

NEAT

AND DELIVER

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U

KEEP

WE CALL

**Comment. - - and  
Discomment**

We have about decided to postpone our trip to France. During the last week or so, we have been reading thrilling headlines about the "orgies" at d'Eauville, and they sounded so thrilling and exciting that we have been counting our small change and wondering about steamship fares. D'Eauville would appear to be a rather lively place, judging from this sort of a headline: "French City Degenerates Into Exposition of Male Pocketbook and Feminine Form." Why, they even went so far as to call that town a "modern Babylon."

But the illusion has been dispelled. We read the articles with the lurid headline, and they don't measure up. We learn, for instance, that Ghi Kahn, a Syrian who several months ago was a humble carpet maker in the Paris streets, won three million dollars in one night. Later, it mentions that the place where this took place "has been closed by a scandalized Parliament." Almost every instance recorded is followed by some such remark. The scandal sheets are wrong, d'Eauville was a wicked place, but it ain't that way no more now. That's the way with most wild tales of this kind.

The newspapers told considerable about the "exposition of the feminine figure." A close reading of the details of the costumes which have excited comment show that almost any burlesque show has them faded to death. The Maharanee Kapurthuis, it seems, arrived dressed in oriental silks and veils, riding on an enormous white elephant. Inasmuch as she is the wife of a Hindu rajah, this isn't at all out of the way. Probably she dresses that way at home, and rides the same elephant. Mistinguette, the French musical comedy star, wore an outlandish costume, violently colored, and the design of which was continued from the cloth onto her bare skin by hand painting. But shucks, any American bathing beach has more real sights than these.

About the worst thing they tell us about the place is that some of the men, fellows who made their fortunes in munitions, are ostentatiously displaying their wealth by wearing four tie pins at once. Any man who wants that sort of glory may have it. But we don't have to go to France to get that style of displays. In this country, every Greek boot-black wears two or three silk shirts, as well as \$25 shoes.

France, style leader as she was, can't show us Americans a thing. All this stuff is tame. When we saw a picture of one of the bathing suits at d'Eauville that scandalized the good American mammas there, we had to smile. It was built like a Mother Hubbard gown, with a string

tied around the middle. The only scandalous thing about the costume was that the wearer left arms, legs and head bare. But the skirt was long—almost to the ankles. Maybe the French girls don't frockle.

As for us, we confess that we like the styles of bathing suits as we find them here. Even at Broncho Lake they're not so tame. If this illustration showed the latest efforts of the best French stylemakers, we sympathize with our late ally. The war must have hit France harder than we imagined.

A lot of people are getting columns of good publicity by offering to sell themselves, or their children. It's getting to be a regular mania. First we had the Chicago artist, who offered his little daughter, aged four years, with blue eyes, auburn hair, excellent health, charming disposition and legitimate parentage, to the highest bidder for cash. Her name was Sylvia, and the father gave the high cost of living as the reason for selling. The little girl's mother had died, and the father was willing to part with her for a consideration of \$1,000, which would pay the family debts and leave him free to go on with his art, which up to that time hadn't led him into green pastures.

We might be tempted to work up a righteous indignation against a so-called artist, but what's the use. Here's another case. A beautiful girl, whose sweetheart is in the penitentiary, needed money to carry on the legal battle. She offered to sell herself "body and soul" for forty-eight hours. The artist got 350 replies, and heaven only knows how many the girl got.

Still another case is seen in yesterday's dispatches. A New York woman offers to sell her husband, and has an idea that he can be disposed of by lottery. The plan is ingenious. They will sell twenty-thousand chances at \$5 apiece, and this would bring in \$100,000. The family—and there are a wife and seven children—will get \$75,000 of this amount, and, strange as it may seem, the father is to get the remaining \$25,000 and will go into business with it. In this case, the husband and father isn't to be sold at all, it seem. Oh, well, we know of at least half a dozen lotteries where tickets have been sold and the drawing hasn't taken place. And what would one do with the father of seven children if he won him?

**FINI**

Not even loss of sight can destroy the Yank's unflinching sense of humor. A blind soldier was alighting from a trolley near the Red Cross School for the blind at Evergreen, on the outskirts of Baltimore, when a sympathetic old lady rushed up.

"My poor man," she cried, "may I help you to alight?"

"No, thanks, ma'am," returned the soldier. "You see," he added confidentially, "I just swore off smoking for ten days."

**REGULAR FANATICS**

"I don't believe those M. P.'s had

any religion, the way they treated the doughboys." "They had piles of it. They're all Mormons. Don't you know their motto: 'Brig 'em young!'"

**STARTING RIGHT**

"And what is the lad of yours go-

ing to be when he grows up?"

"I rather fancy he'll be a golf cad."

"Really!"

"Yes the last tanning I gave him, returned round and told me I wasn't holding the stick the right way."

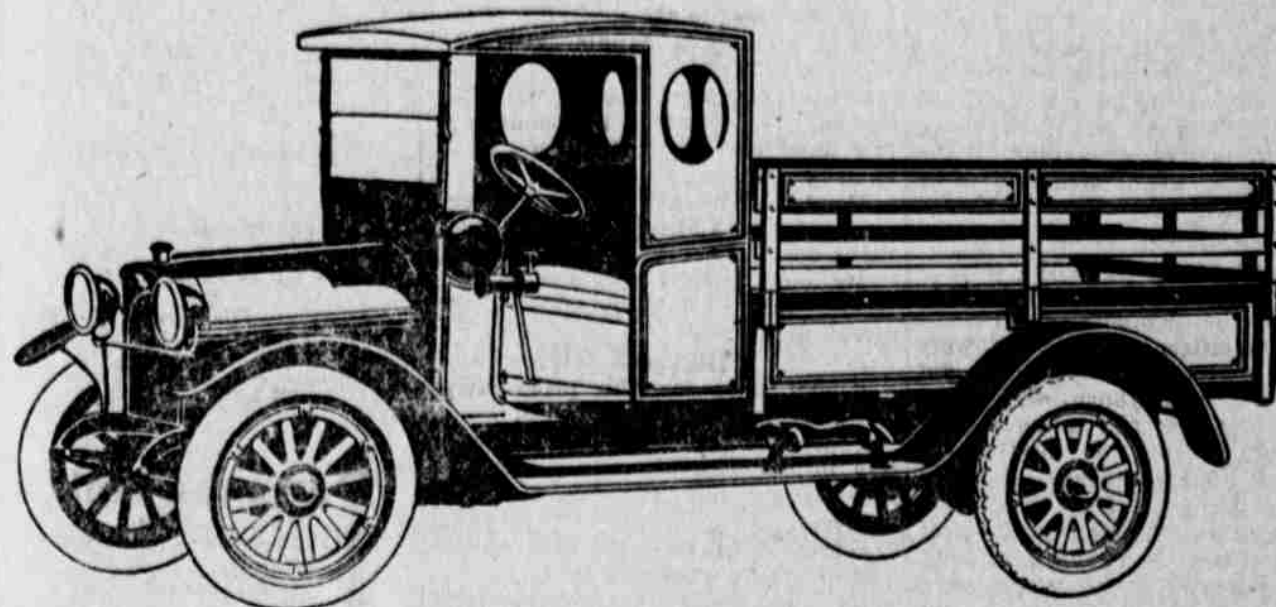
**AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE**

"It's always been my motto," de- "that a man gets all he can in this world."

"Very likely," agreed the clergyman mildly, "but remember, that in the next he gets all that's coming to him."

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*The Speedwagon*

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To really show the speed that was made it should be remembered that the run was started six hours and seventeen minutes ahead of the C. B. & Q. Railway Company's No. 9 Denver Limited, which by the way is the fastest train between Omaha and Denver, and the truck arrived in Denver one hour and fifty-six minutes ahead of train, and was driven sixty-eight miles further. Putting it another way, had both the train and truck left Omaha at the same time, and had the train continued its rate of speed for the entire distance of 606 miles, there would have been only a gain of one hour and forty minutes for this through passenger train over the truck, for the railroad mileage between Omaha and Denver is only 538 miles.

The truck used was strictly a stock job taken from the Omaha distributing warehouse. What this Speedwagon did, thousands of other Reos all over the country can do. Thousands of other Reos are doing equally as remarkable work every day hauling goods and grains of every description. Time is money these days, and if you can deliver three loads of goods with the Reo where other trucks would deliver but two, you are finding the Reo more economical to your needs if the other truck cost you but half the money to buy. On the other hand if you can deliver as much if not more goods in a day with a Reo than can be done with the highest priced truck made, you are making as much money with the Speedwagon with less than half the initial investment.

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**A. H. Jones Company**

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