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The Listening Post.

The language of diplomacy is a polite language. The iron hand is encased in a glove of velvet. The iron bands are insulated with silken cords.

Thus does article 10 of the league of nations hide its face in the eider-down covering, exposing only the fact that "the council shall advise upon the means" by which the obligation to respect and preserve the territorial integrity and political independence of all members of the league shall be fulfilled.

In the first place the members pledge themselves unequivocably to respect and preserve the political independence and territorial integrity. "Respect" and "preserve" sound inoffensive when separated from the context, but there is no escape from the meaning in article 10.

Gov. Cox says of this article: "Under article 10 we commit ourselves only to listen to the unanimous advice of the council in an emergency, congress to be its own judge as to what, if any, action we will take in the circumstances."

This is the first suggestion that the league of nations is a listening post. If the report of the council is unanimous, the members of the league are pledged not to go to war with the member that complies with the recommendation of the report.

Gov. Cox might go farther with his explanation and state what would be the result if the congress should refuse to abide by the unanimous decision of the council.

Article 16 says that a disregard of the covenant is equivalent to an act of war against all members, "which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to a severance of all trade or financial relations," and the prohibition of intercourse with other nations whether members of the league or not.

It will not do to minimize article 10 and the powerful strength it gives to the league. President Wilson says himself that article 10 is "the heart of the covenant." It would be a very weak heart that would commit this country no farther than to "listen" and then act as it pleases regardless of the unanimous verdict of the council.

Taking Out the Wind.

Economy is the most futile subject that can be discussed. Notwithstanding its uselessness it has been much discussed during the recent months.

It was directed to elements, neither of which was affected by it. Those who were living on as little as possible, because they had to do so to make what they had go around, needed no dissertation on how to make hash from warmed over round steak. Those who were making more than they ever did before paid no attention to it because they had the money to spend. No amount of good or well-intentioned advice could turn them from the enjoyment of their new-found affluence.

The trouble with most of the advice on economy is that it has been personal. It has been directed at the individual and in many instances has been for the purpose of prejudicing him against the merchant with whom he spent his money. The effect was to create an impression that the spender was not getting his money's worth without actually curtailing expenditures.

What this country needs more than economy on the part of the individual is economy on the part of the government. If the government will set the pace there can be retrenchment on all sides without affecting business or trade.

The high percentage of taxes required for maintaining the government in extravagance has had the effect of discouraging the individual from saving. What if he saves? The government gets it. What if he spends? He gets some pleasure out of it.

The government should cut down its expenditures. The government should be required to operate on a basis of actual and necessary cost. We have started on a big naval program. Other nations are doing the same thing. Japan says owing to her isolation she ought not to be required to observe the suggestion of a reduction in armament. Furthermore she isn't going to observe it, league or no league. We doubt if any of the other member nations do so. We have not heard of any and there are 30 members.

The equilibrium of state budgets should be restored. The state, county and nation should get away from the employment of loans to meet ordinary current requirements.

There is no excuse for an artificially low bank rate, out of conformity with the real scarcity of capital and made possible only by the creation of new currency.

The first thing to do to guarantee the recovery of the world's economic life is to stop the process of inflation. As long as inflation is permitted to go on deterioration in the monetary standard will go on and there can be no hope for reconstruction.

At the international financial conference at Brussels Prof. Gustav Cassel, of Stockholm, discussing the subject, said:

"Every country should decide at the earliest possible date what amount of deflation it thinks proper and possible to attain, or perhaps, in the worst cases, what limit it thinks it can set to further inflation. And the policy thus determined should be made public in order that the people should know what they have to reckon with. . . .

"It is often believed that the recovery of trade which is now so urgently needed could best be furthered by the establishment of an international standard of money. This is obviously a mistake; for if every country should retain its own currency, the international money could only fill the function of an intermediary link in international payments. But there is no need whatever of such a link. As long as the international value of a currency continued to fluctuate, the exchange between this currency and the international standard would fluctuate too, and the introduction of this standard would not have brought us a bit nearer the stability of exchanges, but only created a new and unnecessary complication. . . .

"If we analyze the different schemes put forward in favor of a new international standard, we shall almost invariably find that they involve the creation of new masses of paper currency, and that they, in fact, derive a great part of their alleged usefulness from the fresh purchasing power which in this way is put at disposal for purposes thought to be of primary importance for the world. Ultimately, then, such schemes unveil themselves as a policy of continuing, on a world-wide scale, the process of inflation hitherto carried on as a national concern. But that this cannot be the solution of the world's present monetary difficulties seems clear enough."

Professor Cassel accepts the view that most countries look forward to the restoration of a gold standard and the resumption of gold payments as the real rescue from the hopeless muddle of the present paper money system. He also considers that the value of gold, as against commodities, having been reduced to something like 40 per cent of the pre-war value, the resumption of gold payments at par will be within practical reach of those countries where the depreciation of the monetary standard has not gone much farther. But such countries as have seen their money inflated to a much greater extent must relinquish such a hope, and must first attain a stabilization of the internal value of their money, and subsequently consider the question of giving a new gold parity to their monetary unit.

It is evident that the soundest thinkers of the world are turning toward the dawn of the day of sober thought, sound business and actual enterprise instead of speculation. We have approached the point where not only must inflation cease but deflation must begin.

Ghost Competition.

Literature, already hard hit by the war, is facing another peril which threatens to end its existence. The spirit of Patience Worth, a sharp-tempered maiden lady of the time of the giddy Charles, by means of a ouija board—a colicky contrivance with St. Vitus dance and a voodoo name—has written an autobiography, a novel and a volume of verse. All of which—in spite of the high price of paper—have been published.

The ghost vote in politics we always have with us, but the ghost pen in literature is a grave danger newly confronting us. If Dickens, Balzac or Hawthorne, surging with the divine afflatus, are at liberty to seize their planchettes or ouija boards and dash off a few masterpieces while the celestial copy boy waits, what is to become of present day greatness? If we are to be inundated by Homer, Milton, Dante and other pauper literary labor from the past, what is to become of Robert Chambers, Marie Corelli, Laura Jean Libbey and other modern masters, who can make a goose pen pay better than a pig pen, even with pork at its present price? And if they vanish, what will the kaiser of the kitchen do between boiling the tea and burning the chops?

Remember that Shakespeare, Schiller or Goethe will never need worry for fear the editor is bilious or needs a vacation when he reads their output. Also they can go on producing ad infinitum, crowding the present-day writers off the market completely, giving them little chance in this world and none at all in the next. Horrible thought! What is to prevent Cusspoiluting Magazine or Worst's Monthly from cornering the output of Virgil, Milton, Sappho and the rest of the ghost market?

We call upon the vigilantes and all other public-spirited and patriotic citizens to combat this awful danger. We already have the united support of the student body of the country, which shudders with apprehension at the prospect of Caesar giving forth a new volume of Commentaries, or extending the old one.

We can also confidently look for the aid of the literary bureaus, which, for the most part, are headed by men who have failed in trying to write and have grown rich in teaching others what they themselves do not know. They are alive to the danger confronting them, for if the ghost pen succeeds, like Othello of shady memory, they will find their occupation and their income gone.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

A bride and bridegroom seldom realize that they are married until they find themselves actually enjoying their little quarrels.

When a girl says "The Lord will provide," she means that He will provide her with a husband, and thus save her from stenography.

Every man would "hit the toboggan" occasionally if he felt that he could rely on some woman to drag the sled up the hill again for him.

When a man has to stop and think what to say in a love letter, it is a sign that his caution has come into action—and his heart is having a reaction.

There is as much difference between an "understanding" and a bona fide "engagement" ring as there is between an I. O. U. and a check.

Someone has said that the trouble with married people is that they get too close a view of one another, and thus lose all the enchantment and perspective which distance lends, which is practically saying that the trouble with married people is that they are married!

Simply because a man asks you if you could love him is not necessarily a sign that he wants you to. It may be merely a move for "preparedness" in case of a sudden attack.

Those "spirit communications" would be a lot more convincing to some women if all the husbands who come back would not be so absolutely positive that they are in heaven.

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UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE UMBRELLA STAND

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Dear me, Uncle Wiggily! Look what you've done!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day when the rabbit gentleman came hurrying into the hollow stump bungalow from the rain which was pouring outside.

"What have I done, Nurse Jane?" asked Wiggily, wiping some drops of water off his pink, twinkling nose with his tall, silk hat. "I didn't forget to bring the jug of molasses you asked me to get at the eight and nine-cent store."

"Yes, you brought the molasses all right," said the muskrat lady housekeeper, "but look where you left your umbrella! In the hall, on one of the best rugs, and your umbrella is dripping wet!"

"Oh, how sassafras of me!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I meant to put it in the sink. And that reminds me, Nurse Jane, we need an umbrella stand. That's something like an earthen water pipe stood up on one end, and you stick umbrellas down in it, with the handles up, and all the water from the umbrella runs down in the stand, and you can empty it out later."

"Oh, yes, one of those would be fine," said Nurse Jane.

"I'll get one right away!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh, hurrying out after his umbrella, which Nurse Jane had taken to the sink, to let it swim around with the dish rage if it wished.

"Oh, you're not going out again, in all the rain, are you?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Why, not?" inquired Mr. Longears. "A rainy day is just the proper one on which to buy an umbrella stand. I'll be back in a little while."

With his umbrella held over his tall silk hat to keep his pink, twinkling nose as dry as possible, Uncle Wiggily hopped over the fields and through the woods, splashing through the mud puddles until he came to the eleven and twelve-cent store.

There he bought a nice umbrella stand, with flowers painted on it, and a sort of a tub in the bottom to catch the water that would drip off the umbrellas.

"Nurse Jane will like this," thought Uncle Wiggily, as he tucked the umbrella stand under his paw and started back for his hollow stump bungalow. The umbrella stand was rather large, and it was hard for Uncle Wiggily to carry it, but he managed to get it home at last.

"Here you are, Nurse Jane!" he cried, as he went in the hall. "No more water on your rugs. See! I'll put my umbrella in the stand!" And with that Uncle Wiggily did.

"You are very kind," said the muskrat lady.

She was just walking along the hall to look at the new umbrella stand, when, all of a sudden, in through the door, which Uncle Wiggily had forgotten to close, came the bad old Skeezicks.

"Ah, ha!" snickered the bad Skee. "You can't fool me this time, Uncle Wiggily. I followed you right in, just as I followed behind you all the way from the 15 and 16-cent store, where you bought that big flower pot."

"This isn't a flower pot; it's an umbrella stand," said Nurse Jane.

"No matter what it is; I'll have Uncle Wiggily's souse!" howled the bad chap, sticking out his red, green and yellow tongue. "I'll get his souse if I have to stand him on his head! Souse I want and souse I must have and—"

Then the Skee suddenly stopped talking and looked all around.

"What's the matter?" asked Nurse Jane. "I hope you don't want my souse, too."

"No, only Uncle Wiggily's," answered the Skee. "I like rabbit ear souse, not muskrat lady's. But where is Uncle Wiggily? He was here a moment ago, and here's his umbrella in the thing you call an umbrella stand, but where is he?"

Surely enough, where was Uncle Wiggily? He had been standing in the hall a moment before, as the Skee came in, but now the bunny was gone!

"I don't know where he is," said Nurse Jane, as the Skee looked at her very sharply.

"Yes, you do!" gargled the bad creature. "You are hiding Uncle Wiggily under your apron! Let me look!"

With that the Skee lifted up Nurse Jane's big kitchen apron, but Uncle Wiggily was not there.

"He must have slipped in and hidden behind the piano!" roared the Skeezicks, but when he rushed into the music room and peeked behind the piano, Uncle Wiggily was not there.

"He's inside the clock!" said the bad chap. "I know he's inside the grandfather's clock!"

But when the clock door was opened there was only the pendulum slowly ticking and tocking to and fro.

"Oh, ho; He needn't think he can fool me!" warbled the Skee. "He slipped out on the front porch when I wasn't looking." With that the Skee opened the front door, which had blown shut, and he looked on the porch. Uncle Wiggily wasn't there, but some molasses had been spilled from the jug, and the Skee stepped in this molasses and he slipped and went down the steps bumpity-bump.

"Oh, this is no place for me!" cried the Skee. "There is something wrong here. I guess Uncle Wiggily has gone far away with his souse!" Then the Skee ran off to his den and Nurse Jane was wondering where Uncle Wiggily was, when, all of a sudden, the bunny rabbit rose up from down inside the umbrella stand!

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the bunny. "I was hiding there all the while the Skee was looking for me! He didn't see me get in with the umbrella! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!"

Then Nurse Jane laughed, too, and she said it was wonderful to have an umbrella stand in the bungalow to fool Skees with. And if the cloud doesn't sprinkle a lot of rain on the rubber plant, and get the gold fish all wet, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the mullen stalks.

Public Discussion

LUMBER PRICES.

To The News Scimitar:

There have appeared in the different papers of our country, many articles from different millmen stating many things to prove that they are not responsible for the high price of lumber.

Now they say lumber is so cheap—less than the price of production—that they will have to close down.

These statements are positively false, as investigation will prove.

The fact is that there is not a mill in this country that can not make a fortune and sell lumber at half what they want for it today.

Ever since the government suits against the combination of sawmills, they have done everything to show that they are responsible for the exorbitant prices of lumber, refusing to do much sawing to keep from paying the income tax and curtailing the manufacture to a minimum.

I sell timber and timber lands and can offer some virgin tracts as cheap as ever, the saws can saw as much as ever, but labor and transportation are higher, but it should not necessarily add a big per cent to the whole cost.

The lumber manufacturers are trying to force builders to pay from three to five times as much for lumber, when the production should not cost twice as much as formerly.

There are hundreds of people in this city ready to build homes, but can't afford to pay such excessive prices. The fact is, they are waiting for lumber to get cheaper so as to be able to build. When you stop home building, you add to the discomfiture of our people and stifle the progress of our nation.

If the lumber corporation is able to bluff the government and continue this high-priced lumber, it will be the biggest imposition and backset that was ever perpetrated upon our people.

Why enrich a small class of our citizens at the expense of the progress of the nation?

TIMBERLAND SALESMAN.
Memphis, Tenn.

FORCING CROP ON THE MARKET.

To The News Scimitar:

It is reported that the federal reserve bank has announced that it will not lend on commodities to be held. If this is true, we are facing a very grave situation. The producing class as a whole are more or less borrowers, for the reason that the result of their whole year's labor does not furnish money until harvest time.

We will take the potato crop, the grain crop, the cotton crop—these are harvested in the fall. This harvest is enough to last the world for the balance of the year. These crops therefore have been largely produced and marketed with the assistance of the banks, and indirectly through merchants, who advanced the producer to market the years supply gradually as the consumer required it.

Without this assistance these commodities would be forced on the market in bulk, and regardless of price it is needless to point out the result, but it might be wise to consider carefully the final result, the wrecking of the producer would extend all down the line, even to the banks. The contention is that the producer is entitled to a conservative loan, in order that he might market his crops without sacrifice, and as a matter of fact the banks do not really lose any of their funds—this producer pays his obligations and the money is deposited back in the banks. But the result is obvious, for instead of a state of business panic the adjustment of proper values would go on in an orderly way.

A SUFFERER.
Memphis, Tenn.

Eiffel supplied $700,000 and the French government $200,000 for building the Eiffel tower.

Organs of hearing are found only in some butterflies and especially in those flying by day.

The state of Michigan is to plant its Victory Highway from Port Huron to Chicago with apple trees.

Horace Greeley reached New York with $10 and four years later founded a weekly newspaper.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—What president vetoed the greatest number of bills during his term of office?—J. M. L.

A.—President Cleveland vetoed 496 bills during his terms as president. During his first term he vetoed 301 bills, nearly twice as many as had all his predecessors combined. The majority of these were private pension bills, and only two of them were passed over his veto. No president since Cleveland has vetoed any considerable number of bills.

Q.—Why should Lamb have called Spenser "the poet's poet?"—B. V. D.

A.—Charles Lamb was an enthusiastic admirer of Edmund Spenser and regarded his flights of fancy and imagery as so far above other poet's efforts that it required the high artistic sense developed by studying the art of writing poetry to appreciate Spenser.

Q.—How large a population constitutes a city?—M. C.

A.—The bureau of census says that a town is usually considered a city when it reaches a population of 10,000.

Q.—Where are the points of the United States that are the farthest north, east, south and west?—G. E. M.

A.—The geological survey says that a small detached land area in Minnesota is the farthest point north, extending to latitude 49 degrees 23 minutes; the southernmost point of the mainland is Cape Sable, Fla., latitude 25 degrees 7 minutes; easternmost is West Quoddy Head, Maine, longitude 66 degrees 57 minutes, and westernmost, Cape Alva Washington longitude 124 degrees 45 minutes.

Q.—What books did Lincoln read when educating himself?—P. J.

A.—There is little material to show exactly what Abraham Lincoln read, but there is evidence that the Bible, certain of Shakespeare's plays, Robinson Crusoe, the Statutes of Indiana, the constitution of the United States, Weem's "Life of Washington," the poems of Robert Burns and "Pilgrim's Progress" were included in the list.

Q.—What is the meaning of "mavourneen?"—A. R.

A.—"Mamourneen" is derived from two Irish words, "mo" and "mhurneen," meaning "my darling."

Q.—Is there any way of driving hornets away when smoking them out has failed?—V. T.

A.—Fumigating with carbon disulphide should be efficacious.

Q.—How is crepe effect in materials made?—C. C. H.

A.—Crepe effects in finished goods are produced by alternating a right and left-hand highly twisted thread in the warp and filling the fabric with a highly twisted tram. When the woven goods is boiled off and dyed, the effect of the alternately twisted threads will be the puckering up of the fabric noticed in crepe de chine.

Q.—Why is milk so often referred to as a "perfect food?"—R. E. C.

A.—Milk is considered a perfect food because it gives proteins for tissue building, energy fuel for bodily functions, minerals for bone and gland formation, vitamines for body building.

Q.—Is any ex-vice-president alive?—W. R. L.

A.—At the present time, no former vice-president is living.

Q.—How much is the public debt?—G. I. T.

A.—The national debt on June 30, 1920, was $24,299,321,467.

Q.—Is any part of the United States free from electrical storms?—R. L. W.

A.—The weather bureau says that so far as known, no part of this country is entirely free from these phenomena. However, they are much more frequently observed in the eastern and central portions of the country than in the Far West, in fact, along the immediate Pacific coast the occurrence of these storms is comparatively rare and it is stated that there are without many of the severe characteristics observed in the east and south districts.

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 inquirer.)

And Then He Took Up Golf—By Briggs

Nurse Hampered By Her Attractiveness

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a young woman 22 years of age and am in one of the best hospitals in the city taking a course in nursing. I like the profession, but I am considered attractive and have to bear the embarrassment and annoyance of some of the hospital authorities and male patients constantly reminding me that "you are too pretty to be a nurse." I love my work and believe I could make a grand success of my nursing if it wasn't for this. Do tell me what to do. Do you think I could adopt the role of Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman?"

ANNOYED NURSIE.

Do not think of giving up the profession you love because a few people tell you of your beauty. Don't let it turn your head, which it is apt to do if you pay much attention to these remarks. You may be pretty, but what is of greater importance is whether you are a faithful, conscientious nurse. Do not adopt the role of anyone, but be your original self, and when remarks are made concerning your looks show that you do not care for this sort of thing. In time, those guilty of trying to make you dissatisfied with nursing because you happen to be good looking will respect your feelings. Forget your looks, and do not worry.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 15 years of age and have been go-with a boy who was interested in another girl before he started going with me. The girl told me they were engaged, but he told me he thought as much of me as he did of her. My friends advised me to let him go, so we quit. Now he has gone back to the other girl. Do you think he cares for either of us and did I do right in letting him go with me? Now I have another boy friend who wanted to call on me while I was going with this other boy. How can I get him to come? Will kissing the boys cause them to have less respect for you? MORRISON.

This boy is like the busy bee. He gathers honey all the day from all the lovely flowers. He is also what you would call a flirt, so you are better off without his attentions. There is nothing to do about getting the other boy to call. You are too young to be going with boys, so don't let it worry you if you don't have a beau for two whole years. Yes.

Dear Mrs. Thmpson—I am a girl, quite thin and would give anything to increase in weight, especially in my limbs. How can I gain 20 pounds without having to drink milk and eat raw eggs, for I can take neither of these. Please give directions for the "cat walk." S. O. S.

Eat plenty of the starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice cooked with milk, cereals with cream and sugar (a person can often take cream in this way where milk is objectionable), sweets, such as syrups, honey, cakes, etc.; eggs, soft-boiled, coddled and scrambled, fruits, such as bananas and apples raw or cooked, and get plenty of sleep. Take light exercise, preferably out of doors, and keep cheerful. Worry is one of the best flesh-reducers and wrinkle-makers known. Lack of space in these columns will not allow directions for cat walk. Since it is such a complicated waltz-fox-trot-one-step hand-spring, so I would advise you to get some friend who knows it to show you the intricacies of this dance—and then tell you not to do it.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 14 years old. Do you think a girl of my age should wear socks? What will take corns off the feet, and what will make my hair grow? SWEETHEART.

Yes, if you can not afford regular hose and your dress is long enough to come below the tops of the socks. There are several good corn cures on the market. It is better, however, to go to a chiropodist. Use the following recipe for making the hair grow thick and long: Tincture cantharides, one ounce; spirits of ammonia aromat, one ounce; glycerin, one drahm, and spirits myrcine, q. s., six ounces. Apply with balls of fingers three times a week, rubbing the scalp until it tingles.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 11 years of age and have some cousins who will not stay at home at night. What can I do to keep them from running wild? DOLLY DIMPLES.

Form a little circle of entertainment for these young cousins and have each one take a part in it. The way to make up for attractions found away from home is to provide a better form of entertainment. Sometimes this is pretty hard to do, and whatever you do, don't let them know you are trying to keep them in. Ask them to help you to plan an evening's fun, and make it a happy time for all. Don't remind them that they are being restrained, or let them feel cramped, but make each occasion a time of frolic. Send me your name and stamped envelope and I will gladly send you some instructions for games for young folks.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Please tell me what will take bumps off my face and what will whiten my complexion. ROSEBUD.

Your diet has much to do with bumps or pimples on your face. Leave off sweets, meats and cream for awhile, drink a great deal of water, at least three quarts a day. Take broken doses of epsom salt several times a week. For whitening the complexion use the following lotions which are easily made at home: Cut a fresh lemon in halves, squeeze and strain. Add five drops of glycerin to one ounce of lemon juice. Use three times a day. Three ounces of rose water, one-half ounce of strained lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoonful of pulverized borax. This is stronger than the first lotion, but it has a tendency to dry the skin. Use a little cold cream, if found too drying. Sweet milk, cream or buttermilk have a whitening effect on the skin and will not remove the natural oil. These are harmless preparations. Before applying lotions it is always necessary to wash the face. The best way is to pour a little into a saucer and use a wad of absorbent cotton. Take a fresh piece each time. If the face feels drawn or irritated stop using the lotion for a day, and apply some cold cream of good quality. Always put cold cream on the face before applying powder.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Is it correct for a girl to hold a boy's arm when walking? What is vamping? THANKS.

No. Ah, who can tell just what and how and who in answer to this? Some say its awful, some say its fun. Others say it can not be done and then some one saunters in and says it's just as e-a-s-y. Some one else says it's only a wink of the eye, and a shrug of the shoulder. Personally, I don't know, and would advise you to let it alone as it might complicate things for you.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Will hats of duvetyn and velvet combined be worn this winter? Please tell me a way to get my hair thick. It is long enough, but very thin. BROWN EYES.

These materials make an attractive combination in hats and will be quite popular this winter. You will find in this column a recipe or formula for the hair. Have it filled by a druggist and use according to directions.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 18 years old and am considered good looking and popular with boys and girls. I have been going with a boy 22 years old for several months and he has shown that he likes and admires me because he has asked me for dates three times a week. I have allowed him to come, but have never been so foolish as to let him think I cared anything about him. Lately he has been showing signs of jealousy when at dances, and at times when I would be with other boys, he would not ask me to dance until late in the evening. Now a visiting girl is in town and I understand he has been rushing her, but I am not the least bit jealous. I do not understand, however, what has caused him to neglect me and know if I do not let him come to see me someone will say that since the visiting girl came he doesn't care for me any more. Should I let him come to see me again? A FRIEND.

You seem a sensible girl and I believe you are quite able to take care of this situation. My advice is to keep on in the even tenor of your way and things will adjust themselves.

FIRE LOSS $150,000.

OWNESBORO, Ky., Sept. 27.—Fire of undetermined origin which started in Salinger's department store early this morning, spread to other business houses and entailed a loss of $150,000.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

DON'T HOLD POST-MORTEMS.

By DOROTHY DIX.
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.
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Do you ever play cards with people who hold post mortems over every hand as soon as it is played? Who spread out their cards on the table and bore you to extinction while they explain how the different results would have been if they had played this and that way and the cards had run differently?

A great many people play the game of life that way. They spend half of their time explaining that the reason they are beaten is because luck was against them, or they made this or that wrong decision, or they failed to take advantage of some good opportunity, or something that somebody else did hoodooed them.

Everybody knows some shiftless, lazy, no-account man, too trifling to keep his little store clean and too unenterprising to even notice the kind of goods that other merchants sell, who whines to you that the reason that he is a failure is because he didn't study one of the professions.

He puts in his time dreaming dope dreams about what a brilliant lawyer he would have been, or what a successful doctor, or what a spellbinder preacher, instead of getting busy and making a success of his own job.

And everybody knows the slatternly, lackadaisical woman whose house looks like a pig sty; and who poisons her husband and children on bad food, and who poses as a martyr because she made the fatal mistake of getting married instead of going on the stage, or writing books.

She says sadly that her husband is a good man, and he is very kind to her, and of course she is fond of her children, but she made a great mistake in marrying at all. She has no taste for domesticity, and she realizes that she is a blighted genius, and she is so busy listening to the imaginary applause she would have got when she brought down the Metropolitan with her singing, that she doesn't hear her baby howling with the colic, or perceive that instead of being a great literary success she's a dismal failure at composing a well-balanced meal, and a rotten poor actor as a wife and a mother.

And there are other people who sit down supinely and let other people support them while they waste their time and energy recounting how rich and great they used to be, and how much style they lived in, instead of getting up and hustling, and trying to win back a little of their lost money.

And there are still other people who spend their lives in the ghoulish occupation of continually robbing their own graves and snatching their corpses out of them, and tearing open the wounds in their hearts every time they show a sign of healing.

Now of all occupations in the world none is so foolish and so fruitless as holding post mortems on the past. Yesterday is yesterday, and no power on earth can bring it back. What has happened has happened, and all the talk in the world won't change it. When the cards are dealt, we've got our hands, and if we've played them badly and lost, it is a waste of breath to speculate about what the result would have been if we had done differently.

The only thing that we can get out of the past is experience. If we have the wit to profit by the lessons we have been taught, we can avoid repeating the mistakes we have made. The battles we have fought in the past, the struggles we have gone through, can strengthen our muscles for the warfare of the future, but that is absolutely all that the past can do for us. The rest belongs to tomorrow and is on the knees of the gods.

But if we dwell on the past, it can weaken us, it can rob us of all initiative. It can sap our courage and turn us into timorous cowards. And it can blot all of our happiness out of life.

Suppose a man and woman have made a mistake in choosing their calling, and that they really are better fitted for some other work than the kind they are doing. They gain nothing by wasting their lives in futile lamentations over what they might have been. Let them either shut the door of the closet in which hangs the skeleton of their ambitions, and make something of the task they have undertaken, or else have the nerve to cut away from their present occupation, and do the thing they want to do, and which they believe they have a genius for doing.

In these days of opportunity, no one need be a "mute, glorious Milton," or a "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," unless her or she really hasn't a writing acquaintance with the muses, or lacks the grit to fight, after all.

Nor is there any merit in cherishing a grief, although there are some people morbid enough to think that it makes them interesting to be known as one "who has never got over the loss of parent, husband, or child." The brave action is that of the man or woman who buries his or her sorrow out of sight, and turns a smiling face upon a world that is already too sorrow laden.

Even if one has committed some great sin, the wise thing is to bury it deep down in the bottom of one's soul and roll over it the stone of repentance, and forget it. I would especially recommend this course to women who have pasts. If they have turned from the wrong path into the right road, I urge them to quit thinking about their dark days and especially to quit talking about them. Confession is weakness. Be strong enough to bear your own burdens in silence. The way to build up is by atonement, not by weeping over what is past and gone.

Don't indulge in post mortems of any kind. Old stories, old regrets, old mistakes, old tears are useless. And they are so messy and boring to the innocent bystanders.

HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1920.

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During the early morning hours of this day Saturn is in sinister aspect, according to astrology, but later Neptune, Mars and Mercury are all in places that promise much to mortals.

The evil power of Saturn at this time is said by occulists to be part of the great plan that is to bring humanity into a closer relation to spiritual things, for when material possessions and ambitions are eliminated men and women turn to the unseen world.

Real estate will be subject to extreme fluctuations in certain cities. Booms will be followed by depression, which will not be lasting, however, for there will constantly grow a sentiment in favor of home ownership.

Some sort of anxiety affecting farmers and agriculturists may be apparent this autumn but there is a good promise of large returns on produce.

While prices of many staples may drop food will continue to be costly for some time and restaurants will never again be able to offer the old-time schedule.

This should be a fortunate time for starting on ocean trips and an important foreign mission seems to be foreshadowed.

All that is constructive whether it be in the line of mere organization or whether it be material building is now subject to the most stimulating influences.

Again colonization and co-operation will come much into discussion and consideration.

Mercury gives brilliant promise to writers, especially to dramatists who will find new opportunities for the presentation of their plays, since all the signs presage a remarkable growth of interest in the theater and theatrical affairs.

Messages of good luck may be expected while the stars are posited as they are today.

California is subjected to a sway of the stars making for sensational events. Not only in politics but in commercial matters developments of great moment are prognosticated.

While Mercury is read are forecasting success and initiative for writers, there is a friendly star that is believed to encourage oratory. Many women will speak, but few will convince, however, according to the seers.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the forecast of an active and successful year in which new avenues for money-making will open.

Children born on this day are likely to be endowed with alert minds and strong bodies. They may be endowed with unusual beauty.

TWO DIE AT CROSSING.

ST. CLAIR, Mich., Sept. 27.—Mrs. George Egbert, of Marysville, and Beryl Gannon, aged 8, of Detroit, were killed last night, and three others seriously hurt when an automobile in which they were riding was struck by a car at a grade crossing near here.