

MOTHER SLIPS

By ELIZABETH McNAUGHT

"I don't think she's as pretty as Billie Bunts," Isabel's voice was tense and pleading in defense of her favorite screen star. "Oh, I don't know," and Isabel's twin sister, Bess, shrugged a dainty shoulder. "You think there's no one quite so pretty as Billie Bunts, but there are others." Tom, the elder brother, a young student of twenty, stirred uneasily but soon settled back into his accustomed calm, his mind absorbed in the latest best seller. Father dozed in his chair, glasses in perilous juxtaposition with his nodding chin. Only mother was awake, alert and interested, intensely so at the mention of the Bunts name. "Well, when you girls begin finding beauty in a Bunts it's time for me to explode." "Why, mother, Billie is a perfect peach!" "Peach nothing! Haven't I known John and Mollie Bunts all my life? And if you think they could produce anything pretty or—"

PRESENT LOSS GREATER THAN PROPOSED AID

SHIPPING BOARD CHAIRMAN DECLARES ADMINISTRATION'S PROGRAM FOR UPBUILDING MERCHANT MARINE WOULD MEAN ACTUAL SAVING OF MONEY; LOSS NOW \$50,000,000 ANNUALLY.

Note: This is the third of a series of articles on the Merchant Marine by the Chairman of the Shipping Board.

ARTICLE 3.

The completion of the Government's shipbuilding program found it with the following fleet:

Table with columns: Status of U. S. Shipping Board Fleet At Delivery Of Last Vessel, May 13, 1922. Sub-headers: Concrete, Wood, Steel. Rows: Passenger and Cargo, Tanker, Refrigerator, Tugs.

Through the agency of the Emergency Fleet Corporation (whose stock is owned by the Shipping Board, representing the National Government), the ships originally intended for war purposes were, at the conclusion of the war, under mandate of Congress, immediately put into operation by the Government, to meet America's peacetime needs.

At the height of its operations, October, 1920, the Shipping Board had 1,317 steel ships plying between our shores and those of foreign markets. With the decline which has come in world trade, we are now (July 1), operating 437 steel ships, of a total of 3,509,485 deadweight tons, and have 993 steel ships, of a total of 6,644,445 tons, tied up.

For the purposes of the future, in surveying the Government's fleet, we may eliminate the wooden ships, the creation of which, to my mind, was a colossal error that even war cannot forgive. Certainly the then Administration had ample warning through General Goethals of the tragedy of waste the wooden-ship program entailed.

Thus, the Government's problem of temporary operation and ultimate disposition is involved in the 1,430 steel ships which it possesses. When Shipping Board operations were at their height, American vessels carried 45 per cent. of the value of our in-and-out foreign commerce. Today with business depressed, we are carrying but 35 per cent.; this due largely to the fact that in time of sore depression, the nations with either old or both old established lines and lower standards of living make it hard for us to compete.

However, the 447 steel ships the Government is today operating are covering practically every trade route in the world, insuring constant access to the markets available for the product of America.

Fleet Kept Freight Rates Down. Immediately after the close of the war, had we not possessed the Government-owned fleet, there is no doubt that freights would have soared even higher than they did; and today were America's Government-owned tonnage withdrawn from the seas, our traders would pay increased tolls to foreign owners. So we must remember that while the operation of the fleet is costing us millions, it is saving us millions in freights and insuring us continuous relations with our customers.

The Shipping Board, including administrative expense, cost of tie-up and maintenance of its unused fleet, and the operation of over 400 ships—is being run at a cash outlay of the Treasury approximating \$50,000,000 annually. This does not take into account the cost of the ships and consequent capital charges.

It is true that overhead would not be greatly increased if the operation of more ships were needed to take care of America's trade. But my experience as Chairman of the Shipping Board has caused me to realize, as I have realized before, that Government operation is as potent a trap as the market of industry.

I do not want to be understood as meaning that the Government should not own ships. I mean, however, that the Government should not operate them. The Government should own the ships, but they should be operated by private enterprise.

produced by private ownership; and no one will so argue. Present Losses Amount To Subsidy. But I aver that under the Harding Administration the Shipping Board's operation has become comparable to the best operations of privately owned ships. The point I wish to emphasize, though, is that Government ownership is not building up for the future, and is overly costly in its operations at all times.

While we are losing \$50,000,000 annually in cash in operation, we are wearing out the fleet, and in the course of a few years it will be of no worth. Nowhere have I heard any voice suggesting that the Government build further merchant ships, and only through private ownership can we see hope of renewals and additions that will be needed. So while at the moment we are not only justified, but our national need demands that we continue the sad losses of operation of the Shipping Board until we can work out a national policy which will insure the passage of the fleet into private hands, we have no excuse for not immediately tackling our problem and solving it.

The main factors of our problem are, what kind of merchant marine do we require for war needs; what types do we require for business needs; how can we use the Government-owned fleet as a nucleus in private hands for the meeting of these needs? President Harding has offered to the Congress a program of legislation which will provide the solution.

In my next article I shall discuss our war needs in a merchant marine.

PUNISHED FOR USING FORK

In 1050 the instrument was considered to be the invention of the Evil One.

Investigations made as to the exact period when people gave up eating with their fingers and resorted to forks have failed to give definite results.

It is known, however, that in the year 1050, in Constantinople, the daughter-in-law of Orseolo, doge of Venice, used a fork to convey food from plate to mouth and thereby, greatly scandalized the faithful who appear to have considered this innovation as an invention of the evil one.

Saint Peter Damien relates the affair with considerable pious indignation and, after explaining how the Venetian princess made use of a little gold fork instead of eating with her fingers, adds:

"But the Almighty Father made known to this woman how odious to Him was her vanity, and His wrath was made manifest unto her, so that, brandishing over her head the blade of divine justice, He straightway caused every part of her body to rot away."

All this for the heinous crime of using a fork! As a matter of sober fact, the doge's daughter-in-law and her husband were carried off in the great plague of 1050, among the victims of which, it may safely be said, were many of the faithful who ate with their fingers.—From Le Petit Parisien. (Translated for the Kansas City Star.)

LIKED POMP AND CEREMONY

Early Settlers of America Wore No Means Deeply Imbued With Democratic Ideas.

When the early American settlers came to the American wilderness they brought with them a persistent respect for the pomps and vanities of feudalism with its distinction of classes and its conventions of respectful observance. They showed a curious lack of a saving sense of humor.

When the first settlement at Jamestown was starving Sir Thomas Gates, on relinquishing his authority, fired a salute from the fort, and made his departure like a king abandoning his realm. De la Warr, arriving a few days later, landed with a flourish of trumpets and a procession, with banners borne before him. When he went to church he was attended by an escort in red cloaks and a guard of 50 men, although there were not more than 200 in the colony.

When the Puritans, a people who were supposed to have laid aside the pomps and vanities, went to church, they were summoned to Captain Standish's door by the roll of a drum. Each man wore a cloak and carried a musket on his shoulder. They fell in three abreast, led by a sergeant, and behind this escort strode Elder Brewster with Captain Standish strutting stiffly at his side, with a sword in scabbard and bearing a cane or wand as an emblem of his authority.

Most Fierce Fighting Fish.

Of all the fish that fight, the cross of war with several palms goes to the swordfish. It may be—probably is—that he is the best fighter because he is the best armed and not because he is more valiant and skillful in combat than many others of the fierce fish that make a battlefield of the sea.

One of the reasons given for the apparent increase in the number of sharks is man's destruction of the swordfish, for the swordfish has no competitors for a shark's food, and a swordfish, but a shark, is a voracious eater. The swordfish is being exterminated by the shark, and the shark is being exterminated by the swordfish.

The Chief specializes in Job Work.

PIN MONEY

By VIVIAN C. BURBANK

"Naturally, I was provoked at Dora's thinking she had to take boarders, and wrote her 24. But she seemed possessed to wear a little more 'pin money,' as she called it, and used the argument that she's lonesome when I'm on my trips, and don't have enough to take up her spare time. I wrote back telling her to suit herself."

"When was it you wrote that?" inquired Lawyer Dutton. "Ten days or so ago. She must have started right in, soon as she received my letter. Dora always has been a hustler—too much so! Dutton, you can't imagine how I appreciate your coming on with me!"

"Don't mention it, Ted—just tell me again how that telegram read?" "Why, all it said was, 'Two boarders dead—I'll be arrested. Come quick. Dora.'"

"Sounds queer," drawled Dutton. "What in tarnation are they arresting Dora for?" "Man alive—how should I know until I get particulars? Ten to one, they are murdered, poisoned—"

"No—no—Dora's a good cook. It isn't that—"

"Great guns! Ted, will you control yourself?" "Hang it all, think what this business means. Dora, my wife, mixed up in a scandal."

"Pull yourself together," advised Dutton, as they stepped off the train and hailed the nearest taxi. They were whirled around to 1429 Windsor avenue, where both men hastily alighted.

"There's Dora at the door," gulped Ted, nervously. "Oh, Ted, dear—I'm nearly frantic. I was so afraid you wouldn't get my telegram—isn't it terrible?"

"I got it, all right, and now, Dora, I've brought Bob Dutton back with me, figuring he was a mighty smart lawyer. Don't let's waste any time, dear; come right in here and tell us everything, just as it happened."

"There isn't much to tell; they're dead, and—"

"Tell us—er—how they died. What did they die of?" "Poisoned!"

"Ah," breathed Mr. Robert Dutton, with an air of satisfaction, alert, and hitching to the edge of his chair. "Queer—but I had a hunch they were poisoned. By whom?" he snapped, making Dora jump in her chair.

"B-by me—I suppose!" "Dora—great Caesar! what are you saying? Think!"

Mr. Dutton eased up and tapped a pencil thoughtfully against his knee. "Might I see the victims?" "Certainly."

"Where are they?" "In—in the cellar." "Cellar! I fear, my dear madam, that you are—"

"Cellar? Cellar?" shouted the agitated husband, running his fingers through his hair, bewildered. "Dora, will you think what you're saying?" "Think! My land, that's all I've done. I haven't been able to sleep a wink since it happened. They were the first, the only boarders I had, and I was so proud—"

"Might I ask the names of these poor victims, Mrs. Maxwell?" "Tom and Jerry!"

"Tom and Jerry," gasped the two men together. "Y-yes, pure Angoras, both of them!" "What? Angoras?" exploded the frantic husband.

"Sufferin' cats!" groaned the dapper young lawyer, mopping his brow. "Cats? Oh, my dear! Ted kept roaring, like a dazed being."

"Didn't I tell you it was cats I was boarding?" "You certainly did not!" raved the infuriated Mr. Theodore Maxwell. "and why didn't you?"

"B-because, I knew you'd put your foot down. I did so want to earn a little pin money. I think it was mean; the poor things a-ate the rat poison! I called Mrs. Humphrey up at once and told her. She was tearing mad, said she'd come right up from York Beach and put the case into her lawyer's hands, and I'd be arrested."

"Pardon me, Ted. Guess I'll mosey along. I can just make that 11:45 back."

"Bob—I'll fix things up with you." "That's all right," nodded Dutton, curtly. "Dora," asked Mr. Maxwell, "just how much were you getting a week for Tom and Jerry?" "A dollar and a half apiece."

"Humph—let's see. Pin money, I think you called it. Well, I'll see how I stand after the damages are paid, and if I have three dollars a week left, by Jove you can have it!"

"What's more, I'm through taking any more trips. I'll be money in staying right here in the home office, and boarding at 1429 Windsor avenue."

"Hm—that'll be very nice," murmured a subdued Dora, shyly, against her hubby's shoulder. "Ted, do you know, everyone says there's no money in boarders?"

COAL We Sell Niggerhead Maitland And Routt County Lump We sell for cash that's why we sell cheaper. FARMERS ELEVATOR



SHOW TO BOOST SHEEP RAISING Just a minute. There! No, hold on! There, now, grab it!—and the picture was taken. Sheep of this type are being sought everywhere to head the leading flocks of the country, and reduce the cost of living. Many will be interested in the Nebraska State Fair, Lincoln, Sept. 3-8.

GOING TO SHOW A PERFECT EAR



The big farm products exhibit at the coming show promises to be larger and of better quality than for a good many years. In fact, according to officials, all previous records will be shattered by an exceedingly wide margin. To give visitors to this part of the country a concrete idea about the splendid crops which can be raised here, a large exhibit of farm products is to be put on at the Nebraska State Fair, Lincoln, Sept. 3-8.