

**Comment--and
Discomment**

Hallowe'en this year was a fizzle, so far as the rough stuff was concerned. Folks who went to bed with fear and trembling, expecting to find the woodshed overturned the next morning, awakened to find themselves disappointed. We heard only of one prank, and the evidence of that had vanished within twenty minutes after it was reported. A stout gentleman told us that he had taken a tumble due to a rope stretched across the sidewalk on Laramie avenue, but when we walked up that way on our road home there wasn't even a dent in the sidewalk where he had fallen.

Credit for the lack of disorder must go to City Manager Smith, who knew that there was a lot of city property that might be damaged by thoughtless groups. Mr. Smith hired a big bunch of special policemen, who patrolled the residence and business districts afoot and in automobiles. They might have slept peacefully during the evening, for there was nothing for them to do but patrol. Not even one little boy with a ticktack was hauled in. The city jail had been carefully swept and dusted in expectation of a rushing business, but the labor was practically wasted.

Time was when a big bunch of policemen on special duty on Hallowe'en would have been only a challenge to the young fellows who like to turn things upside down one night a year. We can remember when it was the height of our ambition to tie ropes across the street where Marshal Shenberger would be sure to ride his bicycle to a fall. Then there was the night when the school house was entered and the contents of every desk in the high school piled neatly in the center of the floor. And another time a bunch of students worked all night to get a peaceable bossy cow up into the high school room. But somehow, in spite of the unsettled condition of things, young folks have something else to think of besides putting one over on the police. So many things have been laid on to the war that we refuse to say that it is responsible for a peaceful Hallowe'en, but something was. The big bunch of police might have scared out the little fellows, but where are the big ones? It's one of

those mysteries that we refuse to attempt to solve.

Other towns report less than the usual amount of disorder. Preparations had been made in most instances to cope with it, and in some towns the police managed to connect with a few who were making the most of the opportunity. Down in Omaha, for instance, one woman reported to the police over the telephone that there were some huge apes trying to enter her home, and that they were making the most horrible noises. She was screaming at the top of her voice, and the cops made a rush to the residence, only to find a couple of soldier boys, wearing their service gas masks, holding an old-fashioned spool ticktack against the window.

How much is your life worth? Most of us carry life insurance, the popular figure these days being the \$10,000 mark set by the government in the late unpleasantness with Germany. A man over at Sidney, Neb., recently took out a policy for \$100,000, paying a single premium of \$38,756, which entitles him to protection in that amount and guarantees him certain yearly dividends in addition. Life insurance is one form of gambling in which nobody loses, and which every wife will approve. Wonder what Alliance man carries the largest policy?

The latest styles for women have been announced, and before long you may expect to see the results. It has always been a difficult thing for us to understand the average gable in the women's magazines, but from what we can gather, those of the skinny type are now privileged to adorn themselves with hoops and panniers and appear to take up as much space as desired, while the heavier sisters may follow their inclination and adopt the slinky garments that have to be peeled off with a trowel. Thank heaven, a man more or less inclined to be fat may wear any sort of trousers that protect him from the weather.

George Ade gives this interesting advice to modern medical students, or those who contemplate making a play for the title of M. D.: Anyone who tackles the Aesculapian stunt is a vitrified Mutt. If you must earn your living be a Porch-Climber or a Short-Change Man. We now have in this country four Medical Degrees to every case of Tonsillitis. Most of us are kept so close to the Carpet that we have to buy last year's magazines to put in the waiting room. If a patient dies all his friends say that

you helped to push him off, so they undermine your practice and begin to plug for Christian Science. If he gets well he gives you the laugh, and you have to go after him with a constable. If you acquire a reputation they work the Night-Bell on you, and if you arrange a dinner party it's a cinch that some old lady three miles away will ring in an Epileptic Fit and crab your whole evening. Nix the Materia Medica! Turn back before it is too late.

"A woman's dress should begin at the heels and go all the way up to the neck." These are not our ideas—they are taken from a proclamation posted in a girls' school in—wonder of wonders—Brooklyn, which is perilously close to New York City. We hope such incendiary ideas do not spread. Read what the principal has to say concerning the use of cosmetics: "Rouge and powder are not artistic. Neither are exaggerated styles. We have been compelled to tell some of the pupils to wash their faces."

Right here is where we are compelled to disagree with the lady. Not every member of the fair sex is blessed with a peach blow complexion. All of us have seen sallow damsels, freckled damsels and damsels with liver spots—faces that only a mother could love. A touch of rouge and a pat of powder won't make a ravishing beauty out of a real homely face, but there are faces that are all the better for attempts to improve them. We've seen men who look better for a kindly and concealing growth of whiskers. Even the toothbrush moustache will go far toward hiding a too-short upper lip.

Far be it from us to attempt to defend the young lady who shoves her jaw into the flour barrel before going upon the streets, and we have only words of censure for the woman who spreads her rouge on with a trowel. But when nature has been lavish in bestowing freckles and dim complexions, we will vigorously applaud any effort to improve on nature, especially if it is moderate in its scope and reasonably successful. We never examine complexions under a microscope, and any cosmetic that will not rub off on a coat lapel and has an agreeable taste will meet with our approval.

Men rather like to rail against this constant changing of styles, especially when they have to pay the bills. But the first person to object to a standardized dress for women would be a man. The next fifty, of course, would be women. The fact is that only an exceptionally beautiful face can stand the test of plain clothes, and when a man spends a bunch of money taking out a woman, whether she is his wife or not, he rather likes to have her looking well. So long as we don't have to foot the bills, put us down as favoring new styles and plenty of them. We venture to remark that this Brooklyn lady's finishing school will see its finish before long unless the principal unbends a trifle. At any rate, it's exceptional news to come from New York.

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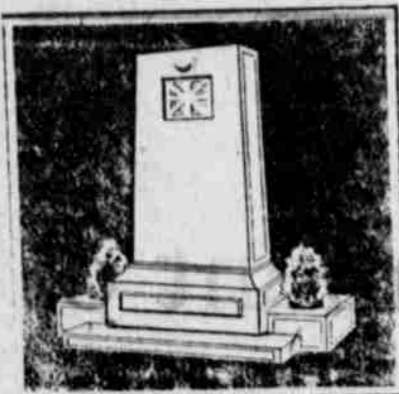
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