

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

The halo that hangs about a college professor is one of the peculiar things about this present-day civilization. Now, there are all sorts of professors, in all sorts of colleges, from the jerk-water to the kind that builds million dollar athletic bowls, but so far as the effect on the public is concerned, it doesn't make much difference where a professor hails from. All he needs is the title, and the great American public will hang on to his words as though they were worth forty-seven cents apiece.

All this talk is occasioned by the fact that we have read in one of the big dailies that Professor Giddings has broken into print with the startling notion that the world is growing better, despite the wailings of the welfare workers. Practically every newspaper man of our acquaintance has made that same assertion dozens of times in the past year, and not one of them has been able to get it printed in any newspaper but his own, and even then the makeup man buried over behind the classified advertisements.

Professor Giddings once wrote a book called the "History of Civilization," and he is the author of dozens of monographs, theses and dry-as-dust works on subjects sociological, and for some reasons his words are regarded as the very epitome of wisdom. This is because he talks better than he writes. It was our punishment to have to read several hundred pages in the "History of Civilization," and we can truthfully state that in the whole selection there was nothing so interesting as the statement made in this interview that "Whether girls wear their skirts long or short makes about as much difference as whether a man parts his hair in the middle or on the side."

Far be it from us to dispute the learned gentleman, although we shall always believe that the last word has not been said on the subject until Professor Toy, or Professor Chase, or Hattie Plum Williams or some of the other authorities corroborate this stand. Certainly his ideas do not jibe with those of Dr. Jennie Callas, the demon movie censorship advocate. We wonder idly whether Mrs. W. B. Barkley would agree with him.

In legislature, children's welfare and reform circles the chief matter for discussion is the movie censorship law. The dear legislators don't seem to stay put. One day they lean pretty strongly toward H. R. No. 113, which is the work of the child welfare experts, and provides for a state board with a salary. The next day we learn that some test vote has been taken which

indicates pretty positively that the only law that can possibly be passed on this subject is H. R. No. 123, which leaves the whole problem of censorship up to the existing law enforcement officers. The last test of strength rather favored the welfare workers, but this vote was only in the house and the staid senate has stood pat for a week or two.

The Iron Duke, which is the fairly won title of our dad, who does a competent job of editing the Hamilton County Register, brings to the censorship discussion an entirely new point of view. He writes:

"Wonder if the movie censors will have anything to do with the pictures of naked men that appear in the basketball news, or of naked women that are to be found in the advertising and social columns. Wonder if the law will have anything to do with the naked men and women that parade our streets. Wonder if the law will put an end to the vaudeville exposures of the persons of both men and women. Somehow the reformers do not seek to put a stop to these things, but only to the pictures showing the things that take place all around us. On the streets of Aurora this week there was a woman who looked old enough to be a grandmother with gauzy stockings and dress actually above her knees. If the acts themselves are not bad enough to stop, why bother to stop showing pictures of them? The Register contends that public officers are the ones to enforce the laws; that Byrum's provision for vacating an office when the officer fails to do his duty is a good one, and when it is decided how much of this rage to go without clothing and with partial clothing is immoral, the officers should enforce the law against actual violators of it before they do against those who show pictures of what may be seen in any of the town and villages of the country. We are not going to become a virtuous people by doing things and trying to keep the children from finding out about it."

Stock hogs wanted by the Nebraska Land Company. 103-ft

NO EXCUSE FOR IT.

A woman recently treated at a London hospital said she had swallowed a mouse. There is no excuse for this sort of thing in these days of cheap and effective mousetraps.—Looker-On (Calcutta.)

A Spanish bank is short 1,500,000 pesetas, which must be somewhere near a Chicago janitor's salary.

No matter how old a woman may be it is difficult to persuade her that her hair is not prematurely gray.

CALL OF THE WILD

By ETHEL W. FARMER.

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The rapid whirring of the sewing machine stopped suddenly, and Eloise turned sharply around in her chair and faced her sister squarely.

"Are you nearly finished?" she asked with assumed gayety.

"Oh, no," Virginia answered sleepily, carefully scrutinizing the beautiful piece of embroidery in her lap.

"Why don't you leave it for a little while?" Eloise teased.

"Oh, I could not possibly do that," came the determined answer.

With a final, wistful glance out of the window at the wonderful snow-covered world, the stitcher's sigh mingled with the renewed buzzing of the exasperating machine. But it did not buzz for long, for she soon threw her work aside and jumped to her feet with a laugh.

"Come, now, sis, why not don our beloved snowshoes and strike off for the woods? Let us seek some thrilling romance in the cold, open country! I just know that romance is only waiting for us. Perhaps some daring hero will be waiting to rescue us from some wild animal in the heart of the woods!"

"Romance?" Virginia spoke in disgust. "That word was not meant for us! And who ever heard of wild animals in our woods? Eloise, please be sensible and let me work."

"Very well, fair sister," Eloise spoke lightly, "but I must be off for I hear the urging call of the wild," and she ran happily from the room.

Soon she returned, becomingly clad in her sport costume, with snowshoes tucked under her arm. The bright red cap matched the flushed cheeks and laughingly antagonized the bright sparkle in the fair blue eyes.

"I am only answering the call of the wild," she laughed softly, "and seeking my lost romance," and the front door banged.

Then Virginia was sorry that she had so insistently refused the invitation for the hike, for her work was already becoming tiresome. She watched her enthusiastic sister strap on her snowshoes and start gracefully along, stopping only long enough to wave a bright mittened hand at her.

"I shall go into the woods," she thought.

It was not long before the open highway was passed and the dusky woods lay before her. With a deep sigh of contentment, she passed into their majestic quietness. But as she wandered along her joyful spirits began to lower and her thoughts wandered back to other days. She was thinking of the many happy times passed in these woods with Tom.

Some tiny tracks in the snow attracted her attention.

"Why not follow this rabbit trail?" she asked herself lightly.

Eloise wiped the perspiration from her forehead and smiled at her apparently endless undertaking, mentally resolving to go to the end. She did not notice how rapidly the woods were getting dark, and that only the tip of the sun could be seen below the trees. She was thinking only of following the trail. Finally her search was rewarded, for her tracks ended at the stump of a tree.

She leaned against the tree to rest herself. There was suddenly a rustling in the underbrush. She stood terrified and wondered if perchance there were any wild animals there!

The crunching sound came nearer, and Eloise could stand it no longer! With a frantic cry she started to run, forgetting that her feet were encased in large snowshoes. Somehow the snowshoes became tangled in some half-concealed branches and, with another cry, she fell headlong into a bank of snow. She did not dare to move, for the sound was coming rapidly toward her. It was upon her! If it were a bear, it would think that she were dead, but she trembled at the thought.

"Can't you get up?" somebody was asking pleasantly in her ear.

It was fully a minute before she could extricate herself from the snow enough to see if the owner of the voice were truly Tom. And his surprise was even greater when he found out who this Marathon snowshoe runner really was.

"Why, Tom!" she gasped weakly.

"Why, Eloise!" he echoed happily.

For a moment they eyed each other silently, and then they laughed.

"Why did you run?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"I heard a rustle in the bushes," she answered, sheepishly. "Listen, there it is again!"

Tom listened, and as he rose to his feet with an impromptu club in his hand the gentle face of a cow peered at them through the branches.

"Oh," they gasped in one breath, and then the quiet woods rang with laughter.

"Well," Tom laughed contentedly, "I have found my cow and you. I know that I have been a brute, and I am sorry, but I was too ashamed to explain before. You see, I wrote two important letters to you, and when you did not answer, I thought you did not care. But a few days ago I found my letters in my forgetful brother's pocket, unmailed! Now can't we fix it all right?"

She did not speak her answer, but when she threw her arms around her sister's neck a little later, she was happy.

Steps Taken by Senate for State Park in Nebraska

Steps toward acquiring the first state park in Nebraska were taken in the senate Tuesday afternoon when that body, in committee of the whole, advanced to third reading S. F. No. 338, a bill to cancel the agricultural lease on a section of school land south of Chadron, Neb., on the Valley Creek road.

Senator James W. Good of Dawes explained that the tract was ideal for park purposes, well-wooded with pines and conveniently located on the Chadron-Alliance road. A trout stream runs through the land.

The bill opens the way, if it passes the legislature, to convert other school lands into state parks. Title by the lease in the forfeiture of his state land land, commissioners hold a hearing to fix the damages incurred by the lessee in the forfeiture of his lease.

Senator Good exhibited to the upper house a panoramic photograph of the proposed park used in the advertising literature of the Chadron state normal school.

Before the subject of parks was dismissed, Senator Robbins of Douglas moved the adoption of amendments to S. F. No. 189, creating a state park board, which had been referred back to the committee of the whole for modifications agreed upon with opponents of the measure. These amendments strike out a section which permits the expenditure of state funds on land to which the state has not acquired title. The bill was again placed on the third reading file.

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