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WRITE YOUR OWN ROMANCE
 The grand daughter of the richest man in the world is to marry a riding master. Her father, owner of one of the secondary fortunes, runnng into hundreds of millions, announces the fact.
 The news of this marriage will be displayed upon the first page of every newspaper in this country and will be elaborated in much more elaborate form than was the happenings of the disarmament conference.

And after all, it is not important.
 A school girl of 16, given everything she has asked for from the hour of her birth, fastens her childish fancy upon a man three times her age—and is not denied.
 The flock of psycho-analysis brought by her mother from Europe would probably say that she is suffering from a parental complex by which she idealizes the virtues of her father in this middle-aged man, who in teaching her to ride a horse, aroused the same sentiments she showed to the father who treated her upon his knee as a babe.
 A group of society women with whom she would naturally mingle will probably be terribly shocked because she did not marry a duke or some broken down rouse with a title.
 Marriage in the autumn of life to girls of early womanhood has been too common to arouse comment. Usually the fortune involved has been the result of much work on the part of the man and the blushing bride has come from ranks other than that of wealth, generally from the stage.
 As long as this girl is to marry a man who is a contemporary of her father, she is fortunate to select one who has earned his living.
 That is something of a guarantee against her mating with a mere shell and who has burned out his life, his ideals and his morals in idleness and wasteful living.
 Only the great fortune of her grandfather and other relatives gives prominence to this wedding. And it will have no effect upon those fortunes.
 It will not change the production of a single oil well nor increase or lower by a single tractor the output of the harvester trust.
 That is important, for these two great institutions have much to do with the happiness and comfort of millions of people. Only her own happiness is involved in the wedding.
 Write your own romance if you are a sentimentalist.
 Write of the great passion that overleaped the barriers of birth, of age, of fortune and led to happiness through the door of a stable.
 Write of the romantic heart which saved itself through the years for the coming of an inspiration from half across the world.
 Or pity them both as you will, for next week, or the week after, some other person who has nothing but money will get into the limelight and will be forgotten.

A PRESIDENTIAL PROPHECY
 "I hope there will be more women in public life and there will be before my administration is concluded," was the prophecy and the promise made by the president to a delegation of the League of Women Voters who called at the White House.
 Whereby the president will gain no great fame as a prophet but will receive thanks for bringing to public notice an inevitable fact of public life.
 He might have added that there will not only be more women in public life but that all women will be a part of public life in the very near future.
 They will be in public life through the influence of their votes which will be used to protect the American home from invasion, whether the menace be that of unusual taxes upon the necessities of life which take food from the mouths of children, or the open exposure of temptations which tend to destroy the characters of children.
 The prominence of women in public life will depend upon the reaction of men who aspire to leadership to this new force in public life.
 If the men believe that they can continue to name candidates whose private lives cannot be held up as examples for the sons of mothers, if they believe that they can sell the birthright of children for public office, if they believe that they can continue to traffic with the powers of evil in exchange for votes, there will be a surprising number of women in public life.
 The great majority of women are not looking for public office or personal prominence. The demand for suffrage did not come from this desire.
 It did come from the failure of male suffrage to achieve a real democracy or a real protection for the foundation of all American institutions which is the home.
 It was forced by women who weary of being ignored and whose influence was that of a secondary appeal through male members of their families.
 A woman with a vote, asking for laws, is very different from a woman asking for favors without any power to enforce her appeal.
 The number of women in who are actively and prominently in public life in any capacity save that of voters can be pretty accurately forecasted by the failure of men in public office to meet the standards and demands of the hour.

Other Editors Than Ours
TOO PESSIMISTIC FARMERS.
 (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
 In five states of the middle west an unprecedented number of farmers are reported to have ordered their telephones discontinued in recent months. The assigned reason is that they can not afford to pay for the service at a time when it is important that even the smallest items of outgo shall be eliminated. For the same reason it is reported that the automobile is left in shelter when the farmer goes to the county seat and he uses horse and wagon. The horses have to be fed, anyway, and during the winter months are little needed on the farm. To use the auto would require an immediate outgo for gasoline, perhaps for repairs. Farmers and farmers' wives are encountered. It is also said, who are patching up clothes and household gear with a view to avoiding new purchases, not merely during the coming year, but during several future years. While they are probably mistaken, they do not see any early prospect of such betterment in conditions as would justify them to replacing old, worn articles with new.
 No other reports on the plight of farmers have presented a more graphic picture of prevalent agricultural distress. The telephone, the automobile, the free postal delivery are the three things most commonly referred to as differentiating farm conditions of the present from those of the past and relieving the isolation of the farmer and keeping him in touch with programs. The free delivery yet remains, but in cases of significant number the telephone and auto are in disuse. The pressure on resources must, indeed, have been strong to force so great a sacrifice in self-denial of their convenience.
 These farmers are too pessimistic, though their frame of mind can easily be understood. If a great betterment is not to be expected at an early date, many encouraging signs are at fault. Now is just the time when the farmer needs more than at any other time, every one of those modern devices that have done so much to improve his lot. He is entitled to replacement of at least some things that are worn out or are wearing out. How is he to be sustained by optimism if he cuts himself off from the sources of optimism and the conditions that justify optimism? He should get out the automobile and leave pessimism behind with the dust. He should re-install the telephone and say good-by to it.

A LEADER AT 92
 One of the most dramatic incidents in all labor history occurred on Saturday at Indianapolis when 4,000 bitter, angry, fighting, hating men were turned from open combat to an orderly and reasonable convention by the presence of a gray haired woman who raised her voice and stilled the pandemonium.
 Bryan, in his youth, fiery and full of ideals, won a presidential nomination from a cheering throng that only awaited the torch of enthusiasm to inspire their confidence—and he became, in a single moment, known as a great orator.
 His achievement was child's play compared to that which happened in the convention of miners.
 The fate of organized labor itself was in the balance during the bitter debate that involved a ques-

tion of union organization. The delegates were divided and the quarrel might have easily led to the permanent disruption of what is the largest labor organization of this country.
 A disintegration of the miners' union would be the greatest blow to organized labor which could happen and would weaken the power of all bodies based upon the principle of collective bargaining.
 Half of the delegates jeered and yelled and cursed the officers of that convention. The other half yelled in answer and the entire convention was the scene of wild disorder and confusion.
 Then there walked to the platform a little, white-haired, woman who denies her 92 years by a sprightliness of walk and a power of voice that carried to the farthest part of that great hall.
 Quiet was instantly restored. Men who had cursed each other a moment before listened to the message of this aged woman who must have seemed a strange figure in this great body of men who had come from every part of the nation whose coal is found, rough men who have worked long underground and who achieved local leadership through physical prowess.
 That moment saved the miners' union—for the men who listened knew that they received a message which they might reject but which 800,000 men back in their homes would not reject.
 Many a senator who prides himself upon his power of oratory and who glories in the power of his own voice would have traded much of his fame for such a victory.
 Mother Jones, for over 60 years a leader in industrial struggles, would give them the recipe for leadership, if they asked.
 She won it by a consistent course of sincerity. Not one man of the 4,000 who were charging each other with personal ambitions, with selfish motives, even thought of charging this woman with any aim save the welfare of the organization of which she is a part.
 In a life time she has never weakened and never compromised. She has always been found on the side of the people with whom she cast her lot. She has always proved her sincerity by sharing the privations or sacrifices of those for whom she pleads.
 That is the reason why, at 92, she travels from camp to camp, her voice is heard when that of elected leaders is received with suspicion and distrust.
 Fortunate is the cause which has the services of such a leader. When great political parties, built on principles, develop characters such as hers which inspire universal confidence, they will not be driven to the backroom conferences as means of victory.
 Whatever men may think of the right or wrong of the cause of unionists, there can be but admiration for the woman who at 92 has achieved a leadership that is greater than any elective office in the organization of nearly a million members. Beside her victory, other triumphs of oratory seem trivial and commonplace.

OUR LOCAL HOLLYWOOD.
 South Bend, Ind., Feb. 19, '22.
DEAR TOWER:
 I maintain that news is news, and should not be suppressed. The item which I am submitting herewith was offered to Mr. Stephenson, the well-known author of The News-Times, and Rudolph Hearst of the other two newspapers, the Noon and Evening Tribune, both of whom for reasons unstated refused to publish it. This article, Polski was undecided and the editor of the Hungarian Semi-Annual couldn't read it. I learned that a certain Chinese newspaper has a large circulation here, but their resident representative informed me that all local news are being the hard work, and the Elks are furnishing the talent. I happened to be in the room when the Elks committee was selecting the cast. Bob Schnelle, John De Haven, Al Kermid and Frank Hogan were the committee. The movie gentleman made a little speech and told them what the play was all about and that the first person to be selected was the hero, or in other words the handsome lover. The committee as one man straightened up and threw out their chests. De Haven, being a little quicker on the get-away, was the first to say, "Oh, I guess I could handle that all right." Bob

THE NEW SILVER DOLLAR.
 The new silver dollar is lovely to see.
 Now fresh from the mint
 To a welcome in print
 Come a cartwheel of silver to brighten the place,
 Aglow with the smile on a pretty girl's face.
 But the bank clerk announces with looks that are black:
 "That thing may be art, but the dollar won't stack."
 I wish I'd a million all strewn on the floor,
 They might clutter the place and I wouldn't get sore!
 They might tumble and fall
 Any old way at all,
 Roll under the bureau or under the bed,
 I'd still be admiring that young lady's head.
 Those glorious dollars I'll never attack,
 Or curse or despise them because they won't stack.
 Some call her a "flapper"—the

young lady who has loaned her fair face to the dollar so long.
 I've seen long-bearded men
 On a "five" or a "ten,"
 And though no one would say they were handsome to see,
 The greenbacks that wore them still looked good to me;
 So it's little I care for the fault-finding pack.
 Good dollars are dollars although they won't stack.
 The bank clerks may grumble, the art critics sneer,
 But the new silver dollar I'll cherish and cheer.
 To my life journey's end
 All its charms I'll defend,
 I'll sing of its praises wherever I roam,
 And should it be friendless, I'll give it a home;
 Oh, never in hatred will I turn my back
 On the new silver dollar because it won't stack.
 (Copyright, 1922)

Berton Braley's Daily Poem
What Do You Say?
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
 Perhaps it is clever to scheme and endeavor
 To purchase bad bootlegger booze,
 Perhaps it is funny to spend time and money
 On stuff it is poison to use;
 A gay little frolic on hoosh vitriolic
 Is some folks' conception of glee,
 Which may be a pleasure beyond any measure—
 But it doesn't seem that way to me!
 It may give elation to help the indignation
 Of many a bootlegger's wad;
 Or taste, without shrinking, a potion whose drinking
 May bury you under the sod;
 I don't care to censure that kind of adventure.
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VERSE O' CHEER
 By Edgar L. Jones
KEEP ON KEEPING GAY.
 Lots of people look on life in optimistic style
 Ignoring all the care and strife
 That tries to drown their smile
 And when misfortune comes their way,
 They simply keep on keeping gay.
 They never seem to have a care
 And never seem to fret
 The trouble greet them everywhere
 They seem to just forget
 Their woes by snuffing them away
 And simply keep on keeping gay.

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The Tower of Babel
 Bill Armstrongs
 We won't vouch for the veracity of this, but a customer told it with a straight face. Her mess of home brew soured, so she threw it out and the stuff hit her bed of violets. The next day the violets were dead. In their place grew tiger lilies.
 Dollar day is Thursday. We wanted all the trade to know it; that's why we mention it here.

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