

## Women's Exhibit for 'No More War' Not Coming Here

Appeals to Mould Public  
Opinion Made by Regional  
Director and Officers  
of League.

The "No More War" exhibit, touring the country, cannot be booked for Omaha or Nebraska, according to Mrs. H. J. Bailey of the local League of Women Voters, which sponsors the showing.

Appeals aimed to create public opinion for "no more war" are made by Mrs. C. H. Dietrich of Hastings, regional director, and Mrs. C. G. Ryan of Grand Island, state president of the League of Women Voters.

"How Much We Want It."

Said Mrs. Dietrich: "There is no doubt whatever that thinking people everywhere want 'no more war'—very possibly we must except the very few who themselves profit financially by wars, without personal suffering. The question then is, not what we want, but how much we want it. John Fiske said: 'The cessation of warfare is the social and political end toward which the entire creation moves.' How rapidly shall it move politically in our generation? Since the days of the Garden of Eden, no good has been attained without effort. Am I, are you willing to make the same amount of effort to prevent war as to win one? A unified public opinion, persistently expressed, can accomplish any reform."

Must Be Articulate.

Mrs. Ryan's statement follows: "The truism that public opinion is the greatest potential force affecting popular government is being recognized more and more. Public opinion must be made articulate, however, or its effect is nothing. When a government authorizes its army officers to spread propaganda in support of a militaristic policy under the guise of preparing public opinion must be expressed loud enough for governments to heed. The Conference for Limitation of Armament at Washington last winter brought credit to the heads of this government and satisfaction to its citizens. We believe there should be no lagging; that steps taken there should be advanced and that public opinion should be vigorously proclaimed against any effort on the part of those whose profession is armament to mould sentiment for armament instead of world peace and 'No More War.'"

A Definite Plan.

Miss May Gund, state secretary, also issued a statement as follows:

The National League of Women Voters has a definite "No More War" plan. That plan is to have a convention that will aim at international peace efforts should be to outlaw war, to abolish it as a legal institution, instead of to regulate it, and, to this end, a code of international law, based upon equity and justice between nations, should be erected, by which the waging of war by made a crime defined and punishable under the terms of the code.

Early Plowing Increases

Yield, Says County Agent

Crete, Neb.—One of the topics being discussed by Saline county farmers is the relative merits of early and late plowing. According to the county agricultural agent, as a rule, the early plowing arguments win, since early deep plowing in July, saves the moisture and makes soil conditions more favorable for the manufacturing and storing of plant foods for the coming crop. He says such plowing gives the soil plenty of time to settle into a compact seed-bed. This, he states, causes early germination of seed wheat and results in quick start and immediate growth.

According to the Southwest Wheat Improvement association, it has been repeatedly demonstrated that early plowing will increase the yield from two to seven bushels per acre over the same kind of plowing done in September.

Weather Exposure Cause

of Many Binder Troubles

Lincoln, Neb.—A large per cent of binder troubles come from depreciation of the machine while it is standing in the field, experts in the extension service of the University of Nebraska Agricultural college declare. The knotted mechanism of the binder, they say, is a complicated and delicate piece of machinery and should not be exposed to the weather. If the machine must be left in the field for a time, it is good policy to cover the knotted part with a heavy coating of axle grease and the old piece of canvas over the binder head. Binder canvases will not stand any particular amount of exposure and should be removed as soon as the machine is stopped, according to the experts.

Spraying of Orchards

Increased 600 Per Cent

Eldora, Ia.—Orchard spraying has increased 600 per cent in Hardin county this year, according to figures issued by the farm bureau director. Six new power spray rings were organized in the county this year, besides two hand-spray rings. One hundred and thirty-eight orchards are now being sprayed by the power method. Good crops of fruit are being reported by the growers. W. J. Kocken, fruit specialist from the Iowa State college at Ames, visited the county recently and commended the growers on their improved orchard methods.

Buy Cheaper

33x4 Non-Skid

Cord ..... \$24.12

At the Sprague Factory,

18th and Cumins

## My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of  
"REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

(Copyright 1921)

What Harry Underwood Asked

Madge to Tell Him.

I shall not soon forget the hour in which I drove Harry Underwood from the big Smythe-Hopkins house at Southampton, where he had been masquerading as Don Ramon Almeritz, to Greenport by way of the Shelter Island ferries.

In one respect, at least, it was like escorting the ghost of some one I had known. The voice and manner were the unforgettable ones of Harry Underwood, but they came from beneath heavy snow-white mustachios and Van Dyke beard, which not only thoroughly disguised him, but added 20 years to his age. When I had known him his hair, also, had been black, with just enough gray sprinkled through it to make a most striking frame for his ruddy face. Now his hair was all white, and to all appearances he was an old man, still handsome, still vigorous, but undeniably old.

"Pipe the Manner."

Disconcerting also was the kaleidoscopic manner in which he changed from one personality to another. From the time he had taken the seat beside me in the car, up to the moment we entered the Smythe-Hopkins grounds, even through the unexpected encounter with Dr. Pettit, he had been the old, irresponsible, rough, slangy Harry Underwood. But at the entrance to the home where he had been entertained he was transformed on the instant into the courtly dignitary whom he was impersonating. Yet he could not resist the impish impulse to excite my laughter by muttering out of the corner of his mouth as the correct English butler appeared at his summons:

"Pipe the manner. Ain't he just the sweetest?"

I did not hear the tale he told the butler as an excuse for getting his belongings out of the house. That it was a convincing story, and also that he had distributed convincing largesse I deduced from the obsequious bustle which preceded the house. And it was in surprisingly short time that two of the butler's helpers appeared and deposited the steamer trunk in the tonneau of my car, and the imposing butler himself escorted the supposed Don Ramon to a seat beside me and directed the disposal of his smart hand luggage in the spaces around the trunk.

It was not until we had left the grounds that the man at my side spoke:

"Is your well-known Puritan conscience in its usual well-oiled condition, or could it be a bit rusty?"

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

"I do not see that my conscience has anything to do with it," I returned. "If you relate to me what you said to the butler I have no right to question its truth."

He laughed lightly.

"You won't go back on the returns, eh? That's a good little girl."

"You're improving under the Dicky's tutelage. You'll be a peppy little Machiavelli in time."

There was an intangible something in his voice that betrayed a subtle disappointment, and I guessed that with the inconsistency of my type of masculine soul, he would have preferred me to exhibit about principles, even at the cost of interfering with his plans.

I made no answer to his sally, for I felt a sudden shamed conviction that he had jestingly spoken the truth, and that I had lost in part the rigid ideals of my youth. But in loyalty I would not admit even to myself that association with my husband's tenets had anything to do with the change. There was nothing for me to do but await Mr. Underwood's farther speech, and this did not come until we were out on the streets of Southampton, and had turned into the delightful winding wood road leading to Sag Harbor.

"I told his nibs there all about the accident," he began, "and gave him your messages. Then I explained my presence by saying that I had had a heart attack, and that you had brought me to a physician on the way here. I'll say you brought me to a doctor all right. I don't know of a better nerve tonic than the sight of dear old Herbie Pettit was. And his treatment of me was sure invigorating."

"My get-away," he went on, "I explained by saying that I unexpectedly had met a man from South America who had given me information which called for my instant departure to New York for an indefinite period. And every word of that's the gospel truth. Your father once stayed in South America, and he certainly gave me an earful requiring my presence in New York long enough to get a train out of it. So you won't have to soil your pretty lips with anything that isn't the truth. Tell 'em I said I'd write to them as soon as I got into New York."

"Now, enough of them!" he added abruptly. "I've got more important things to say to you. I want you to refresh your memory, and to tell me every little thing you know about Grace Draper's devilment last year. Your father didn't have time to spill it, but he said he was sure you would tell me the whole cursed story."

"Why?" I asked noncommittally.

"Because it is quite necessary

that your story to the Smythe-Hopkins family should agree with the tale I just told the butler."

Harry Underwood's Story.

## Farm Women Are Snappy Dressers

"Just Off the Farm" Has Become Compliment as Result of Fashion Tutoring.

Des Moines, Ia., July 30.—In the olden days it used to be a dangerous form of compliment to tell a woman she looked as though she was "just off the farm." Somehow the phrase seemed to carry a picture of sunbonnets, calico wrappers, cotton stockings, "dutchy" hats, and thick-soled shoes.

But modes of dress on the farm change as well as methods of crop cultivation, and at the present time, under the tutoring of clothes and millinery experts, farm fashions have reached the point where the epithet, "just off the farm," is just another way of saying, "snappy dresser."

Under the guidance of the extension department at Iowa State college, and county demonstrators in each county, practical lessons in the art of making something fetching in feminine apparel out of a mere handful of silk, satin or crepe de

chine, have been given to the women on the farms.

"Good taste in dress" specialists have devoted their time to teaching the "correct" thing to wear, and this instruction has been followed up in many places with dramatizations of farm scenes in which the characters appear in "good taste" garments, ranging from the house dress to the evening gown.

Sweet Clover Pastures

Give Most Grazing Value

Walthill, Neb.—Bare pastures in the county of Thurston are noticeable, H. E. Huston, county extension agent, declares. Such pastures, he reports, are made up chiefly of blue grass. It is likewise noticeable, he says, that livestock kept only on pastures are not doing as well as those kept in pastures not grazed so close. Practically all of the sweet clover pastures in the county are standing the season well and are carrying a large quota of livestock.

Canada Will Not Protest

Maternity Hygiene Talks

Windsor, Ont., July 30.—No protest will be made by provincial authorities against proposed lectures on child and maternity hygiene by Dr. Madeline de Rouville of Paris, France, it is announced.

Grasshopper damage, the reports states, continues most serious in

## Insect Pests Damage Crops in Nebraska

Lincoln.—In his monthly report to the insect pest survey of the United States Department of Agriculture covering injurious insect conditions in Nebraska from June 15 to July 15, Prof. M. H. Suenk, entomologist of the University of Nebraska Agricultural college, reports that the chinch bug developed a moderate outbreak in south central Nebraska, the center of severity being in Thayer and Nuckolls counties. During the last week in June, these pests deserted the ripening barley and wheat and made their way into the corn fields. By the end of the first week in July most of the corn fields subject to attack were invaded, with a loss up to the middle of July of from ten to five acres on the sides nearest barley fields.

Prof Suenk's report shows that the harvest revealed the presence of the Hessian fly in moderate abundance over southern Nebraska and in some localities in large enough numbers to do material damage to the wheat crop.

Grasshopper damage, the reports states, continues most serious in

Scotts Bluff, Morrill, Sheridan and Sioux counties.

Prof. Suenk states that the whole of eastern Nebraska again is threatened with a scourge of the fall webworm on shade trees, similar to the one experienced last year.

Chinch Bug Army Taking

Crops on Farms in Dakota

Canistota, S. D.—Chinch bugs are doing a great deal of damage on a few farms in this vicinity. T. Uecker reports that an army of millions of the bugs have taken all of the wheat and now have started eating his corn crop. The last time he inspected the cornfield the bugs had worked in as far as the 20th row, taking the corn clean as they went. Where they

Harding plan."

Coal Shortage Acute,

Fremont Dealers Say

Fremont, Neb., July 30.—(Special)