice. I have so much grape juice I thought perhaps you might like to take some to Grandpa Goosey Gander."

"Oh, I shall be delighted," spoke Uncle Wiggily, and he made such a low and polite bow that his glasses almost jumped over his nose to slide along the kitchen floor.

"All right," spoke Nurse Jane, when Uncle Wiggily had his glasses on straight again. "Get your tall silk hat and your red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, and I'll fill a pail with grape juice for Grandpa Goosey. But be sure and wrap up well, Uncle Wiggily, for it is cold out this morning. Jack Frost has been around. If he had not, my frost grapes would not be good for making jelly."

"I'll dress warmly," promised the bunny rabbit gentleman, and soon he was hopping and skipping over the fields and through the woods on his way to Grandpa Goosey Gander's house.

No, hold on a moment, if you please, I'm a bit wrong. Uncle Wiggily didn't hop and skip this time. He went slowly, and he was afraid of spilling the grape juice.

Along and along he went, and pretty soon, all of a sudden, the bunny rabbit gentleman heard someone running along behind him. At first Mr. Longears thought perhaps it might be Johnnie or Billie Bushytail, one of the squirrel boys, or even Sammie Littletail, the rabbit, or Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck. But it was neither. Instead it was the queer old Fuzzy Fox, who sometimes chased Uncle Wiggily.

"But he shall not get me or the grape juice this time," said the bunny rabbit.

With that Uncle Wiggily scrouched down behind a sassafras bush, and hid there until the Fuzzy Fox passed on, not seeing the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"And now, I guess, I had better hurry," said Uncle Wiggily. "I don't want that fox to nibble my ears, and maybe drink all this nice grape juice. Yes, I must hurry."

Holding the pail of grape juice as carefully as he could, Uncle Wiggily began to run, but he had not gone very far before he stubbed his foot against a stone. He nearly fell, and, as he did so the pail of grape juice banged up against a sharp thorn bush, and the bunny was scratched.

"Ouch! Oh, me! Oh, my!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and then he felt something like water trickling down his hind leg. He looked, and saw that the thorn bush had poked a hole in his pail, and a lot of the grape juice was running out.

"Oh, this is quite too bad!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "All the nice grape juice that Nurse Jane sent to Grandpa Goosey will soak in the ground. I must hold my paw over the hole in the pail."

The bunny did this, but then he noticed another hole, out of which more grape juice was running.

"I'll have to hold my other paw over that hole," said the bunny, and he did so.

Well, that stopped two of the leaks, but when Uncle Wiggily saw a third hole, out of which the purple juice was spurting, the rabbit uncle sighed.

"It isn't any use," said Uncle Wiggily sadly. "I only have four paws. I must hop on two of them, and I can only hold two over holes in the pail. This third hole is too much for me. Oh, dear!"

"Ha! What's the trouble?" suddenly asked a crisp, jolly voice, and there, in front of Uncle Wiggily, stood a funny little chap, dressed in a bright red coat, with a fringe of white fur around the edges. "What's the trouble, Uncle Wiggily?" asked this little chap.

"Oh, the thorns made holes in my pail and all the grape juice is running out," answered the bunny.

"Ha, I can easily fix that," said the jolly little man.

"Are you a plumber, and can you mend leaks?" asked the bunny.

"No, but I am Jack Frost," was the answer. "With my cold breath I freeze the ice and make the snow flakes. If you had a pail of water here, I could freeze it into a solid chunk of ice."

"Oh, could you?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Well, this grape juice is like water, as it runs out of holes. If you could freeze that—"

"Just what I was going to do!" cried Jack Frost with a jolly laugh. The odd little chap blew his cold breath on the pail of grape juice. At once it froze into a solid cake of purple ice, and then no more of it ran out of the holes poked in the pail by the thorn bush.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Now I don't have to hold my paws over the holes any more."

"No," agreed Jack Frost, with another laugh. "And when you get the frozen chunk of grape ice to Grandpa Goosey, all he'll have to do will be to warm it a little, when it will melt so he can drink it."

"Oh, joy!" laughed the bunny. "It will be just like soda water! Hurray!" Then he thanked Jack Frost again and hopped on to Grandpa Goosey's house, and the two friends had a good time with the ice cold grapeade.

And if the apple pie doesn't roll off by itself and play bean bag with the custard pudding in the ice box, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the little fox.

Public Discussion

OPPOSED TO LEAGUE.

To The News Scimitar:

We wish to compliment you on the firm stand your paper is taking on the league of nations. We know that you have an uphill work to perform in trying to convince a great portion of the readers in this section that anything proposed by the Democratic administration can not be anything but good. However, from the writer's opinion, I do not think you have hit it hard enough. However I hope you will keep the good work up, and I believe Nov. 3 will wind up that proposed Wilson league of notions. Very truly yours,

JAKE H. MEYER.

Memphis, Tenn.

A FORCEFUL SPEAKER.

To The News Scimitar:

The political campaign opened here Saturday evening by an address by the Hon. Webber Wilson, of Mississippi. The courthouse was nearly full and the speaker was listened to with rapt attention, and his remarks were liberally applauded.

Mr. Wilson came to us as an unknown speaker, but left us well pleased with the masterly, forceful and convincing manner he handled his subject. We have not heard any speaker talk upon this great question in so eloquent a manner, and at the same time present his arguments so simplified that all could understand. He comes to Tennessee to help us to arouse our voters to do their duty—and permit us to say the Democratic committee has made no mistake. No place where he is sent to speak will be disappointed, and we commend him to those places where he has been sent and guarantee they will not regret going to hear him.

Respectfully, J. A. ALBRIGHT.

Somerville, Tenn.

A FREE PACKAGE OF CAMPAIGN LITERATURE

This paper is more interested in good government than in any other single issue. Good government is dependent upon one thing, the intelligence with which the franchise is exercise.

We want our readers to have all the facts before they vote. We are therefore offering, through our Washington information bureau, a political package which contains the fundamental documents of the campaign.

We offer the party platforms, the keynote speeches, the speeches of acceptance, and a bulletin on soviet government.

The return postage on these booklets is four cents. Otherwise they are free. GET THE FACTS.

(In filling out the coupon print name and address or be sure to write plainly.)

Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
The Memphis News Scimitar
Information Bureau,
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I inclose herewith four cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of the political package.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Would like to know the date the first A. E. F. troops landed in Europe and at what point.—A. R. M.

A.—The war department says that the first military unit to leave the United States for France was base hospital unit No. 4, from Fort Totten, N. Y., which sailed on May 5, 1917, on the steamship Orduna, and arrived at the port of St. Nazaire on May 17.

Q.—Is there a point during a cycle when the piston is not in motion?—M. L.

A.—The bureau of standards says that at the end of each stroke the piston is stationary for a very short time.

Q.—I would like to know how many miles an hour a homing pigeon will average in flying 170 miles.—W. C.

A.—Homing pigeons have been known to fly over 30 yards per second, but the average velocity is less than half that amount. The course of a homing pigeon is usually direct, and would probably average about 30 miles an hour, taking about six hours flying time to make the 170 miles.

Q.—In speaking of a pine forest, is it understood that all the trees are pine?—Q. M. R.

A.—In practice, a forest in which 80 per cent of the trees are of one species, is called by the name of that species.

Q.—How does kerosene compare with coal for heating?—L. J. M.

A.—Kerosene contains more heating energy than coal when considered on a weight basis. A pound of kerosene contains about 19,000 heat units, whereas a pound of high-grade coal contains about 15,000. The cost of the various fuels for heating purposes depends largely upon the relative supply.

Q.—How old is the office of justice of the peace?—L. L. B.

A.—The institution of justices of the peace is very old. They were known in England prior to 1327, when they were called conservators of the peace, and were chosen in every county by the freeholders from among the principal men of the county.

Q.—Who said "Better to wear out than to rust out?"—A. A.

A.—This is attributed to Bishop Cumberland, who lived from 1632 until 1718. When a friend told him that he would wear himself out by his incessant application, he replied, "Better to wear out than to rust out."

Q.—Are thunderstorms more likely to occur at certain hours?—W. A.

A.—On land, thunderstorms occur most frequently at specified hours of the day and night, particularly 3 to 5 in the afternoon, 9 to 10 in the evening and sometimes at 2 or 3 in the morning. This is not true on the ocean, where thunderstorms occur at all hours of the day and night with equal frequency.

Q.—In cutting cards in auction bridge is there any difference in the value of suits?—R. E. M.

A.—In cutting, the ace is the lowest card; between cards of otherwise equal value, the lowest is the spade, next the heart, next the diamond and highest the club.

Q.—What does the term "histe the turkey" mean?—W. A. M.

A.—This is an expression used in lumber camps. A turkey is a bag containing a lumberjack's outfit. To "histe the turkey" is to take one's personal belongings and leave camp.

Q.—Has the postal money order rate of exchange been adjusted?—C. E. M.

A.—The postoffice department says that a new conversion table for use in transaction of international postal money order business went into effect Aug. 16. This applies only to money orders issued in the United States for payment in foreign countries. All international money orders issued in foreign countries for payment in the United States are payable at their full face value in United States currency as certified on corresponding advises, as heretofore.

Q.—What was the first real news sent by telegraph?—M. W.

A.—The first news ever carried by telegraph was the nomination of Polk. The line extended only from Washington to Baltimore.

Q.—Who wrote "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt?"—A. W. M.

A.—Thomas Dunn English, an American physician and man of letters, published this poem in Willis' New York Mirror in 1843. As set to music by Nelson Kneass it became widely known both in England and America.

Q.—What verse in the Bible contains all the letters in the alphabet?—G. L. R.

A.—Ezra VII:21 contains all the letters of the English alphabet except "j," which was formerly written as "i."

Q.—Is the number of silos in use increasing?—R. G.

A.—Basing an estimate on a report from Indiana, the number has nearly trebled in five years. In 1913 there was one silo to every 22 farms. In 1918 there was one silo for every nine farms.

Q.—What are the dimensions of the Liberty Bell?—J. B. D.

A.—The measurements of the Liberty Bell in Independence hall are: Length around the lip, 12 feet; length around the crown, seven feet, six inches; from lip to crown around the in-curve, three feet; over the crown, two feet, three inches; length of the clapper, three feet, two inches; weight, 2,080 pounds.

Q.—Do army officers have to pay $10 for a passport when going abroad?—H. E. F.

A.—The fee for executing an application for a passport is always one dollar. If the officer is proceeding abroad in discharge of his official duty there is no further charge. Otherwise, the additional nine dollars will be charged for issuance of the passport.

(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.)

And Then He Took Up Golf—By Briggs

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DOROTHY DIX TALKS

THE ECONOMY SHOP.

By DOROTHY DIX.
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

When many a woman dies and goes up before the judgment bar, she is going to be condemned because she has sinned the sin of the attic, and in the particular hell to which she is assigned she will be tormented by the imps of the things that she has selfishly and senselessly hoarded.

She will be stamped upon, and walked upon, and kicked about by the shoes that she has let moulder and rot while the feet of her neighbors were bare upon the ground.

She is going to be smothered under the mattresses that she let decay while the old women turned their weary old bodies at night on hard beds.

She is going to be pinched by the bedsprings that she let rust out while her laundress had nothing but a hard board to lie on.

She is going to go naked and shivering in the bitter cold while the stacks of warm dresses and overcoats, and cloaks that she let go to decay grin at her and mock her with their warmth.

In her ears she will hear ceaselessly the wail of new-born babes without a rag to cover them, while trunks full of the little clothes of her own children slowly fall into dust before her eyes.

She will be haunted by the wistful faces of little children who reach out eager hands for the toys that only the rats played with in her garret.

And after aeons of years of this torture perhaps the woman who has sinned the sin of the attic will have expiated her crime, and get another chance at life. Perhaps it was a woman who sinned the sin of the attic in some previous incarnation who devised the scheme that she calls the economy shop, which is a sort of double-barreled philanthropy that hits both the attic and the high cost of living.

That I do not know, but I do know that the economy shop is one of the cleverest, most practical and efficient ways of solving a number of problems that has ever been devised.

The woman with the economy shop idea lives in a little Midwestern town of about 30,000 inhabitants. She is rich and socially important, and possessed of great executive ability, and she put her big scheme into operation by taking a small storehouse, and inviting a certain number of girls to come and be clerks for her, and asking all of her friends to send into the storehouse anything that they had that they didn't want, from a white elephant to a peck of potatoes.

Nothing is too big or too little to find a place in the economy store. It would take, with equal gratitude, a grand piano or a single cup and saucer. It has proved a boon to housewives who for the first time in years have been able to clean their attics, because before they did not know what to do with the junk that had accumulated. Their consciences would not allow them to throw good furniture into the fire, nor cast wearable garments into the garbage can, and yet they knew personally no one to whom they could give these things.

Now they send them to the economy shop, where they are sold for a mere pittance, and where they meet a long-felt want, because they go to that middle class of people, the small salaried people, who are being ground to powder between the profiteers above them and below them.

These people, the genteel poor, would starve and freeze rather than take charity, but they can supply their needs at the economy shop, and save their money and their pride.

At the economy shop one may buy odd dishes for ten cents a piece, a hat for a dollar, that with a little furbishing is as good as it was when it cost $25 or $30. Every kind of a dress, from a bungalow apron to an imported ball dress, at prices that are a fraction of what was originally paid for them; three new novels for a dollar, magazines for 5 cents a piece, and shoes that perhaps need a little cobbling to make them as good as new, for 25 cents to a dollar, and so on.

And there's every conceivable thing in the shop, from quilt pieces up and down, for it is a clearing house for domestic undesirables on hand, as it is a source of supply for the millions of things that other people need and want on the other hand. Moreover, it has fostered a beautiful spirit in those who give. It has made the woman who has much realize her sisterhood with the woman who has little, and so the women who give do not just jump down their things in the store any old way.

They have got so that they take the trouble to freshen up a dress by putting on new collars and cuffs, or cleaning or pressing it, and making it look better, because they realize how much more value it will have in the eyes of the woman who buys it.

The economy shop has been a particular blessing to poor mothers with many children, because it has furnished them at the least possible cost with quantities of ready-made clothes for their young ones, and with shoes of a quality that they could never hope to buy in an open shop.

All of the women connected with the economy shop give their services, and it is so successful financially that for the past two years it has cleared more than a thousand dollars a month. This money is divided between three different charities which it virtually supports, thus relieving the people of the town from any further calls upon their charity.

The economy shop is a great idea. Try it in your own community.

Oh, My! Here's Pair Terribly In Love

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 19 years of age and have been corresponding with a boy 24 years old, but my parents object to my either going with or writing to this boy, although they give no definite reason for objecting. Four weeks ago I told this boy that we would have to quit and we both agreed that it was positively necessary and I have to insist on him stopping.

He said he would try and quit me, but he would never cease to love me, because he loves me better any anyone else and I also love him. He knew that I was only doing this because my parents made me, although it seemed awfully hard. Recently I had a letter from this boy telling me of his love and it has almost broken my heart to think we love each other so much and can not be together. He told me he had not been able to spend one happy moment since he parted from me and for his sake to write him a few lines. I did so, but have not heard again, but I know I will later. My brother tells me to write to this boy as he thinks it best. Did I do right in writing to him and should I continue to write him? Is it right for a mother to open her daughter's letter before the daughter sees it? ZANDA.

I do not think you did wrong in writing this boy. You seem a sensible girl and one to be trusted. Sometimes, however, parents do not realize children have grown up and seem to think by denying them privileges usually given to children your age they will keep them from getting away from parental control, but it is generally a rule that children held too closely under hard or arbitrary control lose respect and love for such parents and sooner than otherwise take things in hand for themselves. Of course, such a situation is greatly to be deplored for it only makes for unhappiness and causes grief for both. Opening letters belonging to someone else is a practice to be unhesitatingly condemned. A mother may ask and insist upon reading all letters received by her daughter, but she has no moral right to open them first. At least, that's my opinion.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl of 16 but have had the experience of a girl 18. Not long ago I met one of the football players on one of the local teams. He is in one of my classes in school and seems to like me. It has gotten out over the school that I am to be his sponsor, but I know nothing about it at all. How can I find out if he intends asking me? Is there any harm in kissing boys you never expect to see again? Is it considered common to put paint on my face to go to school? L. BROWNEYES.

Perhaps this is a false report, so the only thing to do in any case is to wait until he asks you to be his sponsor. In comparison, kissing boys you never expect to see again is much more common than painting the face to go to school. In fact, promiscuous kissing is just so "common" that it is disgusting. If you have no color in your cheeks and wish to look well, put on as little rouge as is consistent with dignity and good taste. Too much is apt to attract unfavorable remarks.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a man 35 years old and had a sweetheart whom I dearly loved, but she told me she did not think any more of me than any of her other friends. I pleaded with her with my tenderest thoughts and words as a lover, but she only looked at me with a smile and said we had better be friends, and gave me no other reason. So after she had told me this for several months I became discouraged and quit her, as she seemed to think I was only in her way. After I had quit going with her I saw her one day with another man. One day she came where I was working and seemed to be sorry for treating me as she had. A few days later she called me over the phone and seemed to want me to come to see her, so I told her I would like to have a talk with her and she seemed well pleased over this. When I was calling on her she admitted for the first time that she loved me. But while were were at outs I courted another fine girl, of whom I think a great deal and she loves me. We are now engaged, but I think much more of the first girl. However, she will not stop going with the other man and I don't want to be untrue to the girl to whom I am engaged. Tell me which girl must I take? They are both fine girls. I told the first girl that I would not make up with her unless she quits the other man. Am I right or wrong? REX.

Take your medicine like a man, although you are suffering from a relapse over having done something hasty. Even though you may love the first girl a little more than the other one, you are not sure right now that the first girl is not flirting. She doesn't seem to care enough for you to give up the attentions of the other man. Don't hurt the other girl by discarding her for the first girl for you might have to ask her to forgive and take you back. Go slow.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 14 years of age and am very fond of a boy 16 years old. He seems to care for me real well and another girl, too. What should I do to make him care more for me than this other girl and to make him forget her? Mother does not object to my going with this boy as he is very nice. I am large for my age, so tell me what to do to win this boy? IMPATIENT RUTH.

Try being always cheerful, generous and kind without being effusive; jolly and fun loving without being fast or silly. A bit of indifference goes a long way, if not carried too far. Keep him guessing and don't let him think he is the only boy on your horizon. Become interested in the things that every wholesome boy likes to discuss, such as baseball, football, automobiles, fishing and hunting. Read some of the best stories for boys and discuss them with him. Forget the lovemaking for awhile.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Will you please give the name of a good antisuffrage magazine? A READER.

The Woman's Protest, published by the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, 37 West Thirty-ninth street, New York.

Twice Told Tales

Ten Years Ago Today in Memphis.

OCTOBER 18, 1910.

Miss Iva Arata, of Mobile, Ala., is the guest of Mrs. F. B. Gianotti, 619 McLemore avenue, for several days.

Mrs. F. G. Jones and daughters, Misses Lulabelle and Ardelle, returned to their home in this city today, after having spent the summer abroad.

Mrs. Luke E. Wright and little granddaughter, Katherine, are in Mount Clemens, Mich., where Mrs. Wright will remain for several weeks on account of her health.

Mrs. H. M. Neely returned to Memphis this morning after having spent several weeks as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Crawford Hill, of Denver, Col.

Mrs. W. D. Bethel, who has been spending the spring and summer abroad, is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grey, in Columbia, Tenn.

Miss Cynthia Edrington, who has been spending the summer abroad, is now in school in Paris, France, according to information received by relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simon and son, Milton Leroy, left this city this morning for Nashville, where they will be the guests of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Sweeny, of Gaston avenue, have as their guest Lieut. and Mrs. G. O. Carter, of Paris, Tenn.

Mrs. Ed Chambers, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., accompanied by her son and niece, Miss Marie Chambers, arrived in this city today to be the guests of relatives for several days.

Miss Amy Cox has as her guest Miss Bess Welch, of Chicago.

Mrs. J. P. Edrington has returned from Colorado, where she was delightfully entertained for several days by relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. M. Clemens left this evening for Georgetown, Ky., to attend the wedding of her brother.

STARS INCLINE DON'T COMPEL — HOROSCOPE — FOR THE COMING DAY

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1920.

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Jupiter rules strongly for good today, according to astrology. Venus changes from benefic aspect to evil sway.

This should be a planetary government most favorable to business enterprises, since it stimulates initative and gives men resourcefulness.

There is a promising sign for education and for educators of every rank. Colleges will be especially prosperous during the coming year, which will bring special benefits to women students.

Venus is in a place as presaging uncertainty wherever new voters have influence or power. The rule is supposed to make women changeable, suspicious, and not easily managed where group action is desirable.

While the configuration seems to forecast many benefits for the mothers and daughters of families, there is likely to be an unusual tendency toward domestic dissensions.

Women are warned that the seers prophesy for them great success in big business, "which will arouse the antagonism of men. They should be exceedingly wise in avoiding unnecessary provocation in methods of competition.

Money continues to come much into consciousness of those who foretell events, and it is prophesied that there may be almost a panic in Wall street, owing to an unforeseen crisis.

Surprises in political matters are foreshadowed. Women will be subject to apathetic influences until the week before the election, when sensational occurrences may be expected.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a successful year, in which money will rapidly increase.

Children born on this day have lucky stars to guide them, and will reach early success.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1920.

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Kindly stars rule today, according to astrology. Mercury, Saturn and Venus are all in benefic aspect.

It is a time most auspicious for any sort of advertising or publicity. The stars are supposed to impart originality and cleverness to all who exploit either personalities or commodities.

Newspapers are to profit greatly from some return of old-time methods governing editorial policies. Saturn seems to forecast conservative ideas and reduced quantities of printed matter.

This is a lucky wedding day since it seems to foreshadow long years of companionship.

Lovers of every age should benefit while this configuration prevails and letters will avail much under this government of the stars.

There is a sign especially promising to all who deal in women's clothing. Great profit will accrue through the growth of artistic ideals.

Theaters should make good use of opportunities that develop today. It is a favorable sway for actors' first nights.

The seers advise early Christmas shopping, since there may be an unnecessary but depressing money stringency toward the close of the year.

While the stars seem to foreshadow good fortune to the oppressed of all races, there is also indication of serious difficulties affecting the darker peoples who are closely associated with the dominant white race.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the forecast of a happy year. The young will court and marry.

Children born on this day will be energetic and industrious. They are likely to be exceedingly punctilious in all their duties and to be especially successful in whatever they undertake.