

# Moving Along With The Crowd . . . By Paul Jay

It's a common malady, not contagious and not necessarily hereditary. Some folks are born with it; others just catch it but once you've got it there's no getting rid of it. Maybe you've got it and don't even know it. What is it? The writers itch.

I've had it all my life, even from my high chair days when the only thing that would quiet me was a pencil and a piece of paper. Of course distinction didn't come to me all at once, neither did it to Walter Winchell. Take note you aspiring young literary geniuses. After you've written your first million words and packed them away for safe keeping you may reasonably hope to achieve what I have—the privilege of writing a whole column for your paper.

Am I proud? "I'm just delighted." And so's my old typewriter. It's such a faithful and true friend. It's old, one of the kind, you know where the capital letters live upstairs and the small ones down. No hard feelings. Just class distinction.

All we need now is your approval. I've never received a fan letter in my life and I'm not going to tell you how old I am either, but I want you all to write to me. I'm going to share honors with you. We'll make this column a family affair, while we'll talk over all sorts of things. Yes, we'll settle all the world's difficulties and your grandchildren and mine will point to us as the Saviors of our country. But here's your part of the New Deal. You positively must read this column. It's yours. After you've finished it write and tell me how no account it is and what we ought to do to bolster it up before the editor takes it away from us. If we don't succeed the fault is yours not mine—Oh, no indeed.

We're going to talk about all sorts of little intimate things. The thing that every day folks like you and I are interested in. Just what is it that makes life pleasant and worth while for you? I'm sure the same things that interest you will be vitally important to me.

#### Vacation Time

Somehow it didn't seem quite fair. Everywhere I turned I was reminded of the fact that now was the opportune time to forget one's cares and hide themselves away to mountains and lakes, where one could revel in the delights Old Mother Nature had prepared for her children. She seemed like a rather partial mother to me.

Vacation! Why I might as well dream of a trip to the moon. I had not the means either financial or locomotive to transport myself to any of those delightful places, far afield, away from the city's dust and heat where one may relax and gain new strength for the tasks ahead.

I could have enjoyed sitting idly by some meandering stream, dropping my line into the cool waters of a mountain rivulet, watching the trout dash flush like gleaming arrows far beneath me. I would have thrived while I walked far out into the stream to cast my line into the shallow depths of some gleaming pool, but woe is me, vacation days for so many of us are only dream days filled with idle fancies never to be realized.

My wife felt about as bad about the matter as I did. I take it from what she said that housekeeping isn't so much easier than a lot of things men do. She wanted to pick mountain flowers like the ones she'd read about in books, wild chrysanthemums and sweet williams. She wanted to take the children and picnic in some shady nook, tucked away from view, where the children could wander barefoot on some sandy beach, or hunt for tiny glistening shells along the waters edge.

Oh, the thought of it all drove me to distraction. Why couldn't I give my family what other men gave theirs. Well, I finally decided after a spell there were a lot of men these days who weren't doing all the things they'd like to do. I decided I belonged in their class. I told my wife so. She's a good pal. She brushed back the hair from her damp forehead, caught up the baby and dropped into a rocker beside me on the front porch.

The front porch, in summer has for years been the place for the family round up. Billy generally sits astride of the railing. Maybe it's not quite as exciting as mounting a broach, but it seems to be quite satisfying to a six year old. Marybell, since she's started to High School is too dignified for this sort of thing. She prefers the orch swing.

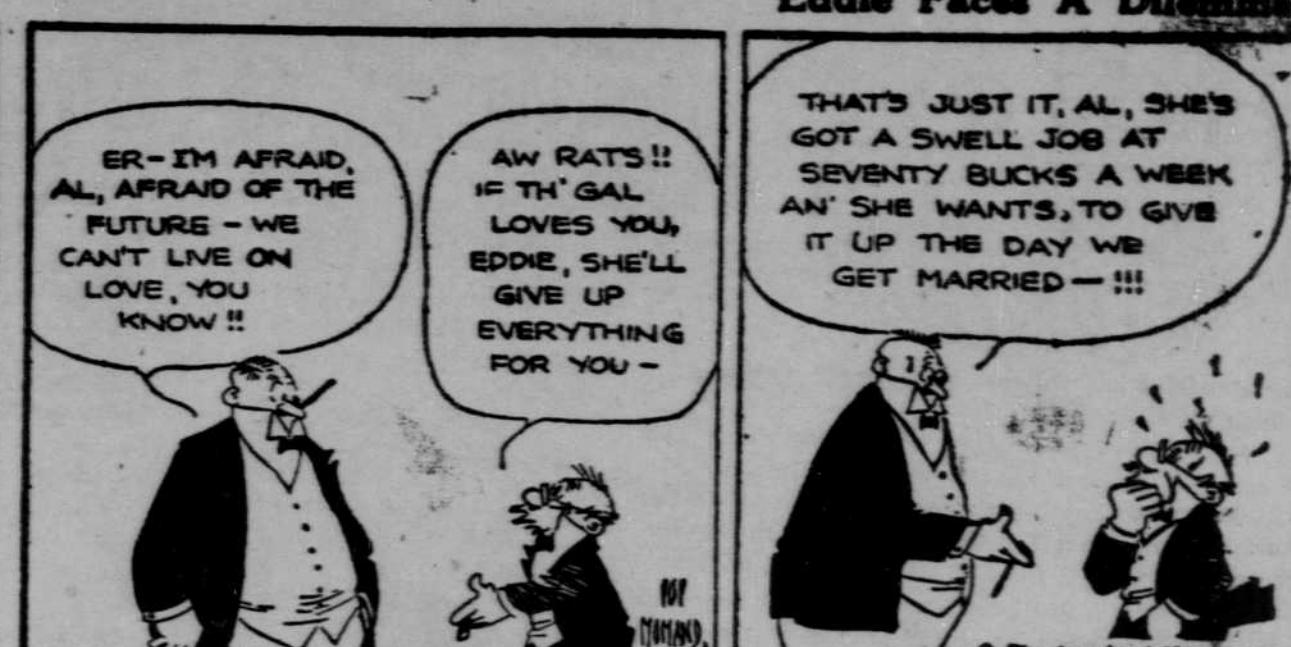
While we all sat in general assembly Marybell began "Oh, I don't see why we can go some place? It's so hot here. So many folks are having vacations now. There it was. Just what Ma and I'd been thinking about but hadn't said much about—Because we knew it wouldn't do any good to do anything. It was about all we can do to keep the big, bad wolf shooed away from the front door as it was.

As usual it was my wife who came to the rescue. She always does. "Tell you, Dan" she said "what we'll have to do. We've got to have a vacation. We all need it just like everybody else does. I know you can't get away from your work very well, but I be-

#### "KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



#### Eddie Faces A Dilemma



live that you could get away once in a while and here's what we're goin' to do.

"Well ordered vacations, like charity begin right at home. We're going to live outdoors, eat and sleep outdoors this summer and here's how we're going to do it. We've been wantin' a screened in porch ever since we've been married and now we're going to get it. It won't cost anything like what a vacation away from home would and once we get it we'll have it ready for all the years ahead.

Mother was right. It didn't cost very much and it didn't take very long to transform that big, roomy front porch into an outdoor living room. Everyone who came into it said "UM and ah and oh! how lovely it was."

Jenny's always handy at fixing up things. She and Marybell came the possessors of cans of paint and brushes. Even Bobby insisted on helping with the job. The whole family over night became color minded. It took a lot of persuasion on Jenny's part to keep her assistants from indulging in too radical a development of their ideas. When it came to painting the back of the porch swing carse and the inside orange and one end of the window boxes blue and the other pink she drew the line. Some folks dislike the smell of paint but my family don't. They just seem to revel in it.

I'm not saying just how I felt about the matte, but I tried to bear it all bravely. Everyone was doing their best to produce the porch beautiful. Why should I hamper them? I didn't and before long we had a veranda or piazza or however it was they used to speak of the porches in the Victorian era, which had no equal anywhere up and down the street.

And then a funny thing happened. So many of our neighbors with whom we had had only a speaking acquaintance would stop for a moment to admire, to congratulate. We'd ask them. They'd drop into our comfortable old rockers, so gay in their new adornment and they'd tarry a while. If the day was warm and they were tired they'd stay even longer than they had planned. Before we realized it our home was becoming the magnet which attracted the people of the neighborhood. In the experience we were learning to understand and appreciate each other.

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#### MOSSMAN FOR COUNTY ATTY. CLUBS OPENS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Harland L. Mossman, the well known Omaha lawyer is making a vigorous campaign for the democratic nomination for County Attorney.

Mr. Mossman is a member of the Federal-State Relief Committee, and has been active in helping guide the relief activities successfully. He is a warm supporter of the Roosevelt policies, and a personal friend of the President.

In his campaign for County Attorney, Mr. Mossman makes it plain that he will be controlled by no clique or faction, and that he has "no enemies to punish or friends to reward." "I have always felt that the office of County Attorney is one of the most important in Douglas County," he says. "It is also the office of all the county offices where the people's interests are most at stake, and most easily the prey of designing imposters and sinister influences. I would change the present policy of that office considerably."

The Mossman for County Attorney Headquarters have been established in suite No. 3 of the Wead Building, 18th and Farnam Street, and all friends are welcome.

HARLAND L. MOSSMAN

tic nomination for County Attorney. Wise political observers are picking

neath the whispering leaves of the old maple we'd fall asleep to awake with the dawn heralded by the bird calls of a feathered orchestra that never struck a false note.

See America first—yes, but take your next vacation on your front porch.

#### Senator Kean of New Jersey Favors Anti-Lynching Legislation

NEWARK, N. J. July 6—(CNS)—"I don't care whose bill it is, but some kind of an anti-lynching law is necessary to end the brutal practice of lynching," stated Senator Hamilton F. Kean of this State. In a speech here last Saturday, the Senator made the foregoing statement after explaining how his bill was side tracked by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, following its introduction at the opening of Congress.

"I went to two of the leading members of the Bar to get them to draft a rigid anti-lynching law that would give the Attorney General the power to send secret service men to any place where a lynching occurred and to gather the evidence for the prosecution of the lynchers. The Democrats side-tracked my bill and when it was released later on a \$50.00 cash bond, and at the trial they were fined \$10 and cost and given a 10 day suspended sentence.

#### DOROTHEA BELL IN ACCIDENT

Miss Dorothea Bell, 16, the popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bell, of 2425 Ohio St., escaped in-

juries, Tuesday July 3, when the car she was driving ran into a tree.

Miss Bell was driving, with five ball players in her car, when she hit the truck of Mr. R. A. Ramey of 4513 Fontenelle Blvd. Mr. Ramey was not injured, not even his glasses were broken. The accident happened at 18th and Nicholas Sts. Mr. Ramey was turning the corner at 18th and as he turned he slowed down, when he was struck from behind by Miss Bell's car. Turning the truck upside down. He crawled out from the wreck without a scratch.

#### WINS \$6,00 CLAIM BEFORE OHIO STATE INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

CLEVELAND, O.—(CNS)—Mrs. Colie Jackson of Bastrop, Louisiana, through her attorney, Frank Lyons, of this city, has been awarded a claim of \$6,00 for the injury and death of her son, Perkins Jackson. The injured son died as the result of being struck on the head while working for the Gilchristi Construction company of this city.



ROBERT SMITH

Robert Smith, candidate for the U. S. Senate on the Republican ticket in the Primary Election on August 14. Watch next weeks issue for the beginning of a series of Robert Smith's platform, which he wishes to acquaint his many friends with, for their constructive criticism.

Political Advertisement



GODEFROY'S  
LARIEUSE  
French HAIR Coloring

#### DULL FADED HAIR RUINS ROMANCE until...



#### Brilliant Jet Black Hair... Happiness-Honeymoon... Thanks to Godefroy's

But, Helen, HE SEMMED TO LOVE ME SO - AND NOW - FRANKLY DARLING, IT'S YOUR OWN FAUL MEN SIMPLY HATE FADED, GRAY, HAIR. TAKE MY ADVICE - USE GODEFROY'S

But suppose Helen's friends hadn't told her about Godefroy's? Don't YOU take a game with yourself? You know a hair that has stood every test for over forty years. It gives the hair that radiant, coal-black lustre that everybody admires. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Get Godefroy's French Hair Coloring at your favorite dealer's today, or send \$1.25 (stamps or post office money order) for full size bottle direct to Godefroy Mfg. Co., 2500 Olive St., St. Louis.

To yourself—if HE KNEW HOW LOVELY SWEETHEART I'M CERTAINLY A LUCKY FELLOW!

Just in time

for the wedding

or anniversary

or birthday

or any other occasion

when you want to look your best

and feel your best

and be happy

and be successful

and be loved

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