

**Comment--and
Discomment**

In the days when we were living in Boston (the Bostonians would say "residing," and again they would be right—one can't live in the City of Baker Beans on the salary the navy pays) we used to be amused every once in a while—every time we met a new girl, in fact—at the ideas they had of us. We were given to understand that the war had leveled all ranks, for the time being, but every now and then someone would throw out a hint as to lack of culture. Our feelings would have been in a continual state of laceration, if it weren't for the fact that each speaker was careful to except us from their condemnation. Those Boston folks are tactful.

The chief misfortune of the west, it appeared, was that it was too new a country. A new country had certain disadvantages, and one of these was that everyone was in a mad race for dollars. When dollars are the only objective, according to the average Boston theorist, one loses sight of the finer things of life. Listening to one of those Massachusetts culture hounds, we were always moved to tears. Usually we could restrain them, but every now and then our emotions would get the better of us, and we would—say something pro-

fane. That's something the Bostonian can't abide—profanity.

It's a bleak mental picture they have of us. The westerner, to a Bostonian, is as money hungry as the Wall streeter is to the average westerner. They weep over the lives misspent in getting rich, when those of us out west might be reveling in the joys of Art (follow copy, op.; they spell it with a capital letter) music, poetry and the drama. That last word is pronounced as though it were spelled drab-mah. It takes practice to say it, although its only a simple twist of the tongue.

And we had to take it. They wouldn't argue with us. They said it was too conclusive to permit of argument, and one can't answer that. (It isn't "cawn't" in Boston; it's "carn't," but it means the same thing.) If we attempted to point out that Nebraska had a great university, and that some eastern schools had looked with favor on textbooks written by Nebraska writers, they sniffed in an infernally superior way, and pointed toward Cambridge and "Hahva'd." If we told them that some Nebraskans knew the difference between Browning, the poet, and Browning shoes; and that there had been three different kinds of Popes, they'd switch the discussion over to Art, or to the public library, or mention The Transcript.

You can imagine how pleasant it must have been. And it's still more maddening when we realize that they meant it well. We'll admit that folks

out west are keeping one eye open for the main chance, so far as making money is concerned, but we saw very few people back east who were careless with their wealth. We have shopped in several stores, and found that even some members of the Old Families know how to charge. Their ancestors learned the fine art of trading in their dealing with the Indians, and they have inherited the instinct. Once we attempted to rent a room in Lincoln from an old girl whose husband had come from Boston with her, and while she was very courtly and fine, we decided that an atmosphere of culture wasn't worth three times the rent other people with less culture demanded. We've often wondered whether she ever rented that room.

We're not fretting particularly about culture these days. There was a time when we, too, were staying awake nights to read Browning, and when we thought that no actress on God's green footstool was capable of playing the lead in "The Return of the Druses." In a few hallowed moments we still think so—but hallowed moments are a great deal more scarce than they used to be. One can't get out a newspaper and enjoy "Pippa Passes." You see, time passes, too, and the op. is a most insistent cuss when the copy book is empty.

But we're compelled to admit that we're shy on culture out here. We mean physical culture—not the other sort—and before some husky gent gets peeved and drops in to demonstrate how much muscle he has accumulated, we'll explain that we're not referring to gents who handle pitchforks or who have graduated from the army's setting up exercises.

It was only yesterday that we were in conversation with an Alliance woman—one who should have been informed—and we were pained and grieved exceedingly to realize that she had never heard of banting. Banting is for fat people only. Those who are skinny have no hope, so far as we are concerned. But for men and women who have accumulated weight in excess of their inclination to carry it, banting is a sovereign remedy. It consists of rolling back and forth—or thence and return—over a hardwood floor. If you are inclined to try it, follow these direc-

tions closely: Sweep all the tacks off the floor, peel down to your pajamas or kimono, unless the floor is too hard; clasp your hands together over your head, and roll, Jordan, roll. The first two or three turns will be easy—then the breath shortens, the back aches—but you must try it to really know.

It's said that a few months of this will work wonders. Most women quit after the first three nights, when the muscles are stiff and sore. Few men ever try it, in the first place because an extra inch or two of waist measure means little to them, and in the second place because it's too undignified. We don't mean to insinuate that women lack dignity, but they feel more deeply about questions of weight. We've heard them admit it.

When we get past the 200 mark, we're going to do something. We have been thinking of this problem in our spare moments, and until today had decided to take the Karrell cure, which must in no way be confused with Mr. Keeley's famous formula. But tonight hope has been springing eternal again. Read this, and throw away your anti-fat. It bears the stamp of authenticity of the Associated Press, and how pleasant it does sound:

Chicago.—Paul H. Biese today became acquainted with his feet for the first time in many years. In a sort of way he knew he had feet, but because of his enormous paunch he could not see them. Mr. Biese can sit at table and eat without the use of an extension knife and fork and can get close enough to his friends to shake hands. Mr. Biese is a musical director and recently went into a hospital for an operation of a triple nature. While the surgeon was roping off the billows of fat to get at work, Biese asked if it were possible to cut away some of the excess baggage. The surgeon allowed it was worth a trial, so he ripped out immense rolls of solid fat. He took away sixty pounds at the first operation. Mr. Biese at that time weighed 312 pounds. Today he weighs 251, which is not far out of the way as he is six feet one inch in height and built on large lines.

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