

Plant Whole Potato Or Two Eyes in Each Hill, Says Farmer

Three years' experimentation in growing potatoes has shown that the greatest yield can be obtained by planting whole potatoes or pieces with two eyes in each hill, according to S. Toledo Sherry, employe of the government Indian field service.

The experiments were performed as a project of the model plan of education being sponsored by Mr. Sherry. Eight model farms in Dakota county, Nebraska, were used.

The following table gives the average results, sizes and weight:

Kind and No. of potatoes harvested	No. eyes in each hill	Yield
a. Very large potatoes 3 1 2 3	whole	3.18 1.25 2.16
b. Large potatoes 41 1 2 3 2 1 6	whole	1.06 2.18 1.62 3.21
c. Medium size potato 71 1 2 3 2 1 6	whole	1.16 1.50 2.62
d. Small potatoes 43 75 35 84	whole	3.32 6.11 5.33 9.22
Total number		32 1.26 1.14 2.65
Total wt. in lbs.		

'JOINING' DEcriED BY WOMAN WHO IS PROMINENT IN WORK

DETROIT—(AP)—Women join too many clubs in the opinion of Mrs. Carl B. Chamberlain, herself a prominent club woman and president of the Detroit federation of women's clubs.

"Many women pride themselves on the number of clubs to which they belong," says Mrs. Chamberlain. "One woman of my acquaintance joined three different clubs within a year. Two of the organizations meet at the same hour on the same day and all of the three have similar purposes and interests. This woman cannot hope to be of real value to any one of the three without neglecting the other two."

"If several clubs have different purposes a woman is justified in joining them, but to become a member of a club with no definite object in view except that of being away from one's home every day of the week is to my mind one of the most destructive forces that women's clubs will have to combat as the years go on. The promiscuous joining of clubs is slowly but surely becoming a habit that will eventually have to be dealt with."

College Junior Turns Preacher on Weekends

LIBERTY, MO.—(AP)—A Presbyterian minister's school orator for William Jewell college this year.

Lex Souter, a junior, goes home to Trenton, Mo., on weekends to preach in the town's first Presbyterian church.

He was selected to represent William Jewell in the annual trilateral oratorical and debate tournament at Drake university. In addition to his duties as pastor, Souter has found time to play leading roles in school dramatic productions.

Warrant Plan Tested. From Cedar Rapids Gazette.

The Fletcher bill authorizing the use of anticipatory warrants as a means of financing the primary road building program now is before the senate, as the house, by a vote of 57 to 50, refused to reconsider it. The anticipatory warrant measure should be adopted by the legislature no matter what is done about the resolution providing for a constitutional amendment to make primary road funds available for a bond issue.

Anticipatory warrants offer a sound plan for financing roads for the next two years, and it is possible that the method might prove preferable to a bond issue. Attorney General Fletcher has advanced arguments in its favor which never have been satisfactorily answered by Governor Hammill and the state highway commission.

Such warrants already have been issued under the Brockhart-Lovrien bill against the sinking fund for public deposits. The warrants have been sold since May, 1927, to local investors, the total amounting to \$7,000,000, bearing an average interest at 4 1/2 per cent. Arkansas is financing its roads through a similar system, having sold in 1927 \$13,000,000 worth bearing 4 1/2 per cent interest, and last year a similar amount at 4 1/2 per cent.

The Iowa supreme court already has decided that anticipatory warrants issued under the Brockhart-Lovrien law are valid. The principle that anticipatory warrants payable out of a special fund are not a debt or obligation of the state seems well established.

The attorney general asserts that his plan would be \$36,000,000 cheaper than the bond proposal. Engineer White of the highway commission says bonds would be \$10,000,000 cheaper than warrants. Here again, the attorney general appears to have the better of the argument. All of the warrants would be retired in 12 years. A ready market would be provided by authorized banks to invest in the warrants. The bond market is depressed and there is no way to forecast its condition in two years.

For the next two years, at any rate, warrants would provide adequate finances and would eliminate uncertainty. Citizens would be assured of a continuous construction program no matter whether the constitutional amendment is adopted or not. If the amendment is adopted finally, the bonds would be issued if they offered a more economical system of financing than the warrants.

A Terrible Pun.
From Life.
Boss: (on twenty-third story ladder) Migosh, izzat you, Mike? I thought I seen you tumbling down past me a second ago!
Mike: Musta been a couple other fallers.

Q. Why are cats so fond of catnip? W. M.
A. The biological survey says that it knows of no reason why cats are fond of catnip. It is true that all breeds of the cat family like catnip. Catnip does not grow in some countries where cats are found, but even so, cats which are not familiar with catnip seem to like it the first time they come in contact with it.

Out Our Way



By Williams

Norris and Mellon Represent Two Contending Forces in This Nation

From the Omaha World-Herald.

Will Rogers, wisecracker, remarks that "if they throw out Mellon and keep Norris in the government employ, that would be just like keeping Jackie Coogan on a team and releasing Babe Ruth." To this many other profound observers will wag solemn assent. And doubtless if the question were to be submitted to the people, in a campaign financed and directed as the Mellons so well know how, Uncle Andrew's name would lead Uncle George's by an impressive number of parangs. Secretary Mellon rides triumphantly the crest of an on-rushing tide, and Senator Norris is battling hopelessly and mournfully against it. The Nebraska senator, indeed, is a tragic and pathetic figure, resembling not so much Jackie Coogan as Charlie Chaplin in the moment when he stands lost and desolate in the midst of a hostile universe.

Senator Norris' trouble is that, in every fiber of his being, he is an early American democrat. He still wants to see the kind of a United States that Jefferson dreamed and Jackson fought for and Lincoln loved; a United States ruled by the people and not by a class, with a government dispensing not privilege and favor but even-handed justice, and comprising a society in which there was equality of right and opportunity for all. And there is no such United States in sight, except through the heavy mists of an almost forgotten yesterday.

Andrew Mellon symbolizes today. He is one of the richest men in the world. He is one of the most powerful financiers and industrialists. He is a master of the corporate weapon that has slain individualism. And, in himself and what he represents, he has been for eight years the most potent force in the government of the United States, not excepting the congress or the president.

What he symbolizes is the epochal revolution that is rushing us to an unknown, unguessable destiny. The signs of it are all about us. The giant corporation, owned by many, controlled by a few, an octopus with tentacles reaching from coast to coast, is at once its agency and director. The giant dominates politics and government, industry, commerce, enterprise. Silence and invention are its majestic servants. The trusts and monopolies that Roosevelt fought are pulling infants beside it. These confined themselves, a quarter of a century ago, largely to the industrial field. The giant of today invades all fields, and rapidly is taking them over. It reaches out for the banks, for the newspapers, for the schools, for the churches. It has many arms, tentacles, chains, but they grow from and feed back to the same stupendous body. Every day they are gobbling up individual enterprises, individual performance, individual initiative, big and little alike. The farms, the last stronghold of individualism, still stand out against it, but against odds that are constantly increasing, and with the picture of the great corporation farm clearly outlined on the film of tomorrow.

Against this dragon St. George Norris continues to wield a broken sword. A punier figure he seems than Jackie Coogan confronting Babe Ruth. His is a hopeless fight, and it takes him a natural target of the court jester. And still, it is not surprising if there are a few left to wage it. For a good many generations of Americans have been reared in the tradition that still inspires Norris. Poets and artists and orators and statesmen and philosophers have given it dignity and glory. Not so long ago it permeated every nook and cranny of the mighty republic it had reared. It would be surprising, rather, if there were no vestige of that tradition still surviving, and no lingering devotion to it.

There are a plenty and to spare to give Andrew Mellon a hand, and the stars in their courses fight for him. For ourselves, our feeble tribute of applause goes to Norris, if only in the memory of departed days and fallen comrades. There is really no treason involved in that, for Uncle Andrew has so many to cheer him on that he will never miss a handclap or two.

President or Dictator?

From Milwaukee Journal.

You've heard people talking about the idea of government by dictator with approval in the last few years, and probably have thought of it as a rather idle topic in the United States. How could such a thing be attempted here? Well, suppose you give the president power to fix the prices of things people use? That's dictatorship.

And just that power would be given to the president under recent recommendation of the tariff commission. It thinks that the "flexible" clause in the present law, for raising or lowering tariff rates by 50 per cent, has worked so well that it ought to be extended. The commission wants congress to give the president power, not merely to lower or increase any rate established by congress, but to take articles off the free list and put a price on them, or off the dutiable list and make them free.

Mr. Grundy of Pennsylvania, who was so efficient about raising campaign funds and made it so clear that there must be tariff favors to repay the generous givers, could be compensated easily under such a system. The president could say what manufacturers were good boys and ought to have the gravy. He could make or break a business. No man of great affairs would dare incur his enmity by opposing his recommendation.

There's no question here of President Hoover and our confidence that he wouldn't do anything wrong. We have had our other presidents. A man of the Harding type, leaving things to his friends, hardly knowing what was going on, would be a gift to the schemer. There wouldn't be much limit to the campaign fund that could be raised to put in, office a president who was "right."

The men who made the constitution were not guessing when they decided that the power of taxation, and tariff is taxation, should be entrusted to congress and not to any one man. They knew what kings had done about taxes. The very kind of tariff commission we have today, weakened to a body of rubber stamps for interest that want plunder tariffs, is argument enough against its own recommendation to give the president power, always of course on the advice of the president's handpicked tariff commission, to make and unmake tariffs, and so to control the cost of everything that people must buy.

Capitalizes "Sex Racket."

From the New Yorker.

We see that Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, the sex expert, has moved to the Selwyn from the National, to carry on. He takes with him his live models—Miss Sub-Thyroid, Miss Super-Thyroid, Miss Pituitary, Miss Adrenal, and a fifth lady whose gland we didn't quite catch. Recently he enjoyed a seven weeks' run in Philadelphia with his "Married Love" lecture, and New York apparently likes him just as much. All his material is thoroughly protected by United States copyright, which

It All Depends.
Distracted Wife (at bedside of sick husband): Is there no hope, doctor?
Doctor: I don't know. What were you hoping for?

Q. Is there such a thing as black snow? R. L.
A. Though sometimes discredited, it is an actual fact that black snow sometimes occurs. The color is produced by the action of innumerable fungi, known as the micrococci nivalis. It has also been reported from the time that snow either red, blue, or green in color has fallen in certain localities. The term, however, the action of such fungi. The black snow is comparatively rare.

That's No Compliment.
From Answers.
Sweet Young Thing (to poetical person): You remind me of Shakespeare.
Would-be Rhymer: Oh, thanks for the compliment.
S. Y. T.: Yes, you don't shave, either.
Q. Do many states have juvenile courts? J. T.
A. There are only two states which are without juvenile courts, providing for a special court for children. Many of these laws are seriously inadequate.

Bad Luck in Guinan Case, Enforcers Fight Harder

Night Club Trials Make Finish Fight with U. S. Attorneys

"DOES that sound like me?" Thus, crisply, Assistant Attorney General Mabel Willebrandt proclaimed a finish fight against New York's night clubs and their "queens" and "hostesses" who have wriggled and wisecracked through the legal nets she spread to ensnare them.

She made that retort when she was told of New York reports that she would drop the remaining "nuisance" cases against the night clubs because of Texas Guinan's acquittal. Mrs. Willebrandt's deft was taken to mean that the Government will try its luck with a New York jury again when Helen Morgan's case comes up.

Leslie Salter, Special Assistant United States Attorney in charge of the case against Miss Morgan, conferred with Mrs. Willebrandt. Along with him was Norman J. Morrison, a special assistant to the Attorney General, who prosecuted "Tex" Guinan. Prohibition officials generally styled "Tex" an official "wallop," in the light of what they thought an air-tight case, but stressed by the assignment of a special



MABEL W. WILLEBRANDT

prosecutor and a New England judge. The whole country is interestedly watching the outcome of the Government's cases at New York against the shining lights of the great white way. Mrs. Willebrandt is tenacious and sticks to her guns. She'll keep right on fighting until she gets the right way to obtain convictions. Then watch the fur fly.

CUTTING BREAD THIN

From Pathfinder.
"Oh, look at those huge, jagged slices of bread," almost sobbed the young matron as she surveyed her preliminary work to sandwich making for the afternoon bridge club. She had done her best, but the bread was fresh and refused to cut thin. She blamed the knife, but resharpening did not help. In apologizing for the "chunky" look of her sandwiches, one of her guests let her into a little secret which she now passes on to you. Even fresh bread can be cut in thin slices if one knows how. It is only necessary to heat the knife before starting the cut. Then the slices can be reduced to almost tissue-paper thickness.

Tennis Accessories Many and Colorful

ARIS—(AP)—By designing more interesting tennis togs than ever before style makers seem to be declaring their opinion that simple middie blouses and pleated skirts are all right for Helen Wills, but not for the average player. There are distractions in the way of the headgear, bandana hanks, loud socks, gaudy scarves and more colorful cardigans than ever. Basically, this year's "demier cri" for the player is a white, sleeveless one piece dress with a bright colored sweater or short jacket, and a warm, white or colored topcoat.

Added to that are plaid, checked, striped and zig-zagged scarves, handbags and head bands. One of the latest eye shades is joined to a three color beret cut in sections

Leather Into New Uses In British Merchandise

LONDON—(AP)—Leather is invading the most unexpected fields of merchandise these days.

A smart jewelry shop is showing as the latest thing in toilet sets one in which all the pieces are backed with exquisitely marked lizard skin finished with a narrow rim of silver. The lizard is as decorative as enamel, and is more practical.

Flat leather backed clothes brush-

claring themselves to be scofflaws. Then they will give the names of all other scofflaws known to them, and when 10,000,000 are under arrest they will ask Mr. Hoover, in a great letter which will be signed by all of them and sent to Washington by airplane, what he is going to do about it.

What he is going to do about it, as Mr. Oelrichs so clearly focuses, is to hang them all, and serve them right. But the hanging of 10,000,000 persons is something of an event, and that is why we want Mr. Oelrichs' farewell address to be public property. We go further: We believe it should be in metrical form, so that it can be set to music and sung in four-part harmony, with parts allotted to soprano, alto, tenor and bass. Imagine the beauty of that hymn of sorrow as it is borne aloft by 10,000,000 voices! Imagine the sorrow of the executioner, of the surviving relatives, of Mr. Hoover! Imagine the majesty of Mr. Fields as he conducts! . . . Words fall us.

BLACKBERRY WINTER

By Agnes K. Gray
It's cold today
Do you know why?
It's "Blackberry Winter"
Blowing by!

After April's rain
And the early rose;
When azaleas fade
And the dogwood blows;

When the poppies flame
And the pinks unfold,
When returns to us
Suddenly cold!

Look for it chilly,
The legend rolls,
When the blackberry bushes
Scatter their snows.

When the fields are white
With their full-blown flowers
The winds grow nipping—
A gray sky lowers.

Blossoming snow
On the thorny spray . . .
"It's Blackberry Winter,"
The weather-wise say!

THE GIRLS YOU MEET ON ANY STREET IN OLD NEW YORK
By the Sweet Singer of Manhattan

The women of Lexington avenue are not pretty.

The least so of any in New York.

On Madison avenue the average is higher.

Although not enough to make you smite the lyre.

Now Park avenue is supposed to be great for fans,

But I've seen there some terrible pans.

Fifth avenue is somewhat mixed—
A little o' Park and a little o' Sixt'.
Altogether it makes a strong map sob;

The beautifuls, I think, fall down on the job.

Well, it's a great pity that all of God's creatures

Can't have a good break when it comes to features.

Men or boys would get mere out-door life.

If the scenery were better as to maid and wife.

I hear of places like the Sunny South

Where the dames are regular in nose and mouth;

But in New York City it's about one in fifty

Which, as averages go, isn't so gold-darned nifty.
You read about Helen and the shipping trade;

Q. Does the wind in a cyclone blow as hard as a tornado? A. P.
A. The weather bureau says that cyclones are storms that cover extensive areas with winds of varying degrees of intensity, but usually not of the force experienced in tornadoes. The term, however, tornado, is applied to a violent rotating wind which usually covers a narrow area and a comparatively short path. A tornado is distinguished by its funnel shaped cloud.

generally are illiterate. Abyssinia maintains a standing army of 50,000.
Q. When was the manufacture of cigarettes begun? B. B.
A. The manufacture of this product began about 1864, in which year 19,770,000 cigarettes were made in the United States. Apparently they did not take well, for in 1869 the number of cigarettes manufactured was only 1,750,000 but since that time the annual output has rapidly increased until now the total number of cigarettes made is about 80,000,000,000 annually.