



**\$25,000.00 Fireworks Spectacle—Four Nights**  
**Nebraska's "Victory State Fair," Lincoln**  
SEPTEMBER 1-2-3-4, 1919

**PAINT PROTECTION AND ITS ECONOMY.**

The preservation of structural materials, which may be obtained through the application of paint, constitutes a most vital means of furthering the conservation of our natural resources. It is, moreover, the most economical method of sustaining the appearance and general upkeep of any community.

A structure coated with sheets of India rubber would not be as well protected from decay as a structure coated with a good oil paint. This is due to the fact that a sheet of rubber is not so durable or as waterproof as a thin dried film of paint. The latter material when applied dries to a continuous elastic film containing finely divided particles of metallic wear-resisting pigments. A square foot of such a film upon a wooden surface costs less than a penny, yet it will beautify and protect a dollar's worth of surface for many years. This is a low rate of insurance.

Dwellings, barns, outbuildings, sheds, posts, fences, stock enclosures, wagons, implements, windmills and other structures, whether of wood, iron or cement, should be preserved, through the use of paint, from rapid decay. High grade paint may be used successfully for all such purposes. Colored paints will be found the most serviceable, the coloring matter in the paint adding from two to three years to the life of the coating.

**Have a Heart, Judge.**  
In the long run an automobilist doesn't gain time by making too much of it in the city limits. The chances are he'll have to do some.

Occasionally a thoughtful man goes fishing.—Chicago Daily News.

**Why Keep Sunday.**  
One reason for keeping Sunday is that it has a polishing and civilizing effect. We polish our shoes, clothes, body, mind and soul. Sunday wasn't meant for lying and lazying around.

**Plantfood in Soil.**  
A chemical analysis cannot show the amount of available plantfood in a soil. A chemist could, without difficulty, make an artificial soil containing every element of plantfood in abundance, and yet be perfectly sterile. Peat, for example, is usually very rich in nitrogen, but it is locked up or unavailable. To pulverize it and mix it with lime is to change it into a highly nutritious soil.

**THE A B C OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS**

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

1. What is the League of Nations?  
A. A union of the strongest civilized nations formed at the conclusion of the great war.

2. What is its object?  
A. First, to promote the Peace of the World by agreeing not to resort to war. Second, to deal openly with each other, not by secret treaties. Third, to improve international law. Fourth, to co-operate in all matters of common concern.

3. Does it presume to end war?  
A. No more than any government can end crime. It claims to reduce the liability of war.

4. What will be done to any nation that makes war?  
A. It will be boycotted and otherwise penalized.

5. How else will the probability of war be lessened?  
A. By voluntary, mutual and proportionate disarmament; by exchanging military information, by providing for arbitration, by protecting each nation's territorial integrity and by educating public opinion to see the folly of war.

6. What else does the League propose to do for Mankind?  
A. (1) Secure fair treatment for labor, (2) suppress the White Slave Traffic, the sale of dangerous Drugs, and the traffic in War Munitions, (3) control and prevent Disease, (4) promote the work of the Red Cross, and (5) establish International Bureaus for other Causes that concern the human race.

7. Who are to be Charter Members of the League?  
A. The United States of America, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, British Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, China, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Ecuador, France, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Hedjaz, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Serbia, Siam, Uruguay and the following states which are invited to accede to the covenant: Argentine Republic, Chili, Colombia, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Paraguay, Persia, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Venezuela.

8. What other nations may join?  
A. Any self-governing State which will agree to the rules of the League, provided the League accepts it.

9. What Agencies will the League have?  
A. (1) An Assembly, composed of representatives of all the member Nations, (2) a Council of Nine, (3) a Secretary-General, (4) a Mandatary Commission, to look after colonies, etc., (5) a Permanent Commission, for military questions, (6) various International Bureaus; such as the Postal Union, etc., (7) Mandatories.

10. What is a Mandatary?  
A. Some one nation designated by the League to attend to the welfare of "backward peoples residing in colonies of the Central Empires, or in territories taken from them." This is to be a "sacred trust," and in selecting a mandatary the wishes of the people of the area in question shall be the principal consideration.

11. Does the League mean a Super-nation?  
A. No. It interferes in no way with any Nation's Sovereignty, except to limit its power to attack other nations.

12. Can any Nation withdraw when it wishes?  
A. Yes. The League is Advisory and Co-operative, not coercive.

13. Does the League put Peace above Justice and National Honor?  
A. No. It puts Reason before Violence.

14. Does not the League take away the Constitutional right of Congress to declare war?  
A. No. The League can advise war; Congress alone can Declare war.

15. Does it destroy the Monroe Doctrine?  
A. Exactly the contrary. For the first time in history the other nations recognize the Monroe Doctrine; and extend it to all the world.

16. Does it not interfere with Treaty Making Powers of the United States?  
A. No. It is a Treaty. We can make any Treaty we please.

17. Would we have had the Great War if we had had this League?  
A. No. That War cost the world over 7,000,000 lives and 200,000,000,000 dollars.

18. Of what importance is the League?  
A. It is the greatest deed of mankind in the history of the world.

19. Has not anyone a right to object to the League?  
A. Yes. This is a free country. Anyone has a right to any opinion he chooses.

20. Why is the League so bitterly opposed by a few?  
A. Because, unfortunately, any Treaty or League must be made by the President, and a President is chosen by a political party and many members of the opposite Party think they must, decry whatever he does.

**Through Fire**

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

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If ever two model people existed, nearly every one in Walden considered that Miss Esther March and Roger Brill were entitled to the distinction. In a modest way they lived amid the retirement of a quiet street, they were courteous toward their neighbors, their comings and goings were well ordered, and altogether they were esteemed and respected as helpful and welcome residents of Walden.

Miss March was just past thirty. She was a reserved being, but not to any extreme of primness. Roger Brill, bachelor, was shy and retiring, but always came forward in any movement for general good and did not shrink neighborly or community responsibilities.

"She's better looking than she was ten years ago," declared Judge Adams, the wiseacre of the village, "but somehow she's let her chances of marriage slip by and now fancies she's old enough to be laid on the shelf."

Roger Brill had lived in Walden for a few months only. A relative had left him a coal and feed business, and the cottage half a square down the street from the March home. There he had installed himself, the place all ready for housekeeping when he inherited it. Without wife, child or child, however, he got most his own meals and existed quite by himself.

Brill was a great lover of flowers, and after he had settled down in the village he sent to a friend in his old home town to ship him some rose bushes of a bewilderingly beautiful species, always favorites with him. The order was filled in a profuse manner and Brill was prodigal in distributing the surplus. Everybody in the block received a donation. Brill had placed a bundle of the bushes on the porch of the March place, and was anxious to get away without being discovered, bashful man that he was, when Miss March came around the corner of the house. Brill flushed red as a peony and fairly stammered amid his embarrassment.

"A few rose slips," he lamely explained. "Friend sent me a great overplus. Was glad to pass them along."

"Why, thank you," responded Miss March brightly. "I love roses and I shall value your kind gift very much. I presume you are going to keep up the garden at the old Wilder place."

"I—I think I shall," answered Brill. "Wherever I have lived I have always had a lot of flowers," and he was backing away in culpitable fashion when a remark of his neat appearing, pleasant faced hostess halted him:

"I wonder if you would have time and patience to make a bed of petunias?" she submitted. "Mine are quite too plentiful, and I shall have to thin them out. I don't like to throw the extra growth away."

Brill expressed positive delight at the offering and fluttered like some modest schoolboy at the graciousness of this charming neighbor. After that he never met Miss March that he did not receive a smiling, friendly greeting, and it came to be not unusual for her to be in the garden when he passed to and fro from his business place in the town.

Late one afternoon Miss March, half dozing in a hammock, roused up at a sudden commotion. Confused sounds, a taint of smoke in the air caused her to look across lots to observe that the third house down the block from her own had flames shooting through its roof. Then a new variation of the usual dullness of the neighborhood attracted her. Leaping the fence of back yards and just then crossing her own was Mr. Brill. Apparently he had been called into action by the blaze. He recklessly trampled a flower bed, intent only on reaching the direct scene of the fire. He did not notice Miss Brill. She hurried from the garden down the street. Outside of the burning house a crowd was gathering. In their midst was an agonized woman who they had to hold back by sheer force.

"My child—my Dorothy!" she was screaming. "She is asleep in the upper back room!"

One or two of the bravest among the crowd ventured to approach the open lower door, but they were instantly driven back by smoke and cinders. The entire front of the house was a roaring mass of flames.

Miss March shuddered as she made out Roger Brill. He had not waited to ask questions, nor for a ladder at a distance—some one had gone for. He was up a post of the veranda, agile as a young college athlete. A quick pallor overspread the face of Miss March and she shuddered and gasped as, reaching the roof above, Brill disappeared past a blazing curtain into a flame-deluged room. Then there was a commanding cry at the rear, and thither half a dozen arms reached out to catch the little child dropper from the window by her heroic rescuer. After that, feebly, weakly, Brill came to the ground and staggered and fell senseless.

"Take him to my home and send for a doctor at once," directed Miss March, as she noted where the flames had scarred his face and hands.

And through the after hours and for a week her gentle presence filled the sick room, and the flame of love grew to fervor in her admiring soul. And, with recuperating strength, Roger Brill knew that his dauntless heroism had won him a worthy wife.

**"Out West"**

By RALPH HAMILTON

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"An insufferable old bore!" "Yes, and looks and acts like a beggar. Thought from his talk when he went out West a year ago, he was going to come back with a fortune. Looks to me as if he has about blown it all he has on that wild flower fad of his."

"Yes, and he wants to find some place to store his rubbishy stuff. He won't turn this place into a warehouse, I can tell you!"

Thus Abel Dallas, Dan Porter and Nat Wells. They were discussing their old bachelor relative, John Bristow, an odd, generous old fellow who had sold out quite extensive property holdings in Evenden and had gone to the Pacific coast to speculate. They had built high hopes upon his return, for Bristow was a natural born trader and had quite some capital. Naturally some one of them would inherit his fortune. Blasted anticipations changed to sullen disappointment after Bristow had made the rounds of their various homes, at the first a welcome guest. Following him came a lot of cases which he had temporarily stored in a local warehouse. Their contents were soon revealed.

"I suppose," announced Bristow, "that I have brought back with me the finest and most complete collection of the flora of the Rockies ever gathered. I bought it from a man who had devoted twenty years toward assembling them. Think I, there isn't much I have done for my native town, and here's the opportunity to make a ten strike. What I'm going to do is to get at the collection, classify it, put it in permanent exhibition cases and present it to the public library for the entertainment and enlightenment of the community."

At which Abel secretly snickered, Dan anthemized the donation under his breath and Nat covertly sneered. The idea! The public library was a struggling proposition, poorly supported and housed in small, gloomy quarters in the half attic of a rickety old store building.

The inevitable resulted. The Dallas, the Porter and the Wells families, finding that there was no opportunity of getting anything out of "the old fellow," began to turn the cold shoulder upon him. One by one the three families ceased their coddling tactics. He was no longer the honored, welcome guest and, one day when Bristow stated that he must find permanent living quarters and a place to keep his floral treasures, not a voice gained his decision. It was while seeking his new refuge that one day Bristow met Nellie Tracy. Her sincere greeting warmed his lonely heart. She was his half niece, had recently married, and invited Bristow to her home. There he met her husband, about as fine a young man as he had ever known. Both Arnold Tracy and his wife were nature lovers. The second visit resulted in Bristow taking up his quarters at their home. They apportioned to him two rooms, so he could have his collection ready at hand to arrange and catalogue, making a minimum charge for the accommodation because they were really interested in his specimens and liked him, and nearly every evening took an honest delight in helping him in his work of classifying the floral collection.

John Bristow was certainly an ardent devotee of his engrossing fad. He talked flowers to everybody, announcing that when Judge Pearson returned from a visit to some relatives in the East, they would begin to plan as to getting the collection in charge of the public library. This Mr. Pearson was an ex-judge, a great friend of Bristow, and had been the main mover in establishing the Evenden library.

Meantime the Dallas and the Porter and the Wells families barely recognized the old man when they passed him on the street. Bristow went about in shabby attire and they attributed this to a lack of money. They sneered at the kindly co-operation of the Tracys. They derided the philanthropic impulses of Bristow. There being no evidences that he had not exhausted his former means, they regarded him as unworthy of any consideration.

And one evening Judge Pearson walked into the Tracy home and there was a great confab. He commended the worthy motives of the old man, and dilated upon the pleasure and the education the floral collection would give to students and nature lovers.

"It seems a shame to place such treasures in the poor, common quarters we now occupy," he remarked.

"Oh! I wanted to see you about that," exclaimed the enthusiast in a lively tone. "You see, I've been waiting to have you help me plan out a new building for the library."

"A new building!" repeated the Judge vaguely.

"That's what I am going to do." "But the cost—the money?" "Oh, I've got plenty for that," quite craftily chuckled the old man. And then he directed a queer, affectionate smile at Nellie and Arnold. "Judge," he said, "soon as we can get together for a good talk, I want you to make out the papers for a ten thousand dollar donation to the new library, and as much more for these two loyal friends, who have stood by me like Trojans, never caring if I had only a dollar or one hundred thousand of them, which about represents what I made out West."



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