THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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WHEN THE LEAVES TURN.

Jack Frost is busy in woodland dell, on hill and in the vale, with its transformation. Autumn hues are replacing the rich dress of summer; blossom time is over, and harvest time, and now the last splendid moments before the death that is winter are come. Nebraskans miss a great deal of the splendors of autumn, for we have so little hardwood timber. But on hillside and along the roads the sumach torch gleams, a rusty red through the changing green; the joe-pye and the milkweed, the aster and the golden rod are passed, and the hardiest of flowers have donned the "winter garment of repentance."

It is a solemn season, the death of a year, but the passage is now accompanied by that display of quiet beauty that gives to orderly dissolution a quality of majesty entirely lacking in the riotous manifestations of growth or the robust attitude of maturity. It is not as with sorrow that nature moves to the stillness of a period of rest, but with a dignity that is sustained by the certainty of a new birth yet to come. For in nature the miracle of death is followed surely by the miracle of life, and winter is but the promise of a spring to come.

"My way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf," complained the desponding Macbeth, who felt the lack of children and of friends, but old Adam, tried and leal retainer, stoutly urged:

> "Th refore mine age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

Wolsey's last hours were spent in regrets for loyalty to a king whose favor changed and left him "naked to his enemies." It was the sadness of an ending embittered because of thwarted ambitions and the too late wish that he had served his God with something of the zeal he had expended for his king. Few men, probably, escape altogether such reflections as they review their lives, yet all should realize that with the autumn cometh peace. A little rest, a moment of reflection, and then a quiet beyond comprehension.

But the turning leaves of autumn, while they presage the majesty of winter's storms, and the sternness of the rule of cold and death, also hold the promise of a springtime when all will be born anew, and in the stirring of the germ is forecasted the unfolding of shoot and bud and blossom, fruit and harvest once more. The endless cycle of creation, production and dissolution goes on, and teaches man the greatest of all the lessons he can learn from nature, that God is omnipotent, and that beyond this life there is another. The turning leaves of autumn bear this message as plainly as do the burgeonings of spring time.

INTERPRETING THE MIDDLE WEST.

"Here is something else than the New York and Washington world," writes Lord Shaw of Dunferline after a visit to the middle west. This, he exclaims in an article in the London Times, is the most real fact on the American continent—"an America self-contained, of enormous fertility and resources, and with a population second to none in energy."

In a very real sense the fringes of America are what fringes usually are, largely decorative. It is here in the great central valleys that the full pattern of American life must be sought for. It is not embellished with much gay coloring, that is true. The harmonious balance of work and play has not been attained. But middle western life is filled with the splendid characteristics of earnestness, strength of purpose, hard work and faith in man and God.

"Here is a country," Lord Shaw is moved to observe, "to which Washington can not be content with issuing a ukase; to the middle west Washington must render a reason." Nor, he remarks, can the press of New York either interpret or control this very different and distant community.

Of its own independence and its own powers this inland empire is scarcely aware. Very often the effort is made to think and act as if Nebraska were New York. Honest pride in the very differences that exist between the middle west and the other sections of the union is encouraged by the perceptions of such observers as this British visitor.

THE AGE OF HUMAN VALUES.

Signs are plentiful that ours is an age of transition. Out of the experiences, triumphs and failures of the last few years new standards are emerging, a new spirit arising.

What is evident is that America is going forward. Europe may seem to totter on the brink of chaos, but the very eagerness with which it regards the pacific example of America gives confidence that it will pause in its mistaken course before it is too late.

America seeks to extract the utmost human value from what it has. Other nations may pursue the delusions of territorial expansion, military power and the subjection of alien races, but without our aid, encouragement or sympathy. These actions sow the dragon's teeth of war, and America wishes to remain at peace with all the world.

In other days a proposal such as that made by Col. L. H. Ruggles, for the drafting of all manpower from financier to laborer for home service in the event of conflict would have aroused a storm of angry criticism. Now, however, with the idea of equality of sacrifice uppermost, citizens may read into this an extension of democracy. First of all, the American people demand that the profit be taken from war. The veterans of the world war feel deeply that men can not be justly called to arms while others are left, to aid, no doubt, behind the lines, but to lay up wealth out of their services. If conscription there is to be, then let it be of money no less than of flesh and blood. The justice of this demand is unquestioned by the general public.

This is the first scene of the incoming epoch of equality of responsibility and opportunity. As the drama unfolds, the same principles will be seen to apply also to every act of life, to peace-time industry as well as to the art of war. It is not, perhaps, a matter for legislation, but one of adjusting public opinion and custom. America need have no fear; history shows that it moves steadily and slowly forward. The changes that now are on the way will be so gradual and orderly in their coming as scarcely to be noted.

FORWARD WITH CHRIST.

A new note has been sounded by Bishop Fred B. Fisher of the Methodist Episcopal church. Addressing a meeting in the Methodist "I Will Maintain" campaign, this church leader said:

"There is nothing I dislike to hear more than that hackneyed phrase, 'back to Christ.' It is utterly impossible to go back to Christ. The Christ about whom I am speaking is the one depicted in the first chapter of John, who was present before the world began, by whom all things were made and through whom the world has been sustained ever since. This Divine Christ knows no latitude of age or race. This Christ is moving so rapidly in the world today that it is extremely difficult to keep pace with Him. Imagine anyone turning his eyes backward to find Him! The thing that they and I must do is to take wings and attempt to overtake Him. He is so far in advance of us that it is almost impossible for us to catch up with Him.

"I remember an old friend of mine taking me into a pumpkin garden, where we beheld pumpkins that were almost as large as the boy that beheld them, and he said: 'Imagine attempting to put these pumpkins back into the seed!' And I, as a young man, was greatly impressed; and I now think of that homely illustration when I think of the stilted ideas of many Christian reactionaries.

"It is utterly impossible to compress our world, either social, economic, or religious, into the limitations of our earlier conceptions of Jesus Christ."

Here is a hopeful doctrine—a Christ that is a leader in the life of men today. It is not only consistent with Christian concepts, but of a nature that is readily harmonized with any of the other great creeds or religions. Bishop Fisher goes on:

"What we need in all our life is to recognize this Christ at work.

"The editor of our daily newspaper, when he attempts to interpret the matters of the day, ought not to be ashamed to preach, in the columns of his paper, the fact that he beholds this Christ at work in the new situations that are being created. As he does this he will become the voice of the modern day. He will become the moulder of the new world.

"The preacher in the pulpit should not be ashamed to tell his people that he beholds this Christ at work in the church.

"The business man, whether he be the manager of a great industrial plant or of a big department store, should be willing to tell all his executives, assistants, and laborers, that he beholds in their new aspirations the evidences of this Living Christ at work and that he proposes likewise to adjust his life to the new ideals. The laboring man who is attempting by strike and the use of weapons to force the hand of his employer, should not use the tactics of selfishness but should come to the place where he is willing to say, 'I am a follower of this Living Christ and I propose to settle this thing in His spirit and on His terms.'

"The one problem of the industrial problems, the racial problems, the international problems of the world today is to see the unifying power of this Living Christ among us."

Such a broadening of religion has scarcely been known since Christ himself enlarged the law to include the Gentiles as well as the Jews. That teaching was a shock to those who heard Him in Judea, it may be a shock to some who hear it today, but it will be an inspiration to millions who feel that the world moves forward under God, and that in His providence there should be an equally progressive aspect in belief and worship.

SOME DWARF AT THAT.

A sort of approach has been attained between the French and German scientists, indicating that perhaps the war is over after all. The little sign noted comes in the form of an announcement from Director Deslandres of the Meudon observatory that "the reason the yellow giant stars are brighter for their size than the yellow dwarf stars is that they emit more powerful X-rays and cathode rays." The French savant admits that in reaching this high spot on the hill side of knowledge he followed a trail broken prior to 1914 by Kois Oerster, a German, who very likely found other occupation than star-gazing.

The shock that comes to us is in the statement that the sun, only a little more than a million times larger than the earth, is a dwarf yellow star. This will have a tendency to deflate some of us who were beginning to puff out a little with a sense of importance. Yet, as we now recall the fervor of some August days in this latitude, we wonder just how we would have felt if the sun had not been a dwarf.

Even in the darkest of moments a little ray of consolation may be discerned. If the sun were large enough to be ranked as a giant, and emitted cathode rays of greater intensity than those which coax the mercury up to the neighborhood of 100 Fahrenheit—oh, what's the use? Let the French and German scientists have this between them, while we wait for the reports on the eclipse of last month, and find out whether Einstein really is right about the sun's rays bending as they come through space.

MERIT GAUGED BY PRICE ALONE?

Just what conclusion is justified when one reads the price of a modern "best seller," just off the press, as being $2 net, and then in another advertisement find offered a long list of books that have survived the years until they have attained a fixed place in the world's literature, but now priced at 10 cents a volume?

Also, what is to be said of tastes when along side the modern thriller at $1.95 is presented a full set of Scott's works, a special edition, forty-eight volumes for $40, or 87½ cents per volume?

Times have changed, of course, and "Rob Roy," "Peveril of the Peak," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Ivanhoe," or any other of the list doesn't attract the reader of today as certainly as a detective story which involves radio and all the modern improvements, or a romance that is entangled with airplanes, submarines and Freudian complexes. And yet folks keep right on buying Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, Hawthorne, in fact, the works of a great many dead and gone writers who knew nothing of the themes debated in the novels of today, and yet did know how to tell a story, and even could discuss in a philosophical way some of the relations of life.

The modern author gets a better price for his books, because they are new. People have an interest in matters contemporary; they like to con over capable, or even novel debate of the things that actually make up life in which they are part. To get an author's opinion, fresh from the press, affords them pleasure and subject for conversation, until another comes with a new set of views, and then he gets the eye if not the ear of a public that buys to find out what men and women are writing about. Save in the case of works of especial nature, price is not the measure of merit in literature.

The gentle soviet government has prescribed the death penalty for grafters. But, how can they tell one?

Can you remember away back when Sixteenth street wasn't torn up?

Meredith Nicholson Turns to Scandal

"Broken Barriers," the New Novel of the Hoosier Author, Exhibits the Breakdown of Family Life.

Is the American home tottering?

Are Columbia's lares and penates in danger?

The youth of today demands excitement, action, entertainment, which they seem unable to find at home.

Clandestine meetings, parties at roadhouses beckon to them.

This condition and the perils that have come with the breaking down of the barriers of convention which so rigidly governed until the last decade are mirrored by Meredith Nicholson in his latest novel, "Broken Barriers." This is not the usual sort of Hoosier fiction, although its scene is laid in Indianapolis.

Grace Durland is a student in the state university.

Her father, an inventor, has been forced out of the business which his genius, backed by the capital of a friend, had helped nurture into a thriving manufacturing concern.

She is summarily called home. She must help with the family support. Her older sister already is "in an office," but her young brother, who her mother had determined must become a great attorney and politician as his grandsire was before him, is to remain at law school.

Grace, after the fashion of the modern girl, accepts the situation philosophically, and in the face of strong opposition on the part of her mother and sister who worship family, social position and caste, seeks work as a salesgirl in a department store.

Her chum of high schol days, Irene, had no opportunity to continue her studies. She entered the business world and won a place at the head of a department in this shop.

* * *

Through her help, Grace secures a position, and as the nightly harangue of mother and sister over the unfortunate circumstances of the family begins to prey upon her nerves, she turns to a French class in the evenings with Irene.

It is then but a step to a "party." Irene is openly receiving the attentions of a married man, financially and socially prominent. A close friend of his, Ward Trenton, nationally known engineer, comes to town, and Irene coaxes Grace to go with them on a "party" to Tommy Kemp's country house, "The Shack."

Prohibition has been several years in effect, but Tommy has a "respectable cellar."

While Kemp proceeds to become intoxicated, Trenton leads Grace to a corner where he tells her of his wife, an "emancipated woman" whose time is occupied with lecturing on the new woman and her new freedom.

Trenton returns on business visits and the "parties" become more frequent. He professes his love for Grace, and she feels for the man who belongs to another.

* * *

Grace's first customer is an eccentric maiden lady, known to the girls of the store as "Old Money Bags."

She takes a fancy to Grace, invites her to dinner, and when Grace lets it be known to her mother and sister, they cease their nagging long enough to tell how Miss Reynolds is an aristocrat of the old school, a lady of position to be cultivated.

Grace chides them for their attitude, but goes to dinner with Miss Reynolds because she likes her.

Mrs. Trenton's latest book on the modern woman is mentioned by the hostess.

"I've read it," said Grace. "It's certainly revolutionary."

"All of that," Miss Reynolds retorted. "But it does make you think! Everybody's restless and crazy for excitement. My young married neighbors all belong to families I know or know about; live in very charming houses and have money to spend—too much, most of them—and they don't seem to be able to stand an evening at home by themselves. But maybe the new way's better. Maybe their chances of happiness are greater where they mix around more. I'm curious about the whole business. These young folks don't go to school. Why don't they, when their fathers and grandfathers always did? Their parents stayed at home in the evening. My father used to grumble horribly when mother tried to get him into a dress suit. But there was wickedness, then, too, only people just whispered about it and tried to keep it from the young folks. . . . But now you might think people were sending up fireworks to call attention to their sins! I remember the first time I went to a dinner—that was 30 years ago—where cocktails were passed around. It seemed awful. . . . But now prohibition's driven everybody to drink. . . ."

She reached for a fresh cigaret and lighted it tranquilly.

* * *

As Irene and Kemp, Grace and Trenton are returning from thir "last party" at "The Shack," Kemp, drunk as usual, tries to take the steering wheel from the chauffeur; there is a crash: Kemp is dead.

Meanwhile Grace's father is working away at his inventions, striving to rise again in the world of finance and shame his former partner who ruined him.

Trenton, through Grace, becomes interested in Durland's inventions. Success seems just around the corner.

* * *

As the future of her love affair with Trenton looms more blank and barren, Trenton pleads with her that his wife, apostle of the new freedom will practice what she preaches; has, in fact, told him to confide in her when he may meet a girl who attracts him strongly. Mrs. Trenton comes to town to lecture. She asks to see this girl of whom Trenton has told her, and Trenton blindly persuades Grace to go with him to meet his wife.

* * *

Mrs. Trenton lay back in her chair in a pose of exaggerated ease and lazily turned her head to look at Grace.

"I assume," she said, "that you are my chosen successor, and I can't complain of my husband's taste. You are very handsome and I can see how your youth would appeal to him, but—there are things I must consider. Please wait—Grace had laid her hand on the door—I may as well say it now. I've probably led Ward to think that if such an emergency as this arose I'd free him and let him God-speed. But you see, confronted with the fact, I find it necessary to think a little of myself. One must, you know, and I'm horribly selfish. It would never do to give my critics a chance to take a fling at me as a woman whose marriage is a failure. You can see for yourself, Miss Durland, how my position would be weakened if I were a divorcee. Much as I hate to disappoint you—it would never do—really it would not!"

* * *

Mr. Nicholson turns the problem of a modern young woman in a sincere and fearless story of the times. His plot is well woven, his action swift moving, his characters virile and reality. His solution of the triangle, however, is weakened in order to give his book a "happy ending."

Mrs. Trenton, disciple of the new freedom and advocate of the easy divorce, reveals her true self when faced with the realization that her own marriage is a failure.

Grace Durland, the young girl, who has come to the conclusion she is entitled to go in search of happiness with no thought for the rules laid down by convention, comes face to face with a stone wall—the sacredness of the home—after breaking through these barriers of tradition.

Mr. Nicholson aids her over or through this wall by causing Mrs. Trenton to die in a sanitarium, releasing her husband from his fetters.

"BROKEN BARRIERS," by Meredith Nicholson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

J. B. L., Jr.

The Bee Book Shelf

NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL. Through Andalusia and other Mediterranean shores. With an account of the Romany race and an introduction by George E. Woodberry, by Irving Brown. Harper & Bros., publishers.

Mr. Brown presents in a fascinating manner the joys and adventures of the gypsy trail along which he traveled to collect Spanish gypsy folk songs and to study the singers. The reader is taken to Barcelona, Cadiz, Jerez, Seville, Granada and other centers where the Gitanos may be seen in their simple dwellings, pursuing a free, wandering life and caring neither for trade nor empire.

The author, a student of the University of Wisconsin, got to the very heart of gypsy life. He believes there is a strain of gypsy blod in his veins. He learned their language, acquired a Romani brown complexion and admits that he had the "Romani fever," meaning the wanderlust. He was received by the gypsies in Spain as one of their own, an advantage manifestly valuable for his cause. The observations and experiences of Mr. Brown are graphically related. He offers a series of word pictures which teem with the charm and fascination of Romani life.

"The race that has never grown up," he writes. "The true Romanies love the wide world; all nature is their fatherland. Since the earliest times men have dreamed of a golden age, where mankind lived in utter simplicity, beneath the stars, untroubled by ideas of good and evil."

He describes the gypsy dancers, "dreamy and passionate and proud." He writes of the joy of life that is theirs: the song, the dance and the wine, along the gypsy trail in Spain. Relating the wild and gay festivities in the Cafe Villa Rosa in Barcelona, he refers to Call, "In her semi-oriental costume, showing her white teeth, smiled at by her victims, who were applauding her frantically." Aristocratic Barcelonese gazed on this whirlwind of passion, spurred on to wilder steps and fiercer mirth by the finest wine in the world.

"Chaste, as a rule in their marital relations, the gypsies find expression for all their deepest passions in their songs and dances. The dancers are full of subtle grace to the tips of their fingers."

He adds: "Nowhere, save in Russia or Hungary, do the gypsies fascinate the wilder members of the aristocracy to the same degree, making them forget everything, ready to throw away their fortunes, their names, and their very lives merely to please these children of nature. The very fact that these bewitching girls never even grant a kiss, drives these wealthy Spaniards to desperation."

Again: "Romani existence is life in its purest essence, free from the unessentials, vivid and intense, without nerve-racking tension; it is an eternal holiday! The gypsies are like the negro mammy who explained her happiness and freedom from worry, saying: 'Honey, it's 'cause I weahs de worl' like a loose garment.'"

Mr. Brown unwittingly tantalizes his western reader with a detailed description of a visit to one of the largest wine cellars in the world, at Jerez. Read: "We sat in comfortable wicker chairs while an attendant brought us glasses of characteristic wines. First, a pale Amontillado, dry and light as sunshine. . . . The next was Pedro Limenez Venerable, the embodiment of a Horatian ode. It was followed by a Muscatel, in the making of which sufficient grapes were used to produce a score of ordinary Muscatels. It was a sweet wine, caressing the palate, and giving one the sensation of absorbing the very soul of the grape. Some Napoleon was brought in. For 150 years it had lain maturing in the cask, a contemporary of Voltaire and Washington. Finally a bottle of sparkling sherry was opened."

The book is dedicated to Vincente Blasco Ibanez, "who has given us such varied and vivid pictures of the Spanish gypsy." There are 155 illustrations from photographs of gypsy life taken by Austin A. Breed of Cincinnati.

E. B.

"SELF-MASTERY THROUGH CONSCIOUS AUTOSUGGESTION," by Emile Coue. (American Library Service, New York.)

This 93-page paper-covered book is an interesting exposition of the old proverb, "As a man thinketh so is he." "By believing oneself to be the master of one's thoughts one becomes so," the author writes. The following excerpt is a fair keynote to the contents of the book: "We possess within us a force of incalculable power, which, when we handle it unconsciously is often prejudicial to us. If, on the contrary, we direct it in a conscious and wise manner, it gives us that mastery of ourselves and allows us not only to escape and to aid others to escape from physical and mental ills, but also to live in relative happiness, whatever the condition in which we may find ourselves."

THE ADVENTURES OF DIGGELDY DAN, by Edwin P. Norworth. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Here is a book that has a peculiar interest in most newspaper offices, because its author is acquainted with as many newspaper men of the country as any man who ever lived. He is, when busy at his regular vocation, press agent for the Ringling Brothers, and in that capacity has established himself on a footing seldom attained by another, be he ever so genial or affable.

It is, therefore, a real pleasure to set down the fact that "Endie" Norworth has written a tale for children, or rather a series of tales that will delight those for whom it is intended, and at the same time will not be lightly turned away from by some of more mature age. He finds his background in the circus, but uses that only as a background against which to display jungle lore, fairy lore, some circus lore, stories of animals and birds, all interwoven with skill and judgment, to give the form of a connected narrative, yet each with its separate wonder unadulterated by taint of its connection with the others.

Diggledy Dan is the eldest clown living, and when he has been with the circus 100 years and a day he is endowed by some fairies with a wonderful gift. Each day after that, at "half-past twilight," Dan lets all the animals out of their cages, and for an hour they frolic and engage in social intercourse, exchanging stories and recounting adventures. The good fairy with the blue-blue eyes and riding the white-white horse, takes part in the doings at different times. Dan has some adventures, too, that are worth being told. Elephants, monkeys, camels, tigers, giraffes and all, figure in the tales, only the giraffe does not talk; he writes all he has to say.

"THE TIMBER PIRATE," by Charles Christopher Jenkins. George H. Doran Company, New York.

"The plot thickens," may in truth be said of this stirring story of the Great Northwest. The author skillfully builds up the suspense and then leads the reader through a series of thrilling events to a pleasant conclusion. It is filled with mystery, adventure and love. Mr. Jenkins, who is familiar with the country of which he writes, allocates most of the action to the Nannabijou Bay country, along the wild north shore of Lake Superior. The author introduces several interesting characters. A. C. (Acey) Smith, superintendent of a pulp camp, is obsessed by the desire for revenge. He gains his objective in that direction, realizes the price he had to pay, comes out a chastened man, and he wins the girl of his dreams. Louis Hammond, 25, newspaper man, while on a Canadian continental train, meets Norman T. Gildersleeve and accepts a confidential position at the pulp camp at $1,000 per month. He also meets "the girl with high-arched eyebrows."

Anent Hammond: "Fate had literally seized him by the scruff of the neck, yanked him out of a commonplace groove in life and tossed him into a vortex of baffling intrigues and mystery."

There are some dramatic situations in the story, and the action moves swiftly along. It's a lively yarn.

"CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER," by Francis L. Cooper. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

This is a mystery story of a young, impetuous, handsome minister of the gospel with an inherited past, known only to the richest man in town, the leader and ruler of the little congregation which comprises the young pastor's flock.

Of course, the divine falls hopelessly in love with this man's daughter, who is torn between filial duty and burning love.

Captain Pott, grizzled old seadog, whose love is equally divided between the beautiful young girl, his yacht and a spinster to whom he has proposed annually, is unwillingly forced to take the young minister under his wing.

The youth wins the respect and love of this hardy old character and a village war which threatens to tear asunder the church and parishioners suddenly breaks.

Characterization in the book is good. The reader aligns himself at once with the old captain and the two young lovers. But the solution to the 'deep dank mystery shrouding" the origin and ancestry of the young minister is easily anticipated. There is sufficient action in the book to hold the reader's interest.

Arnold Bellsmith is so aristocratic and rich that the things of the world can hardly thrill him and he is overwhelmed with a huge weariness. Then Tilly Marshall, musical comedy star, comes into his life and the huge weariness flies away. He eventually becomes the "angel" of the show, which is a great money maker and is unloaded on him because he is a "sucker." But, as good luck will have it, the investment turns out a big profit to our hero and, to top it off, he wins Tilly.

All the story is told in "Mummers in Mufti," by Philip S. Curtiss, published by the Century company. Mr. Curtiss has made a name as a writer of humorous short stories, but this is his first venture into the field of the novel.

"Captain of Souls," by Edgar Wallace is something ordinarily hard to achieve—a distinctly new idea in a mystery story. There is an interesting mystery, but more than that, there is the delineation of a most unusual character, a study in psychology which finally enters the realm of the psychic by the translation of one man's soul into the body of another. This soul—embodied first in the body of one man and then in that of another—is the soul of a man twice a murderer and yet a soul which commands the respect and admiration of the reader.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The Gland Stealers," by Bertram Gayton, is up-to-date at least. It is the story of a "grand-pa," 95, who acquires new glands; who persuades a lady of 70-odd to do likewise and to become his wife; who then decides to benefit the human race by trapping gorillas by the wholesale in Africa and re-energize 100 octogenarians. When the supply of glands is not sufficient for the chosen 100 and the transplanted glands fail to function 100 per cent in their new surroundings, there are complications for "Grand-pa." Fundamentally the book is a burlesque.

Published by Lippincott.

CENTER SHOTS.

Yes, it's fitting that feminine fashions should emanate from the Paris Rue de la Paix. You pronounce it "pay," and you rue it, all right.—Winona Republican-Herald.

Over in England there is a boy who has never laughed. Maybe all that he ever has heard are English jokes.—Grand Rapids Herald.

The tallest man in the world has been arrested for debt. He was found to be 9 feet, 3 inches long and $1,500 short.—Nashville Banner.

It must be admitted that Europe made a perfectly natural mistake in supposing that the Angora government would be satisfied with some old clothes and a few tin cans.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

With skirts actually coming back to earth, the cost of living remains about the only familiar object that is totally impervious to the law of gravitation.—Kansas City Star.

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B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
ELMER S. ROOD, Cir. Mgr.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3d day of October, 1922.
W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public
The net average daily circulation gain of the Omaha Bee for September, 1922, was 12,119 over September of 1921. The net average Sunday circulation gain of The Omaha Bee for September, 1922, was 11,183 over September of 1921. This is a larger gain than that made by any other daily or Sunday Omaha newspaper.

AROUND NEBRASKA

Grand Island Independent: There is a growing demand all over the country for the most vigorous steps in the courts possible for the collection of every cent grafted off the country by patrioteers and others during the war. Come to think of it, however, it is asking a great deal.

Nebraska City Press: It has apparently not occurred to the editor of the Medical Review of New York that a hair cut would probably achieve the same result for long-haired soda fountain boys as the hair net which is suggested. On the other hand, why not the hair net? It is a well known fact that the boys are using powder and rouge; that they spill an evil smelling, sticky "dope" into their hirsute appendages to keep the individual hairs out of their eyes, so why not encourage them to take up further feminine trappings and cling to the fragile little net which is said to be worn by nine-tenths of the other sex? If we're to rear a totally effeminate race in this country let's go the whole show.

Beatrice Express: Horseshoe pitching will probably never become very popular; it does not require a club house or large acreage.

Cozad Local: Wouldn't this be an awful world to live in if we were compelled to do all the things we tell other people we would do if we were in their place?

Rushville Standard: We wouldn't be bothered so much with bad roads if we were more prompt in repairing them when they first begin to go to pieces. If you dip a saw into a pail of water and wipe it off thoroughly afterward, no harm will be done. But if the dampness is allowed to remain a few hours the saw will be a mass of rust. Saws do not cost much, but we are careful to keep them free from rust. Roads cost many thousands of dollars, and we allow them to become ruined from neglect. Can you supply a satisfactory reason for such marvelous inconsistency?

Harvard Courier: Henry Ford's magazine says the trouble with this country is that there isn't enough money. Most of us will agree with him. At the same time the experiences of some of the European countries prove that it is possible to have too much money.

Pierce County Call: They say the autos are ruining many girls. We might add pocketbooks to the list.

McCook Tribune: Personally we are not familiar with the personage who invented or discovered golf, but from the encomiums we hear constantly and volubly expressed about the game we feel certain that Wells overlooks a first-class guess in failing to name him the seventh great man of the ages.

Harvard Courier: I can go out most any time and find a man who is better fitted for chief executive of the nation than President Harding. Anyhow, I can find plenty of men who willingly acknowledge that they know more about running the government than he does.

Fairbury News: Lincoln has more telephones than in all of Greece and Omaha has more than all of Italy.

A Pleasing Change.

Out of Tampa comes the startling as well as gratifying news that every cigar maker in that city is working. Well, this certainly is some relief from the usual strike news.—Florida Times-Union.

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You can vote for me no matter how you are registered.

During the last three days of our Gigantic Piano Sale we have accumulated a number of high-grade used pianos that we will sell Monday at the following low prices:

$450 Kimball, French Walnut Case	$215.00
$450 Erbe & Co., Walnut Case	$175.00
$450 Hamilton, Oak Case	$175.00
$450 Schiller, Mahogany Case	$225.00
$385 Hospe, Mahogany Case	$245.00
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All are in excellent condition. Are fully guaranteed and are delivered complete with bench and scarf and on easy terms. Call early to be sure of getting one of these rare bargains.

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