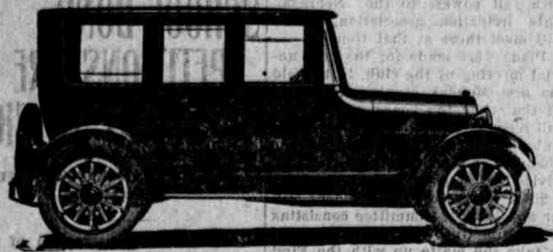


THE Reo Sedan



In the Reo Sedan you find the elegant appointments and luxurious equipment that are demanded by the most exacting buyers. In upholstery and interior finish it is beyond compare.

There are many distinctive features about Reo automobiles that are different from all other cars.

Take for instance, the patented oiling device whereby the overhead valve rocker arms are perfectly lubricated at all times by a force oil pump. This is strictly a Reo feature and a mighty valuable one, as it prevents wear and noise that eventually come to the ordinary overhead valve engine.

The four-bearing crankshaft is unusual to most six-cylinder cars. The Reo has it. This makes for a more rigid crank, which practically eliminates vibration and the pounding so common to the three-bearing crank six.

Multiple disc clutch. A Rayfield carburetor that is automatic in its adjustment so that your car works as good in extremely cold weather as it does in the summer time.

Royal Cora tires all around as a regular equipment.

Fifty horsepower engine with 3100-lb. car—a perfect balance. Standardization of parts, so that practically every part in this new Reo will fit all models back to 1912.

The Reo is no experiment. It is one of the very oldest cars on the market, having built good cars before many of its competitors ever dreamed of making them. The Reo aim is not to make the most cars in the world, but to make the best. Factory has never made enough Reos to go around—the demand is greater than the supply each year.

Then the Reo slogan, "Fifty Percent Oversize" is a mighty good feature for the man who owns a car. Being made one-half stronger than is necessary in every vital part, makes for long life and endurance in special times of stress. It's really hard to break a Reo.

The up-to-date lines of this new Six make for beauty as well as quality, and the combination of these two features is all anyone could ask for in an automobile.

Let Your New Car Be A Reo

"The Gold Standard of Values"

A. H. Jones Co.

REO CARS Calvin D. Walker, Mgr. REO TRUCKS

Comment--and Discomment

There are times when we are nauseated by the way some of the followers of our noble profession scrape up stuff to fill their columns. Now and then, of course, news is scarce, and in such trying times all of us have to be charitable. The high-brow author, when his thoughts gum up on him, can ring the bell and tell Jacques to get the car ready for a trip to the mountains, or the seashore, where he will rest his ragged nerves until his imagination gets back to normal. The poor reporter can't do that. Very often he hasn't the money to take a pleasant street car ride out to the zoo, where he can watch the monkeys at play and pretend that he's on a higher level.

What gets our goat just now is the way the Denver newspapers have been slobbering over General Pershing. Now, the general is a nice man, and he nobly led the boys to victory. He has a splendid knowledge of the strategy of war, even though the cards were so stacked against him that he didn't have the best chance in the world to display it. What with all those French and English generals who had been sitting in the game a little longer and had all the chips on their side of the

green baize. In fact, the general is such a remarkable chap that his head appears to have been little turned by the ovations he has received in his trip over the western country, which just natch'ly worships him.

General Pershing has stood up under the strain nobly. Even Colonel John Maher's bombshell, exploded just after he left Lincoln, failed to faze him. John, who was at one time known as "Typewriter John," came out with a statement to the effect that the general isn't the real author of those stirring words at the tomb of Lafayette, which have been widely advertised as the greatest four-word address ever made: "Lafayette, we are here." John says that he has absolutely convincing proof that the words are the work of an unknown colonel, who think them out one night and permitted his general to take all the credit for them the next day, which is further proof that Pershing is a bear at discipline.

However, Colonel John's bombshell has had one effect, if we can believe the newspapers. Pershing has busy ever since trying to utter immortal phrases. His reported utterances all have the sound of one who is writing on brass, brass being expensive and enduring and words thereon being exceedingly valuable. It may be that the reporters are guilty of some of the things the general is charged with saying. We hope so, for they sound uncommonly like blither.

Here's a sample: General Pershing visited the recuperation hospital at Denver. He was accompanied by the governor of the state of Colorado, the mayor of the city, the president of the civic and commercial association, whose position corresponds with that of our own Rufus Jones, only more so—much more so—three brigadier generals and three or four yards more of first class gold braid. But none of these dignitaries, it seems, were permitted to see the celebration. Mme. Tetraxini (we hope the op. spells her name correctly—we've always had a fondness for her) and the general put on the whole show, and the audience was confined to the wounded. Those distinguished personages waited in the anteroom. The reported said that they stood, but we'll gamble that they didn't remain standing all afternoon, and they occasionally glanced at their watches. Not a one of them yawned. And the sun grew larger and larger, and finally, a blood-red ball, sank out of sight behind the eternal Rocky mountains.

Where was the general all this time? Listen to the reporter. He will tell you that Pershing was not "begrudging the time a-tall." The story gives snapshots of the activities for the afternoon. One little scene shows him kissing the hand of Tetraxini ('ware that word, op! [Aye, aye, Sir!]) and the diva (that word isn't onomatopoeic, by the way), cutseying low before him. Another picture shows him standing at the salute before an army nurse and uttering these words:

"I salute you and through you all the others of that splendid sisterhood to which you belong and which we of the army could not have persevered without."

And here is another picture of the great general, and some more immortal words, uttered in an address at the infirmary to an audience of women:

"You're an inspiration, you women, in the work to which you're consecrated. As a matter of fact, everything that any man does that's worth while, is done because he receives his inspiration from some particular woman."

Now, all these things are true enough, and have been said better a dozen times by folks who weren't commanding generals. What we are protesting about is not so much that the general said them, but that some asinine reporter seems to think that, because Pershing has said something complimentary, it ought to be printed in blackface letters and sent out to thrill a world that has already had quite enough of generals. To be frank, a tribute to Red Cross nurses from a general doesn't mean a whole lot. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he's never had one take care of him. If he has so much as a slight cold, there are half a dozen medical majors who camp on the trail of the germs and lick them to a standstill before they get their little axes sharpened. One dough-boy with half his face shot away by a piece of shrapnel has really known what their care means and can give a tribute that amounts to something! It may not be phrased in well turned sentences, but it has a ring to it that has nothing of insincerity. The doughboy doesn't say it because it's expected of him. We hope the general doesn't.

For over a week, now, the Denver papers have been filled with just such slush. They tell of what Pershing had for breakfast, even to how he likes his eggs. We know now that he sleeps in pajamas, which relieves us, for we feared that he was addicted to the old style nightgown. We have learned just what he did with every minute of the day and half the night. But the reporters are not content with that.

We learn a whole lot about little Warren, the general's twelve-year-old son. He is doubtless a fine little chap, and his soldier father is proud of him, but no prouder than some of the fathers whose little sons were born while they were fighting in the Argonne. There isn't very much that they can tell about Warren, except his ambitions and his habits. It is with a sigh of relief that we read that the little chap wears his rubbers, during inclement weather. He also wears a suit that is supposed to be all wool, but doubtless has a lot of cotton in it, just like thousands of other kids wear. And a hat, of course. He probably will go barefoot next summer, even though it will cause an occasional stone bruise and make his feet spread.

Seriously, in these days when a great paper shortage threatens the nation, we believe that some of this bunk could be shelved without anyone being the worse for it. The general himself, we firmly believe, would rather it were left unsaid. We shudder when we think of the possible effect on young Warren. We remember the ten-year-old son of Lieutenant Staley, who at one time commanded the naval barracks where we served, and if there ever was a youngster that was an insufferable whelp, that boy was the one. He had a uniform just like his daddy's, with all the insignia of rank that the skipper wore, and he returned salutes with just the proper touch of condescension and hauteur. Some day someone will choke him.

The op., who is a confirmed pessimist, but occasionally has a lucid interval, has interrupted us here to remark that if the necessity for saving print paper is so great as we make out, someone may raise the objection that we have devoted more space to this than it deserved. We refuse to argue with a jaundiced mind. If we could think of anything meaner to say, the chances are that

we'd up and say it. About the best way to still the clamor of his knocking is to remark that "it's too conclusive to permit of argument," which ought to cap his climax. Some people can't conceive that the offense is great according to the number of columns.

Carranza should reflect that if our armies enter Mexico it may not be so easy to drive them back into dry territory.—Columbia Record.

Germany lost the war, but she's going strong to win the peace.—Columbia Record.

There'll be fewer busted resolutions in 1920.—Columbia Record.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

NO use arguing about it, or making chin-music in a minor key! If you've got the jimmy-pipe or cigarette makin's notion cornered in your smokeappetite, slip it a few liberal loads of Prince Albert!

Boiled down to regular old between-us-man-talk, Prince Albert kicks the "pip" right out of a pipe! Puts pipe pleasure into the 24-hours-a-day joy us class! Makes cigarette rolling the toppest of sports! P. A. is so fragrant, so fascinating in flavor, so refreshing!

Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat! You go as far as you like according to your smoke spirit! Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch!

Tappy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Farmers name twenty-eight Winter jobs for tractors

In a recent factory survey among owners (2100) of Hart-Parr 30 tractors, the following reasons were given why a farmer should purchase his tractor in the winter:

- To avoid delay account of car shortage in Spring.
- To avoid delay account strikes which may occur at any time.
- To be sure and have it for early Spring work and get a better crop by getting the seed in on time.
- To be able to break the tractor in at light work and have it well worked in by the time the heavy Spring work comes.
- To get familiar with its adjustments and operation.
- More time to study the instruction book carefully.
- Dealer and factory have more time in Winter to coach the buyer.
- Do work for neighbors and help pay for the tractor during Winter months.

These Hart-Parr 30 owners gave the following kinds of work that the Hart-Parr 30 will do in winter and off seasons:

- Run corn shredder
- Run ensilage cutter
- Run feed grinder
- Haul manure spreader
- Fill silos
- Hulling clover
- Running grain elevator
- Run hay press
- Run cortin gin
- Pumping water
- Run limestone pulverizer
- Grade ditches
- Drill wells
- Pull brush
- Run portable sawmill
- Drag roads
- Haul gravel
- Haul lumber
- Saw wood
- Move buildings
- Haul large boulders
- Pull stumps
- Pull hedges
- Pull out posts
- Haul wagon train
- Stretch wire
- Plow snow
- Harvest ice

Hart-Parr 30's are hard to get in crop season. The factory output is one complete tractor every thirty minutes, but it is not enough to supply the demand. You should order now. Write for catalog or call and see us.

Farmers' Union Alliance, Nebraska

Many of the old Hart-Parrs that plowed the virgin prairies of the Northwest are still in use today, after 10 to 16 years of service.

f. o. b. factory Price \$1895

ABUNDANT POWER FOR THREE PLOWS WEIGHS 5158 LBS

HART-PARR 30

NINETEEN YEARS TRACTOR BUILDING EXPERIENCE