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WILLIAM VINCENT ALLEN.

A vivid reminder of a most interesting epoch of Nebraska's political history is the announcement of the death of William Vincent Allen, former United States senator and district judge at the time of his demise. He had been in low health for a long time, and his death did not come altogether unexpectedly.

William Vincent Allen had made for himself something of a name and standing before the populist wave swept over Nebraska. When he was chosen to succeed Algenon Sidney Paddock as senator from this state, in 1893, there was some dispute as to whether he was a bonafide populist, or a free silver republican. This point was never pressed to a conclusion, but the senator was listed as one of the populist group that contained Peffer of Kansas, Taubeneck of Illinois and Kyle of South Dakota. This was high tide for the populist party. In 1896 its decline was rapidly merging into fall, and the McKinley victory that year changed the course of destiny so far as this party was concerned.

Allen was a vigorous champion of his views both in the senate and elsewhere. His famous single-handed filibuster for him a certain quality of note that really obscured his more servicable accomplishments. Many of the ideas he held and changes he advocated have been taken up by others, and some have found expression in a modified form. His great thought, never carried out, was to secure legislation that would give the federal government control of all securities issued. Something of this nature is found in the present day blue sky laws of the several states and federal regulation of railroad issues.

Mr. Allen's second term in the senate, but three months long, was uneventful, save as it served to definitely mark the line of the factional divergence among Nebraska democrats. Retiring to the practice of law, the senator was soon sought out by the voters of his district and elevated to the bench, where he ended his days in useful activity.

As a representative of the group of protest of his day, Senator Allen showed both dignity and capacity and made a deep impression on the senators, who came to understand him as a man of genuine ability and not a mere political freak. He fairly won a place in the history of his state, if not of the nation, as a man of sound reasoning judgment, a fearless advocate and a staunch friend.

BIG STICK AFTER BAD PEOPLE.

One of the elements of vice control too frequently overlooked is what becomes of the undesirable driven out of the community that is being reformed? At the moment New York is entering mild protest that Philadelphia should insist on dumping its social refuse on Manhattan island. The press of Gotham contends, and with some force, that the big town has its full quota of the powers that prey and their satellites.

Not so very many years ago the chief of police of Pittsburgh, at the behest of a group of earnest persons, suddenly swooped down upon and closed a number of evil resorts in the dead of winter. Out of that came a procession of some 300 odd women storming at the doors of the churches for shelter. San Francisco had a somewhat similar experience and Omaha found that the closing of a proscribed district served only to scatter the denizens throughout the city.

Another phase, familiar enough to the officers, is that spasms of reform effect a change of personalities, rather than a real improvement in conditions complained of. Evil forces are extremely mobile, and transfer from one community to another seldom interferes with the actual vice.

What is accomplished by such movements as now going on in Philadelphia is that vice becomes less rampant, less flamboyant, and consequently less offensive on the surface. It is unwise, though, to rest on this. Reform, to be permanent and serviceable, must be deeper. Driving gamblers and loose women out of their haunts does not eradicate the evil tendencies of human nature that make such callings profitable.

Holding all sympathy with every movement that tends to improve the character of society, we still believe that true reform is not achieved by spectacular methods. Law should strike hard and cut clean, but lasting results will come only through the patient application of patient training of the boys and girls who are to become men and women.

HIGH ADVENTURE OF YOUTH.

An 18-year-old boy from Iowa has just learned his first sad lesson in life in Omaha. He ran away from home, acting on the impulse that surges strong in the breast of every youth whoever amounts to anything in the world. No boy worth a tinker's dam ever escaped the urge to go adventuring. "The world is mine oyster" is a motto for youth. But the world is a tougher proposition to open than any oyster proposition, no matter how tender and juicy it may be on the inside.

This boy landed in Omaha with a little money and high hopes. He wandered about the streets on a cold night, and met another about his own age, who confessed that he was down and out, broke and with no place to sleep. The adventuring youth right there met his Waterloo. Generous and full of sympathy, he took his chance acquaintance to the room he had secured at a hotel, and fell into the sleep of healthy boyhood, to awaken and find he had been robbed of clothing, money and watch. It may have been disappointing, but it was good fortune for him, that when he applied to the police for assistance he learned they were looking for him to send him home.

In hoping his experience merely makes him a little more prudent, and does not dam his flow of sympathy for the unfortunate. Generosity and good judgment go hand in hand in this world, and much good comes from their partnership. The real victim of this tale is the one who stole from his benefactor.

He shows himself lost to any sense of gratitude or obligation. Probably he is supported by the sophistry that thieves indulge in, but he may be sure in the end it will recoil on him.

The one lad will be in a good home a little longer, and when he leaves will be better equipped to protect himself. The other may in time see the error he is pursuing, but probably not until he has had some time to reflect behind prison doors.

PRESBYTERIANS ASK FOR LIBERTY.

Heresy hunting has been rather on the decline in the Presbyterian church for several years, until Mr. Bryan gave it a fillip in the convention at Fort Wayne last summer. Out of that incident grows another which is likely to have some definite bearing on the future of the great denomination. Without especial ceremony last week publicity was given to a declaration of independence signed by 150 of the pastors of the principal Presbyterian congregations of the country.

These men profess adherence to the Westminster confession, which includes the virgin birth, but assert that nowhere in the Westminster confession is a minister required to "assent to the very words of the confession." The declaration, or affirmation, as it is termed, was prepared by a committee named in June, 1923, made up of Rev. Murray S. Howland, D. D., of Buffalo, chairman; Rev. Robert Hastings Nichols, D. D., of Auburn, N. Y., secretary; Rev. Philip S. Bird, of Utica, N. Y., treasurer; Rev. Robert C. Beattie, D. D., of East Orange, N. J.; Rev. James C. Clarke, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. John J. Lawrence, D. D., of Binghamton, N. Y.; Rev. Alexander MacColl, D. D., of Philadelphia; Rev. William P. Merrill, D. D., of New York city; Rev. William L. Sawtelle, D. D., of Scranton, Pa., and Rev. George B. Stewart, D. D., of Auburn, N. Y.

Among those who signed it is Edwin Hart Jenks of the First Presbyterian church, Omaha. The fifth paragraph of the affirmation sets out:

"We do not desire liberty to go beyond the teachings of evangelical Christianity. But we maintain that it is our constitutional right and Christian duty within these limits to exercise liberty of thought and teaching, that we may more effectively preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world."

T. Dewitt Talmage said, many years ago, when the Westminster confession was being debated: "I do not believe in the nineteenth century sitting at the feet of the fifteenth." Ministers of today are insisting that the bonds of creed be loosened, that the message of the Master may be made plainer and more convincing. They do not ask that the one great fundamental be modified, but they do hold that religious teaching should keep track with man's increasing hold on truth in other matters.

VINEYARDS AND BANK ACCOUNTS.

W. J. Bryan used to entertain delighted audiences with his discourse on the tale of Naboth's vineyard, only the lesson he drew was somewhat different from that which will be derived from contemplation of reports made by the Council Bluffs Chamber of Commerce.

These have to do with experience of the Pottawattamie county grape growers. People who drive around the hills back of Council Bluffs in the summer time, up Mosquito creek, for example, know that grapes grow in profusion. Some even express surprise that such luxuriant and well kept vineyards can exist in these post-Volstead days. According to the figures given out, the reason is very apparent.

Grapes paid their growers at the rate of \$327.75 per acre for the last two years. Very few acres in this vicinity can show a larger average return, no matter what is grown on them. Uses for these grapes are not confined to the making of wine. It is unquestionably true that large quantities are used by home vintners, who produce a more or less delectable drink from them. But the bulk goes into jellies, marmalade and other delicacies that are preserved for winter consumption.

Many a good housekeeper has learned the trick of expressing the juice and bottling it, turning it into jelly from time to time during the winter, as occasion requires. Other ways of getting the good out of the luscious fruit are known and practiced.

What is really worth while taking note of it that the Pottawattamie county grape growers are making their business pay. It should be extended. The southern-exposed hills of Nebraska will do as well as those of Iowa on which to raise the grapes. Why not extend the culture?

Israel Zangwill boasts that he is offered drinks everywhere he goes in America. Before we agree that the offers are tributes to Mr. Zangwill's popularity we would know the brand. Ulterior motives may lurk behind some of those offers.

"Every car pays for itself," says Mr. Brisbane, discussing the automobile industry. Must be an oversight somewhere; we know the exact location of one that has overlooked its obligation.

Mr. McAdoo is ungrateful. It was the two-thirds rule that resulted in the nomination of Wilson, made McAdoo secretary of the treasury, and later the son-in-law of a president.

Wish that either the warring theologians or congress would subsided for a while. It is awfully difficult to keep from mixing the headlines.

Bootleggers in Kansas are using postholes for liquor cache purposes. Their victims use holes of a different shape and quite a bit deeper.

It remains to be seen whether General Butler's push is strong enough to overcome political pull in Philadelphia.

Harry Sinclair has waved aside the proffer of the Albanian crown, probably because he already has plenty of trouble on his dome.

A Chicago man convicted of intoxication was paroled to his wife for life. But why punish the innocent.

The ideal tax reduction plan is the one that will reduce our taxes and make the other fellows pay more.

The announcement that it was smoke, not fog, cleared up everything but the atmosphere.

Mrs. Bassett refuses to play her side of the Bassett-Putnam-Bassett triangle.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—

Robert Worthington Davie

G. R. I. G. R. I.

That's who you are!
They've heard your voice in Heaven and Bordeaux.
They've heard it in the walls of Jericho—
Where Esquimaux in shivering Northland go—
Where sands of the Sahara sift and blow—
And mottled natives of the Southland low
Mystified wonderment—you throw
Dynamic magic, and they know
It cometh from a wonderland afar—
It shineth as the silence of a star—
G. R. I. G. R. I.
That's who you are!

The Omaha Morning Bee: Tuesday, January 15, 1924.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column freely in expression on matters of public interest.

Thumbs Down on Movie Queens.

Missouri Valley, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I see in the "People's Voice" that our good friend Macquire is all worked up over the latest little hubbub in movieland. Come on, Maguire, and cool off. It sure is a poor man who will not defend a woman, but when they monkey around and get their foot in the hot soup you can't do much for them. Forget your oratory for a minute or two and try to put two and two together.

You ought to know, if you don't, that the papers are not going to put out anything like this dope unless it is true. Newsagents and agencies have been busted in suits over slander that would not hold a candle to this. They've got the dope, old man. Don't worry about that. Can you prove that it is not true? It does not make any difference to me or to you whether it is so or not.

I do not see where Mabel Normand or any other actor has set the North American people on fire, and entertain us, and get the "jack" for it. It takes an artist, it is true, to do the stuff, but they get paid well for it. They earn money and they live happily themselves they are not any better than anyone else.

Your grandchildren and mine will never know who Mabel, Fatty, Bill or Mary were. They are not making history or helping humanity out of any trouble. They're doing their part in life, living a little happier and more pleasant, but don't get it into your head that the newspapers are breaking up any world monuments in making news items out of some of their damn foolishness. The way some of the stars act when in a mess sure bears out the adage that publicity makes or wrecks a genius.

There's enough of our movie friends in the "hot soup" now to prove that. The newspapers don't give us enough of this, for if they did there would be a whole lot more of the people in big places and their stepping on the toes of the "smoke" there's fire, and if you monkey around long enough you're going to get scorched. It's alright to stick up for your friends, but keep your nose to the grindstone and don't hold off for the cold hard facts before we let our sympathies get away with us. Let's shake, Maguire, and let Bill Hays fix her up.

I. T. DUZZENMATTER.

For Home-Grown Art.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It is rather amusing to note the criticisms relative to Bakst, the painter of the Willa Cather portrait; amusing because it seems to me that we are now in a position where many folks that we do not necessarily have to go across the ocean for real artists. Willa Cather is a Nebraska product. Why don't we get some more in old Nebraska, or at least within the confines of the old U. S. A., that an artist could be found capable of painting her portrait in a real creditable way.

But no; we as Americans seem to think that a foreigner must be depended upon for our art—that we must get our art from the seas for the things that please, whether it be literature or art, or even in wedding gowns. We happen to know a news paper illustrator who has achieved national distinction but who sometime ago changed the ending of his name so as to give it foreign color. He said he was advised to do this because it would give him greater distinction.

We are patriotic enough to believe that the good old U. S. A. has men of every profession who do not need to make a respectable living in some foreign country, and we wonder if a little reliance upon our own folks wouldn't be an excellent plan when we want real work achieved.

H. H. B.

Against the Bonus.
Lincoln.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: If Milton H. Frank's plea for a bonus for the soldiers is based only on the difference between the man that stayed at home and the man who went into the service, then the soldiers have nothing coming. The war did not make enough to keep half way even. It is true some trades received very high wages, commensurate with the increased cost of living, but they were very much in the minority. No one promised the soldiers a bonus when they went to war. We all thought they went to war as a patriotic move. M. T. MSHANE.

Center Shots

The Chicago News' headline, "No Life, Water, Heat, Air or Hope on Moon," suggests that the professional astrologer is particularly thorough job of it up there.—Springfield Union.

And so we spend more for chewing gum than for books. Well, well; it's so much easier to exercise the chin than the mind.—Wooster Record.

Congress is not easily discouraged. It keeps on passing laws in an effort to find some that will work.—Tribune Picket Wire.

The first part of January should be a good time for the publishers to sell those books on will power.—Port Arthur News.

Modernists may take away part of the creed, but they will leave the good old collection plate.—Jersey City Journal.

The check boy may seem a pirate, but just think what it will cost those whose hats are in the ring.—Wenatchee World.

It is all very well to trust to the right—but a left is much more effective when properly developed.—El Paso Herald.

Backbone is most impressive when a little of it is concentrated in the knot at the top.—Chatanooga Times.

Early Speed.

It was the day before the derby, and an inquisitive fan who had been looking over a few of the entries came upon a likely little roan groomed by an old dandy.

"Good horse," commented the fan. "There ain't none better, sur," said the dandy.

"Who was he sired by?"

"Well, suh," replied the dandy, aware that the pedigree of his little horse was somewhat shady, "nobody knows that. This colt is so fast he run away from home befoah evah he'd heard his pap's name!"—Harper's Magazine.

A New Year's Resolution.

One of our New Year's resolutions is to be that we shall cease to "pan" Senator Magnus. We should certainly hate to ever do anything that might elect Magnus to be the president of these United States—and that is what all this publicity of one sort and another may lead to in the long run.—Redwood (Minn.) Gazette.

Where the Tall Corn Grows

The Algona Upper Des Moines Republican—a common calculation to cover quite a bit of territory—opines that McAdoo will be easy picking for the G. O. P.

"When a man tells you that he is going to add to the expenses and yet reduce the expenses, just put him down as a plain liar," advises the "Charter Oak Times."

Admitting that there may be some promotion work about the flood of letters and telegrams urging tax reduction, the Sioux City Tribune warns congressmen not to construe the demand as bogus, lest they find that they assumed too much.

"When we remember what Mr. Wilson thinks of the people it is strange that his son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo, should want to be president," chortles the Humboldt Republican.

"If these are hard times, what did our forefathers who came into the wilderness go through with?" asks the Rolfe Republican.

Senator Borah introduced a resolution outlawing all war and making it a public crime. "Evidently Borah is missing himself from the front pages," says the Marshalltown Times-Republican.

"We ought to leave some problems for future generations to worry about," suggests the Des Moines Capital.

The Waterloo Tribune asserts that only a cheap politician could conceive of the president trading his support of Ford's Muscle Shoals proposition for Ford's political support. "Only a cheap politician," continues the Tribune, "could conceive of Henry Ford making such a deal."

The Cedar Rapids Gazette expresses pleasure at Mr. Ford's decision to support Coolidge instead of being a candidate himself. "Republicans and Democrats alike," the Gazette, "will be more cheerful, because Mr. Ford would have drawn large numbers of votes from both parties."

Senator Lodge does not agree with Secretary Hughes about a world court. "The senator is always in step, and everyone else out," sarcastically remarks the Davison Democrat.

Noting the rapidity with which the mercury has been flopping up and down, the Sioux City Journal is now convinced that Mercury has winged feet.

The Monticello Express has counted the hands of all those working by the month who are in favor of the 13-month year, and reports all hands up.

The Clinton Herald admits that deafness is at times a blessing, one of the times being when a dull and uninteresting speaker is about to commence an hour or two of time at the banquet.

"We wonder, don't you?" queries the Oelwein Register. "If the government is guaranteeing the railroads 3.34 per cent on their investments, how it comes that some railroads go into the hands of receivers, broke?"

The Webster City Freeman-Tribune opines that farm organizations would help the farmers more by spending their time devising plans to increase the value of a bushel of grain instead of devising methods of producing more bushels to the acre.

In the opinion of the Marshalltown Times-Republican, "the fact is that the inmates of the prisons do not work as hard as those who stay out and make a respectable living. No occasion to pity the man who is making shirts and aprons indoors while another is shoveling snow or driving a delivery car where it hasn't been shoveled."

Spencer News-Herald: Every refusal to pay the bonus will extend the controversy. The bonus, like the poor, we will have with us always unless we pay it. Therefore let's pay it like men and take it out of politics forever and in the future, if we don't like bonuses and don't want to pay them, let's not promise them.

The Knoxville Journal fails to grasp the hook-harp theory that Walter Street is to blame for cheap hogs and wheat. "Why pay a high price for lambs and steal the hogs?" queries the Journal.

The Spice of Life

Professor (in zoo class)—We will now name all of the lower animals now in their order, beginning with Mr. Jones.—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

"You go to a great deal of pains to teach your children to be polite."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Churgins, "polite, gentle and obedient. It'll be sure to learn from me than later on from the motor cops."—Washington Star.

Tibbs—That barber is a rare bird. Jettis—Why throw the spotlight on him?

Tibbs—Whenever he shaves himself he'll let his hair cut and a shampoo.—Detroit News.

The Youth—But, dearest, why need we wait till October? The Cinema Star—Well, old thing, I'm rather keen on October. You see, I've never been married in the autumn before.—Lunch.

A chap was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

Judge to prisoner—What is your name, your occupation and what are you charged with?

Prisoner—My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery.

Officer, put this guy in a dry cell.—The Inland Merchant.

"I don't know whether that chorus girl was stringing me or not."

"Huh?"

"But she spent an hour telling me how firmly she believes in Santa Claus."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, 1924.
W. H. QUIFFEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Grandstand Playing on Income Taxes.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.
When there is a free-for-all joust in the Munchausen business, the most monumental fib is always told by the last prevaricator who gets into the competition. Things work out in politics sometimes very much in that way.

A case in point is the political competition on tax revision that has been going on in Washington since Secretary Mellon put forth his plan for a general reduction all along the line.

It was a foregone conclusion that the democratic minority would scan the Mellon plan, item by item, and make substitute proposals with an eye to the voting business in the coming campaign. It also was a foregone conclusion that if the democrats (same second in the competition) the insurgent republicans, as the third group of contenders, would voice out the democratic proposals on the lower rungs of the income tax ladder, and blow up the items on the higher rungs.

This, of course, is precisely what has happened. The insurgents are bound that the maximum surtaxes shall remain as they are—50 per cent, and they make this percentage apply on incomes in excess of \$20,000.

If the insurgents are right in their general position regarding surtaxes on the higher incomes, they should not have been content with having the maximum stand as it is today.

They should have insisted on going back to the original rate which, if we recall, was 68 per cent, or perhaps they should have gone even higher. The fact that they do not do the whole distance may be interpreted as a tacit confession on their part that there is something in the assertion of Secretary Mellon that surtaxes can be so levied as to defeat their own purpose—the exaction of heavy levies on the higher incomes.

Secretary Mellon formulated his plan on a basis which he believed to be scientific in the light of actual experience in the working of the "higher brackets." His procedure was kind so that of the actual practices of the insurance companies. Does the democratic minority so predicate its proposals? If so, is it reasonable to think that those outside the Treasury department are as competent as those within the Treasury department to say what the revenue possibilities are under a given schedule of rates?

The Treasury department has made long, detailed and careful study of the operation of the income schedule of today as compared with the operation of the former schedule. It has had immediately at hand all the data possible to collect. It ought to be better equipped than any group of officials or citizens not so fortified with facts to devise a safe, sound and reasonable revision, and by that kind of revision is meant a revision that coordinates incomes to necessary expenditure and tends to the least discouragement of the investment of capital in productive enterprise.

On its face the democratic proposal may sound better to the casual thinker

or among taxpayers than the Mellon proposal, and the insurgent republican profusion even better than that of the democratic minority. The fallacy of this sort of comparison lies in the fact that there is an indirect as well as a direct burden of taxes on the people as a whole.

Fellowship in Industry.
From the Christian Science Monitor.
There is convincing logic in the conclusion advanced recently by Mr. Sherwood Eddy, associate general secretary of the foreign division of the Y. M. C. A., that whereas mankind has made great progress in mastering so-called physical forces, there exists the need of a more complete "mastery of the moral forces."

In an address delivered before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Eddy made it quite plain just what he meant by this observation. He returned to the United States from a survey of industrial conditions in 22 countries of Europe and Asia. There he found what he regards as unmistakable evidence of unrest, due chiefly to the oppression of labor by selfish, profiteering employers. He says there is cause for the dissatisfaction which results in 4,000 industrial strikes annually in Japan, India and China, where the workers toil for a mere pittance, and where, in some cases, the factory owners average an annual profit of 100 per cent on their investment.

It was not intimated that mankind has not realized that a way has been found to overcome this menacing unrest. The way has been found. All that remains is to put into practice the unselfish methods which, by actual proof, have been shown to be effective as well as practical. For many years, in some of the principal industrial plants of the United States, employees have under the name of welfare or fellowship movements, sought to apply the Golden Rule to industry.

Recently attention was rather unostentatiously called to the annual "Fellowship" meeting held by the employees and employes of the Commonwealth Steel company of St. Louis, Mo., at its great plant in Granite City, Ill. Some 650 workers, classified under the heading "54-10-12-15-18 and 20-year men" attended the meeting, with their families. The terms of service of some of those longest employed coordinate the period during which President Hoover and other officials of the company have unceasingly sought to apply, in all departments of their business, the true fellowship idea.

There is more than mere welfare in the fellowship rule in industry. Genuine fellowship embraces a sharing of opportunity and a division of responsibility, and consequently a fair division of the rewards which certainly follow Fellowship embraces welfare, unquestionably, but welfare as that theory is sometimes adapted to industry, does not necessarily comprehend actual fellowship.

The Golden Rule can be applied to business and industry. Conspicuous

proof of this fact has been given. The stumbling block in the way of many really unselfish employers is the lack of moral courage to declare their adherence to an old-fashioned rule. If all that Mr. Sherwood Eddy tells us is true, there is serious need of realization of the necessity of establishing closer and better relationships between those who work and those who pay. The unrest in industry now so apparent will become more marked, more aggravated, as undeniable inequalities are realized and magnified.

Just Like Reggie.
"Father named his new foxhound after you, Reggie."

"I wonder what put that idea in his head?"

"He says the dog doesn't know enough to keep a scent when he's got it."—Boston Transcript.

The Latest Creation.

Caller—So the angels have brought you a new baby sister.

Elsie (disgustedly)—To see the fuss nurse makes over her you'd think she came from Paris.—Boston Transcript.

Abe Martin



"What sort of o'ientelle have you got," asked a show agent of Manager Crow o' the Melodeon Hall t'day. "Not any, th' town won't support one," he replied. Joe Moon wuz raised t'day before he'd hardly tapped his resources. (Copyright, 1924)

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