Mexican Problem Still Far From Being Adjusted

Insistence of Hughes on Treaty of Amity and Commerce Well Founded as Events Have Shown.

By HOLLAND.

In May of this year, the secretary of state, Judge Hughes had been in authority at the State department only two months. But among the first of the importnt matters which was called to his attention was the situation in Mexico. He became thoroughly informed respecting that situation and as a result made his first diplomatic move by proposing to the Obregon government that it enter into a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States, in which Mexico would bind herself to protect life and property in accordance with the established principles of international law.

The secretary of state especially emphasized the necessity of an agreement that article 27 of the constitution should not be interpreted as retroactive in its application to oil, mining and other property of Americans and other foreigners, which had been legally acquired under laws of Mexico, as those were prior to May 1, 1917.

Not any treaty of this kind or of any kind did President Obregon favor. In fact he intimated that a treaty of that kind would be an invasion of Mexico's dignity as a sovereign nation. Secretary Hughes thought it worth while to make public statement that if the Mexican government would not enter into an obligation in the form of a treaty such as the United States government suggested, then it would be necessary for this government to wait until a new government came into power in Mexico and one which would bind itself by treaty with the United States to fulfill its primary international obligations.

A New Watchful Waiting.

There followed a period of watchful waiting. And this involved long maintained silence. Representative Americans who were leaders in the American oil industry broke this silence when they visited Mexico to discuss the tax which had been imposed upon oil exports from Mexico. This tax was so excessive as to cause an immediate stoppage of the export of oil from Mexico. The Obregon government was in need of a large income and some part of this could have been obtained by a reasonable tax upon the exports of Mexican oil, but it was all lost when that tax became excessive.

At that time the announcement was made that the supreme court of Mexico had decided that Article 27 was not retroactive in itself. This decision seemed to remove the chief barrier to the restoration of amicable relations between the United States and Mexico. But opinion of that kind was not wholly justified, because the decision of the supreme court meant that Article 27 was not retroactive excepting in the particular case which was brought before it, and therefore the decision cannot be held to apply to any other case. The rules of civil proceedings which are enforced in Mexican courts state that a decision in a certain case shall not be cited or invoked as precedent for a decision in the trial of a similar case.

Court Power Limited.

Now it is beginning to be understood that a Mexican court has not the power to rule that Article 27 is not retroactive. President Obregon, as our own State department well knows, is advised by some of the ablest lawyers in Mexico. Therefore, he must know that the effect of the decision in the Texas oil case was wholly limited to that case, and that with the exception of the Texan oil case, Article 27 stands as it has always been interpreted by President Obregon.

It looks as though Obregon and his advisors have been struggling with a sort of diplomatic strategy to overmatch or checkmate the diplomacy of Secretary Hughes. But there is beginning to be a good understanding in Mexico of the ability of the secretary of state and his capacity always to find a firm foundation for any stand that he may take. He knew what he wanted when he asked for a treaty as a preliminary to the recognition by the United States of the Obregon government. He knew that a treaty becomes the supreme law of the land and cannot be changed, and he knew well the peculiar diplomacy of Mexico as well as the influence of the German propaganda.

Oil Not Only Question.

Secretary Hughes also knows that the oil question is not the only one pending between the United States and Mexico. It may be the most conspicuous but is not the only important one. It is one of many which are involved in the German-inspired bolshevists constitution of 1917. All these might be answered satisfactory were the United States and Mexico to draw up and to ratify a treaty of amity and commerce based upon the obligations of international law.

Secretary Hughes is not exclusively interested in the oil situation in Mexico. He has equally in mind the claims of miners whose property has been taken from them and also the claims of thousands of American farmers whose property has been confiscated. He also knows that under the constitution of 1917 an American cannot acquire property in Mexico excepting in certain districts. If he does acquire property he must expatriate himself, so far as the property is concerned, by giving his pledge not to appeal to his home government for protection in the event of dispute over title or taxes. This is all outside of the oil situation in Mexico.

Problem Still Unsettled.

All that has really been done in the past three months means no more than that the Mexican problem remains as much of a problem today as it was last May, when Secretary Hughes demanded of Mexico a treaty which would place Americans in a situation where perfect protection to life and property could be maintained.

There appears to be little hope that formal amicable relations between the United States and Mexico can soon be established, because Secretary Hughes will not depart from his original purpose of securing a treaty of amity and commerce prior to this government's recognition of Mexico, while on the other hand there is little hope that Obregon will yield to the secretary of state, so that a treaty may be written and ratified. Therefore, it looks as though a period of watchful waiting will characterize the relations between the United States and Mexico, or rather the lack of relations. If there were a treaty and if the United States should recognize Mexico after a treaty had been ratified, trade relations with Mexico would increase enormously and Mexico would be all the better prepared to meet its long delayed international financial obligations.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

The diamond, which might also be called a victory stone, is today's talismanic gem. Those who wear it will never suffer defeat, according to ancient superstition. Nor will they know regret. As one old legend admonishes,

". . . diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears for vain repentance flow, this stone emblem of innocence is known."

No harm can befall those whose birth anniversary this is if they wear their natal stone, the topaz. This gem, which is believed to imprison the rays of the sun, is an antidote for worry and anxiety. To wear it, is to dispel all fear.

Pink is today's fortunate color. It is a symbol of happiness and bodily and mental health.

The lavender chrysanthemum is a significant flower today.

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THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

TURN OVER—YOUR ON YOUR BACK

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith

Copyright, 1921 Chicago Tribune Company

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

"REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

(Copyright, 1921, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

The Way the Wounded Trooper Reached the Hospital.

Across Capt. Hasting's face swept the look of amazed deference which the sight of Lillian's badge denoting her rank in the secret diplomatic service always brings to the initiated. There followed instantly another look, that of relief, which told me how much the threat of Smith to communicate with a higher troop officer at Kingston had affected the youth.

"If you know what's good for you, Smith," he called out cavalierly, "you'll look at this before you start anything."

I noticed the loungers eye each other in amazement that any one should dare to treat the great man of the region with anything else but awed respect. But their astonishment must have been deepened when Smith stalked toward the car, craned his neck around Hastings, and looked at the badge. I was watching him closely, and I saw that he not only recognized its meaning, but that it carried an especially alarming message to him. He gazed up at me with eyes like those of an animal which sees some unexpected danger.

"Where did—what—" he stammered. With a sudden impulse—indeed, it was as if I were impelled by something outside myself—I leaned across Capt. Hastings, speaking slowly, incisively:

"Never mind where I obtained this. Simply remember that I have it, and that I never forget faces—or voices."

I sent the car forward as I spoke the last word, but not too soon to see the pasty pallor, which had replaced his high flush. I knew that Capt. Hastings was looking at me curiously, although I did not turn my eyes toward him. And we had gone two miles down the road before he spoke.

"All is Discovered."

"I wonder if you would be willing to tell me what you meant by that last speech to Smith?" he asked a bit diffidently.

"Sorry," I returned dubiously, "but as I don't really know what I meant myself, I couldn't. It just occurred to me that he was altogether too interested in fastening this attack on us, and the fantastic notion came to me that he might have had something to do with it himself. And—oh, you know the old ruse of sending the telegram with 'All is discovered, fly at once,' to a dozen men selected at random, don't you,"

"And having three of them skip to parts unknown upon the receipt of the wire!" he answered with a laugh in his voice. "But I'm afraid you are on the wrong track in this case if you think he had anything to do with this attack. He's always been especially chummy with state troopers, done us many favors, and I know that our commander regards him very highly. There could be no possible motive. I think his actions tonight toward you people were due to his natural arrogance in running things, his tendency to snap judgments. Of course, his agitation at your little parting speech probably means that there's an unsavory secret in his life somewhere, but I can't believe that he had anything to do with this attack on Hen! Why, Hen was one of his favorites among the boys!"

What the Colonel Asked.

"No doubt you're right," I answered, with almost complete sincerity. "Which way do I turn at the next corner?"

"To the left. How is he, doctor?"

"Still alive." The physician's voice startled me. I had not realized until then that he was in the car. My cursory glance had mistaken him for one of the wounded boy's comrades. "But don't slacken your pace if you can help it."

"I can increase it if you think best," I returned. "The road is clear in the moonlight, and there's no traffic."

"No, this speed is safer," the physician decided, and no one spoke again until we drew up before the hospital in Kingston.

I paid a mental tribute to the efficiency of young Hastings when I saw how completely he had arranged by telephone for the reception of the wounded boy, and the presence of his superior officer. He must have seen to these things before we came back with Dr. Moss, for I had seen his every movement, almost heard his every word since. And the young trooper had been turned over to the surgeons in waiting and rushed to the operating table, young Hastings came to the reception room, where I sat waiting with Mr. Cosgrove, accompanied by a soldierly-looking man of middle-age, whom he introduced as Col. Travers.

I scrutinized this man furtively but closely as he entered. I could not believe that the man Smith had spoken the truth when he claimed any influence over this splendid specimen of military American, and the result of my scrutiny only strengthened my opinion. That he had been the guest of the other man, in some sense the comrade, I did not doubt, but the confidant—never!

"And now," Col. Travers said to me after his introduction, "if you are not too tired will you please give your version of this thing from the beginning?"

Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING.

Pearls.

There is an ancient and deeply-rooted superstition that pearls have such a sympathetic connection with their owner that they lose their luster when the owner sickens and change to a dull and lifeless hue when the owner dies. Madame Thiers had a famous necklace of pearls presented to her by her husband, the president of France, which she left in her will to the French nation. The story at once began to go abroad that these pearls had "sickened and died," owing to the death of their owner. This story appeared at intervals for several years and came to be accepted by the majority of people as a "strange fact." Then Dr. George Frederic Kunz, an authority on the history of precious stones, went to the Louvre, where the necklace was deposited, and made an examination. The pearls were in perfect condition. He had the director of the Louvre museum write him a letter on the subject and the director in the letter stated that the pearls were then and had always been in a perfectly "healthy" state. The story had no foundation whatever and yet there are thousands today who will quote you Madame Thier's pearls as a proof of the truth of the superstition.

Dr. Kunz suggests that this idea of the "sickening and death" of pearls was invented by unscrupulous persons to account for the deteriorated appearance of gems which were no good in the first place. But the antiquity and ubiquity of the superstition would hardly bear out that supposition. The origin of the superstition must be looked for among those mystic and mythological conceptions with which the ancients surrounded the pearl, principally, it would seem, because of the (to them) mystery of its origin. The dews of heaven, according to Pliny; the tears of the Naiads, according to the Greeks; the blood of a princess, according to the Tonquinese, are among the many origins anciently assigned for the pearl. And always the pearl has been accredited with possessing a particular affinity with its owner or wearer. Some primitive people today wear them as amulets to bring them health and luck, while others reject them as bringing bad luck and sapping their vitality. As late as 1692 a German scientist seriously discussed the question as to whether the mysterious deaths of Popes Leo IV and Paul II might not have been largely caused by the great number of pearls those pontiffs were in the habit of wearing.

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WHY—

Are Certain Kinds of Stews Called "Hash?"

Comedians and others who profess to obtain amusement from the contemplation of the various ingredients which enter into the dish now known as "hash"—a form of food which runs a close second to prunes in its mirth-provoking propensities—owe a debt of gratitude to the French language, for "hash" is obtained directly from the French by the elimination of the finaly syllable of "hashis" pronounced "hashee."

The hashed-up or cut-up food in question did not begin to be known as "hash" until our forefathers tired of calling it "hashee" in close imitation of the French noun derived from the verb "hasher," to cut, chop or shred, which, in turn, came from the same Tuetonic source as our own verb "to hack." Being famous for their cooking, the French early recognized the tasty appetizing qualities of cooked meats cut into small bits and highly seasoned with various kinds of sauces and condiments. This "hachis" made its appearance in England many years ago, but it did not take long for the word to be shortened by the elimination of the final "ee" sound and, now, speaking literally, "hash" is a synonym for a little of everything. There is no foundation, however, for the legend that the name of the dish came from the fact that the cook who originated it conceived the idea while under the influence of "hashish" or hemp—from which the word "assassin" is directly derived.

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Parents' Problems

Is a girl's camp a good place for a girl of 12 to spend the summer?

An excellent place, if a good camp. But the best place for such a girl is in a camp made up of her own sisters, and brothers and parents. The best camp is the family camp.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Winning First Prize.

Henrietta Hen was waiting as patiently as she could for the fair to come to an end. She tried to close her ears to the boasts of her

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As for Henrietta, she didn't quite know how to act.

neighbors on either side of her, that they were going to win the first prize. She had heard too many unpleasant remarks about herself to have even the slightest hope of winning any prize at all—let alone the first.

"Anyhow, we'll be going home tonight," Henrietta said to herself. "And I'll never, never, never come to another fair. I'll go and hide way up high in the haymow where they can't find me before I'll spend another week in a place like this."

While he was muttering under her breath like that some men came up to her pen. And Henrietta Hen promptly squatted down in the furthest corner of it, hoping they would not say anything disagreeable about her. She didn't even look at her callers. And soon they moved away.

Then Henrietta lanced up. She noticed something blue dangling from the front of her pen. And there was a greater commotion than ever on all sides of her.

"What is it?" she cried. "What has happened?"

Neighbor Number 1, on her right, shot a spiteful look at her.

"Those stupid judges!" she spluttered. "They've made a terrible blunder. They've gone and given you and your chicks the first prize. And of course it was meant for me and mine!"

"It wasn't!" screamed Neighbor Number 2. (On Henrietta's left.)

"That prize was intended for me and my children!"

"Who won second and third?" cried a noisy hen from across the way.

"They're both at the other end of the hall!" somebody shrieked.

"It's an outrage! It isn't fair! We've been cheated!" Henrietta Hen's nearest neighbors clamored. But nobody paid any attention to them.

As for Henrietta, she didn't quite know how to act. She had intended, when she left home, to do a good deal of strutting back and forth in her pen, with now and then a pause to preen herself, to make sure that she looked her best. But somehow she no longer cared to put on grand airs, as of old. She remembered that some of the other hens at the fair had been haughty and proud and had smoothed their feathers, declaring boldly that they expected to win the first prize.

Henrietta had heard it said that fine feathers don't make fine birds. And she knew at last what that meant. It meant that gay clothes and lofty ways and boastful talk were of no account at all.

So Henrietta tried to behave as if nothing unusual had happened. She told her chicks that they were going home that evening, and that she would be glad to be back on the farm again, among plain homefolks.

At last Johnnie Green and his father came to load Henrietta and her family into the wagon.

"Well," said old horse Ebenezer to Henrietta. "Did you enjoy the races?"

"I didn't have a chance to see them," she replied.

"That's a pity," he told her. And then he asked her, "What's that blue tag hanging from your pen?"

"That—" said Henrietta—"that means that my chicks won the first prize."

"She helped win it herself!" cried old dog Spot, who was yelping about the wagon. "Our little speckled hen was the best hen at the fair."

"Nonsense!" Henrietta exclaimed. But all the same, she couldn't help being pleased.

THE END.

(Copyright, 1921, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

The Bee Book Shelf

Andrew Tallente married for money.

His wife married for social position.

And so, as it should be, they couldn't get along.

Tallente lost his seat in Parliament, and returning to his country estate, struck his secretary, Anthony Palliser, who had conspired with Andrew's wife and stolen precious political papers from him.

Palliser crashed through the railing at the cliff edge and went sprawling into the mists below.

Andrew and his wife agreed to separate; his political party turned him loose, and he became "Nobody's Man" until he met Lady Jane Parthington.

Ignoring the shadow of his wife in the background, she succeeded in restoring partially his lost confidence in himself and he took a prominent place in the councils of the new democratic party.

Then the missing political papers turned up in dangerous hands.

There is plenty of excitement in "Nobody's Man," a story of English politics by E. Phillips Oppenheim. His portrayal of the modern English woman of the post-war unconventional type, is intensely interesting. Of course, his plot is full of surprises handled after the fashion of the Oppenheim inventive genius.

Lady Jane is worth knowing.

"Nobody's Man" is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

"'Beau' Rand."

That's a rootin', tootin', scootin' son-of-a-gun-of-a wild west story by Charles Alden Seltzer.

Beau's a two-gun guy; good lookin', son of an old outlaw from whom he inherited the passion to kill, which, however, in curbed continually by the memory of his sweet, old-fashioned mother.

He's rearin' the young son of his neighbor, Seddon, who refused to recognize the boy, Bud, as his illegitimate son by a dance hall girl, now dead.

Seddon's daughter, Eleanor, returns from "gettin' eddicated" at Denver, is warned by her father against Beau, who he fears will tell of Bud, meets the two-gun rancher, and promptly falls in love with him.

Then Seltzer, in his fast, bristling, woolliest manner, piles up troubles galore for Beau to cause him to lose favor in the eyes of Eleanor.

Beau's rival, in love with Eleanor, too, "frames" with the sheriff and a "killer" to "get" Beau. Eleanor is led to believe Bud is Beau's son by a dance hall girl who visits her under cover of night to tell the story, and then Eleanor stumbles across the gang robbing the stage. The leader is riding Midnight, Beau's favorite horse.

A posse sets out to hang Beau because of this evidence. A drunken Mexican attacks Eleanor. Beau's range boss protects her from him, only to be shot down, as is also her father, by the bandit leader and his hired killer.

And just then, in the "nick of time," Beau appears in the doorway, a pistol in each hand.

For lovers of wild west tales, "'Beau' Rand" has the goods—action, thrills, suspense, intrigue, gun fights, range riding, stage robbery and the love theme. Seltzer's way of bringing in the love element this time is different. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

American Masons to Open Child Hospital in Mexico

Mexico City, Mex., Nov. 24.—American Masons have become interested in the opening here of a hospital for crippled children, and it is probable that a structure costing about $200,000 will be erected. At this hospital children will receive free medical and surgical treatment.

Husband and Wife

My wife bought a Polly and sits on the back stoop to talk to it.—T. J. ☠.

What does your wife do?

Copyright, 1921, George Matthew Adams.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Sidney Hocks ought to have been a comedy show man. He reports a strange case from Calf Ribs neighborhood. He says a young lady a few days ago was trying to learn to sing, and had a piece of music pinned up on the wall in front of her, and just as she was about to make a note, the music fell, and she sprained her voice.

* * *

The Depity Constable has been kept busy here of late with the law violators, and is out today on a new

case. He wore his new set of whiskers and changed his voice so mucn he didnt look like the same person.

* * *

The Postmaster has received his new pair of specs and they are such good ones a mouse looks as big as a rat ten feet away.

Where It Started

Public Drinking Fountains.

The first use of public drinking fountains was in the 7th century, in the reign of King Ethelfryde of England. He is credited with constructing "wells" where travelers might drink, with copper cups for the use of the thirsty. Human nature was much the same then as now; the chronicle states that the cups were "faste chayned!"

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Omaha Produce

Furnished by State of Nebraska, department of agriculture, bureau of markets and marketing:

LIVE POULTRY.	Wholesale Buying Pr.	Wholesale Selling Pr.
Broilers	$0.18@$0.21	$0.20@$0.24
Springs	.14@ 15	.17@ .18
Hens, light	.13@ .15	.16@ .18
Hens, heavy	.18@ .20	.20@ .23
Cocks	.10@ .12	.12@ .15
Ducks	.16@ .18	.22@ .24
Geese	.12@ .16	.20@ .22
Turkeys	.25@ .30	.35@ .36
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Broilers	.....	.30@ .32
Springs	.18@ .20	.22@ .25
Hens	.17@ .22	.20@ .27
Cocks	.12@ .14	.18@ .20
Ducks	.24@ .27	.30@ .35
Geese	.22@ .23	.23@ .30
Turkeys, heavy	.36@ .40	.40@ .48
EGGS.		
Case count, $14.50@15.00.		
Select, fresh	.50@ .52	.53@ .60
No. 1	.47@ .50	.47@ .52
No. 2	.32@ .35	.35@ .40
Cracks	.30@ .32	.32@ .35
Storage, according to grade	.....	.28@ .38
BUTTER.		
Creamery, prints	.....	.46@ ....
Creamery, tub	.....	.44@ .45
Country, best	.30@ .33	.33@ .36
Country, common	.23@ .26½	.28@ .30
BUTTER FAT.		
At stations	....@ .35	....@ ...

FRUITS.

Bananas: Per lb., 7@8c. Oranges: Size 216, $6.00@7.00; size 250 $5.50@6.00; size, 288, $5.00@5.50; size, 324, $4.00@5.00. Lemons: Box, $6.50@7.00. Pears: Keifer, bbl., $7.50. Grapes: Emperor, kegs, $7.00. Grapefruit: $4.00@4.50. Apples: Jonathans, according to grade, box, $2.50@3.00; Delicious, according to grade, box, $3.00@4.00; Rome Beauty, $2.25@3.00; Ortley, $3.50@4.00; Spits, C grade, $2.50. Cranberries: Per bbl., $18.00@20.00. Figs: 24-8 oz., $2.25@2.50; 12-16 oz., $1.50; 56 oz., $3.50. Dates: Dromedary, case, 18 lb., $6.50@6.75.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes: Nebraska Early Ohios, No. 1, per cwt., $1.75; Nebraska Early Ohios, No. 2, per cwt., $1.50; Red River Ohios, $2.00@2.25. Sweet potatoes: Per bu., $1.50@1.75; bbl., $5.00@5.50. Celery: Jumbo, $1.25@1.50; Michigan, 60@65c. Head lettuce: $4.00@5.00. Leaf lettuce: 40@45c. Onions: Red Globe, 5½@6c; yellow, 6c; Spanish, 2.35. Cabbage: 1 lb., 2@2½c. Cucumbers: Doz., $2.00@2.50. Cauliflower: Crate, $2.00@2.25. Tomatoes: Lug, $3.25@3.50. Radishes: Doz., 25@35c. Squash: Hubbard, lb., 2½@3c. Turnips: lb., 1@2c. Carrots: Per lb., 1½@2c. Egg plant: Per crate, $2.50@3.00; Hampers, $3.50@4.00.

NUTS.

Walnuts: Black, lb., 5½c; English, lb., 33@35c; Brazil washed, 17c; Brazil medium, 16c. Pecans, No. 1, 18c. Filberts: Sicily, 30c. Peanuts: Jumbo, roasted, lb., 12½c.

HIDES AND WOOL.

Beef Hides—Green, salted, No. 1, late take off, per lb., 6@8c; No. 2, late take off, per lb., 5@7c; Green, No. 1, late take off, 4@6c; No. 2, late take off, per lb., 3@5c; green salted, old stock, per lb., 2@3c; green salted bull hides, per lb., 2c; green bull hides, per lb., 2c.

Pony and Glues—Each, 75c@$1.50.

Horse Hides—Large, each, $2.50@3.00; medium, each, $2.00; small, each, $1.50.

Sheep Pelts—Green salted, as to size and wool, each, 15@90c.

Shearlings—Green salted, as to size and wool, each, 5@15c.

Furs—The season has just opened for furs and they are bringing good prices.

Wool—Choice fine and ⅛ blood, per lb., 15@18c; choice medium and ⅜ blood, per lb., 12@15c; choice low ¼ blood, per lb., 10@12c.

HAY

Prairie No. 1 upland $11.00@12.00; No. 2 upland, $9.00@10.50; No. 3 upland, $7.50@8.50; No. 1 midland, $10.00@11.00; No. 2 midland, $8.50@10.00; No. 3 midland, $7.00@8.00; No. 1 lowland, $8.00@9.00; No. 2 lowland, $7.00@8.00; alfalfa choice, $17.00@18.00; No. 1, $15.00@16.00; standard, $12.00@14.00; No. 2, $9.00@12.00; No. 3, $6.00@8.00.

Oat straw, $8.00@9.00

Wheat straw, $7.00@8.00.

Wholesale prices of beef cuts are as follows: No. 1 ribs, 18½c; No. 2, 16½c; No. 3, 12½c; No. 1 loins, 22½c; No. 2, 18½c; No. 3, 13c; No. 1 rounds, 12½c; No. 2, 12c; No. 3, 10½c; No. 1 chucks, 8½c; No. 2, 8c; No. 3, 7c; No. 1 plates, 7½c; No. 2, 7c; No. 3, 5½c.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

The Desire to Go.

There are times with most of us when we feel like being "devilish"—want to do something out of the ordinary, regular routine.

We want to feel free from the dictates of society in general.

Energy screams for an outlet.

Subdued emotions cry for freedom of expression.

We feel hidebound, hampered, restrained.

We feel tempted to let society "go to thunder," and we forget that we have a reputation to maintain.

There is a longing to go some place where we can run, scream and be generally unconventional in dress and manner.

After one of these mental outbursts we wonder if there is something radically wrong with us, anyway.

We wonder if there is danger of our doing anything ridiculous.

But if such spells are not too frequent there is nothing alarming in a perfectly natural desire to exhaust steam.

Allowing oneself to become a slave to such emotions is dangerous and should be overcome.

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Jack and Jill

Jack was to spend the evening in town—a reunion of his college classmates.

Jill heard him rummaging in the hall closet and she knew instantly just what he sought—his cane.

Jack's cane was almost a household jest for he never carried it save when he went to college reunions, and just why, Jill burned with curioisity to know.

"Looking for your cane, hon'?" she called.

There came only a grunt in reply.

But presently the lord and master of the menage appeared with the thick bamboo stick in his hand.

"Honey," said Jill tentatively.

"Huh?"

"Tell me, darling," she said, "why do you carry your cane to the class dinners?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jack vaguely.

"Do the other fellows fetch canes?"

He eyed her sharply.

"Well, some of them do."

"I'm awfully curious to know—"

"Yes, you would be," said Jack, drily.

"But there must be a reason—it seems so mysterious," insisted Jill. "And you know, dear, I hate mysteries—especially about you."

"Nothing mysterious about it," said Jack ...drily. "I never go anywhere else that a cane seems appropriate, that's all."

"But we go to the theater," said Jill.

"Cane's in the way at a theater."

"And then when we go to church—"

"Always fallin over it in church," said Jack.

So Jack went off to town to his classamates' dinner with his precious and vastly mysterious walking stick.

"Oh, Jack—what happened to it?" demanded Jill when he let himself in just before midnight.

"What happened to what?" he returned blankly.

"Your cane?"

He looked annoyed.

"I—er—I left it."

"But where?"

He fidgeted uneasily.

"Aw, never mind," he said a little fretfully, "I'll get it."

And he searched in the brass bowl on the bookcase for a cigaret.

He did not tell Jill that he had left his cane in a taxi and that he was glad to be rid of it forever—the thing was such a nuisance.

But then, men are like that.

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