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ZOOM VERSION

Supt. James Stewart of the stage company will launch his boat in the Salt river tonight.

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SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1920

Every splendid enterprise is carried forward on the shoulders of a buoyant and steady enthusiasm. —Willisie Martin.

Asking A Square Deal
The interstate commerce commission is at present sitting at Los Angeles listening to evidence in a matter of great interest and concern to Arizona people. Complaint has been made by the Arizona corporation commission that passenger railroad rates from Missouri river points to points in the intermountain states are practically the same as rates from Missouri river points to Los Angeles, a considerably longer haul. In other words, that a person can buy a ticket from Kansas City, for instance, clear to the Pacific coast for no greater amount than a ticket costs from Kansas City to Phoenix. The corporation commission also has complained that passenger rates from the East to Southwest interior points are on an average one cent a mile more than from the East to Northwest interior points.

The injustice to the Southwest of such rates is, of course, evident, and a determined fight has been started to correct this, if possible, and put the Southwest, including Arizona, on the same plane of equality with the Northwest, now favored at the expense of the progress and development of this big section of the United States.

In spite of vigorous opposition on the part of intermountain states, it was been the established policy of the railroads to make the coast to coast freight rates lower than the actual mileage if compelled by competition, and not to reduce those rates to interior points in comparison. The claim is made by the railroads that such reduced coast to coast rates encourage production and economical distribution. But regardless of the discouraging of production and economical distribution in these interior states, but by these unfair rates, and in spite of a continued effort to have the rates equalized and justice thereby done, little relief has been secured. Coyness of freight in Arizona continues to pay the added burden of rates to make up for the cut in rates to coast points.

But in the matter of passenger rates, the injustice is even more glaring. The water competition in passenger coast to coast traffic amounts practically to nothing and in that respect there is little excuse for reduced rates to coast points. However, it is in the matter of tourist rates that Arizona is hardest hit. The great volume of this traffic finds every inducement in the way of mileage rates to travel all the way from the East to Pacific coast points, being compelled to pay the same rate if they desire to stop in Arizona, many miles this side of the coast. Volume of traffic is the excuse the railroads give for the lower passenger rates from the East to the Pacific Northwest than to the Southwest.

The outcome of this hearing before the interstate commerce commission will be awaited with interest by all Arizona people. It is another phase of an old fight that has been on for years to give the states of the Southwest a square deal in railway rates, both freight and passenger. Our only hope is that in time there may be some satisfactory results.

Not For Us
Jay E. House, the genial column conductor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, has been publishing among his merry quips extracts from the popular songs of twenty-five years ago. The publication, we may add, has been aided by the readers of his column, who have been sending him copies of these old friends. Whether their contributions are pointing the way to a revival of these defunct lyrics we are not prepared to say, but if they are, it appears to be time to register an emphatic protest, even after taking into consideration the "jazz" songs of the present moment.

There was an altogether too lugubrious tone about these faded compositions. There may have been a "little more rhythm than the effusions of today, but the whittlers all seemed afflicted with a chronic melancholia which made them look always on the seamy side of life. Death had no terrors for them, and they simply reveled in verbal pictures of woe and hard luck. With what quaverings of the voice we were once told that "the volley was fired at sunrise," whereupon "a fair-haired boy in a foreign land" was hurried into a premature grave because "the pardon came too late!" Then there was the weeping melody of the young woman who eternally asseruated that "gold could never buy her," and who consumed two stanzas and a chorus in asking some mythical personage to "make me your wife, that's all I ask of you." In like measure was the doleful little girl who informed us that once she was poor, but her father (evidently having become a proffiter), had made some extra cash, with the result that her mother had gone into society, so that now the aforesaid little girl must extend a general invitation to the world to "please come and play in my yard." Who, again, can forget Nellie and Mae, who were sisters, but whom Fortune had treated differently, Nellie being a lady grand and Mae an "outcast alone," or the fact that one day "we left our Myrtle in the tomb?" Or last but not least, there was this gem of purest ray serene, which should bring back to brave days of old in more ways than one:

"Mother, oh why did you leave me alone?
No one to pity, no friends and no home,
Dark is the night and the storm wages wild,
God pity Besie, the drunkard's lone child!"
As they say in the chaste confines of Cleveland, we are not intruded by these lachrymose ditties. We prefer infinitely to put on the record which reforms us that a dusky maiden in an abbreviated grass skirt is waiting for us on the beach at Waikiki, or that Tiddie-dee Winks is calling us in syncopated verse to the

accompaniment of a saxophone and a bass viol. It is only because of their innate joyfulness that we prefer these latter lyrics. But rather, we think, that we like better to gaze upon Annabelle in the flesh than in the tomb, and can catch more joy in the sunlight than in the rain.

A Great Jew
There died in New York the other day a great Jew. "Not Jacob shall thy name be called, but Israel," may well be said of Jacob H. Schiff, philanthropist, idealist, student of man, whose earthly career was dominated by the desire to advance the welfare of others. Loyal Jew and patriotic American, his life was filled with noble purposes that made him respected and beloved by all.

Rising to eminence in the field of modern finance, a giant among giants, yet he maintained a genuine sympathy with the masses that made him a real man. Senior member of one of the great banking houses of New York, Jacob H. Schiff was connected with many of the biggest financial transactions in the history of the country. Amassing a great fortune, he made it also his life work in later years so to distribute it that humanity might profit in greatest measure.

But he was not merely a giver of money. Throughout his long life he was untiring in his zeal in the cause of the poor and oppressed. He was a great factor in the relief work among the Jews, but he did not confine his good work to the people of his own race. During the war he was most active in all the relief work for the distressed of the war and he revealed himself to be non-sectarian in his benefactions.

The name of Jacob H. Schiff will shine as a brilliant guiding star in the story of the American Jew. He spent millions in good work for humanity here and abroad. In his death the Jewish race has lost a great friend, while the country has lost one of its greatest patriots and most valued citizens.

WHY BE DISCOURAGED?
DID YOU KNOW THAT—
"People do not lack strength; they lack will. They get into a rut and grow discouraged," said Victor Hugo.

Grant asked: "Why do men fail?" "Napoleon would have melted the rocks of St. Helena," he said, "before he would have remained a prisoner there, had he not lost that imperious will before which all Europe trembled."

"There are three kinds of people in the world," a writer in Eclectic Magazine said. "The wills; the won'ts; and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything."

The determination to win was emphasized by Seneca as he lay dying. "The thought of my mother who could not then sustain such a blow," he said, "and the thought that my ambitions were still unrealized restrained me, and I commanded myself to live." He lived for eighteen years after that and attended the funeral of his doctor.

Longfellow's determination enabled him to translate the "Inferno" while waiting for his coffee to boil. He persisted for years until the task was accomplished.

Harriet Beecher Stowe told friends that domestic cares alone prevented her from being a writer. But she snatched ten minutes a day and finally produced a book which made her famous throughout the world—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Determination enabled Mrs. Somerville to study botany and astronomy and to write books while her neighbors gossiped at back log. At eighty she published "Molecular and Microscopical Science" and was made a Doctor of Science by Cambridge University.

Have I a chance in life? Quintilian said: "While we are considering when to begin, it is often too late to start," and Shakespeare added: "Let's take the instant by the forward top."

THE SIGN OF FREEDOM

By Edmund Vance Cooke
Set me in some inner silence of an ancient, distant wood,
Where the mountains wear their rain-clouds, as a lady wears a hood,
Where some lake lies open-breasted to the kisses of the sun,
Where all earthly ills are ended and no sorrows yet begun.

Let me waken in the morning to the smell of smoking wood,
Let me kitchen at the camp-fire, till the coffee signals "Good!"
Let me lend the day to loafing as though labor were a crime,
Or as if hours were but pennies pilfered from the purse of time,
Loose me from the laws unwritten, to which man is born a slave,
And the symbol of my freedom be, I do not have to shave.

Let me hear the wordless wind-song, as it hushes me to sleep,
Let me breathe the breath of balsam that my gnomes may be deep,
But if I dream at mid-dark that an olden day is near,
And if my lids are loosened by the thrill of latent fear,
Then my cheek meshed in its blanket still will bid my heart be brave,
As I snuggle down rejoicing that I have not had to shave!

THE GREAT BOOK

Not only is the Bible the world's best seller. But it has proven the deepest mine for research of any book in the world. Beyond the great truths and interpretations there are those curious folk whom one might be called, as a type. Old figures, that have searched out even the last letter in the grand total of words in the Book.
Take Dr. Horns, for instance. In his introduction to the study of the Scriptures, he presents figures that occupied three years of his time to assemble. They are curious, perhaps, but of what value any reader may judge. Dr. Horns found that in the authorized version of the Bible there are 66 books—118 chapters, 41,173 verses, 772,746 words—and—mark you—3,568,480 LETTERS. That includes the figures of both Old and New Testaments. Of what value? For along comes another fellow and says: "Doctor, you are wrong, for there are 3,568,489 letters. Who's right? Who's going to count 'em all over again? And in the 14 books of the apocrypha there are 1,063,876 more letters."
But that isn't all the curious things these students have discovered. No, far from it. Because they have found that the 19th chapter of Second Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike; that the longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther; the shortest the 25th verse, 11th chapter of St. John; "Jesus went."
Nothing to read? Nothing to read? Why, how wonderfully interesting this big Book can become if one but searches out the romance, the tragedy, the comedy, and the wonderfully curious things it contains.

Every fall we hear the bunk about children reluctantly returning to school. A lot of them like to go.

THE BACK
PHOENIX MUST AND WILL HAVE A DRY LINE TO NOAH'S ARK
A Weekly With a Hump on It. We Cover the Desert.
Ariz., Oct. 2, '20
Eighty-Sixth Trip
Price: Tut! Tut!

C. G. H. Editor

AS OTHERS SAW US
Here's how the several correspondents with Gov. Cox's party painted their pictures of the Arizona visit to their millions of readers throughout the state. We quote from stories in the various papers, as follows:
Cleveland Plaindealer
The governor reached the fair grounds at Phoenix shortly after noon. He was in a motor, with his family down and the roads, where they were not paved, ankle deep in white dust. Notwithstanding these conditions, which rendered travel rather unpleasant, automobiles were parked along both sides of the streets leading to the grounds, and inside there were also hundreds of machines. Ranchmen and farmers had come from long distances to hear the candidate, and when he appeared on the speakers' platform in front of the grandstand he was given a wild, noisy welcome.

New York Herald
In Phoenix, Cox was a row between two automobile concerns which sought the honor of taking him for the thirty-mile trip to Mesa and Tempe. There was wrangling for an hour while the nominees were having breakfast, and when finally he emerged, he entered one of the two cars, waiting for him the owner of the other went away in a rage, taking with him five other automobiles adorned with flags intended for the other members of the party. There was much delight on the part of the Arizona committee that the day was so cool. The mercury registered only 59, which was much of a relief from the high temperatures of Phoenix. Cox and the members of his campaign caravan had been having in the Pacific Northwest. The dust everywhere was half an inch thick and the members of the party looked muddy when they perished.

Chicago Tribune
Gov. James M. Cox campaigned today in a land strongly Democratic in the past, but now filled with intense dissatisfaction over the administration's Mexican policy, which many voters hold responsible for the death of scores of Arizonians along the border.

Philadelphia Public Ledger
The Democratic candidate left his train at Phoenix this morning to ride over the fine concrete roads through the giant cactus country to address fair crowds at Mesa and Tempe, to visit wounded soldiers and then to speak to a large crowd at the state fair grounds at Phoenix following a lunch of barbecued steaks.

This is strong Democratic country and his receptions were most cordial. Victory here for Governor Cox by approximately 10,000 and the re-election of Senator Smith, a Democrat, are the confident hope of Democratic leaders, confirmed in most instances by Republicans who realize that 60 per cent of the registered vote is Democratic. A Republican governor, Thomas E. Campbell, seeks re-election. He won two years ago through schism in the Democratic ranks. There is every indication that Mitt Simms, the Democratic candidate, will be chosen.

Indians and Mexicans came out of their adobe houses on the parched hill-sides to swell the crowds of farmers for the four set speeches, hearing the Democratic nominee declare there is a Republican plot to force down prices of cotton and livestock in order to turn settlement against the Cox-Roosevelt ticket. This the Republicans are trying to accomplish.

FORTY YEARS AGO TODAY

Saturday, Oct. 2, 1880
Portland, Ore., Oct. 1.—President Hayes and party arrived here this morning and were received at the depot by Mayor Thomas who welcomed them to the city. Bells were rung, whistles blown and salutes fired. The streets were handsomely decorated and were lined with cheering crowds. The president appeared later on the balcony of the hotel and briefly thanked the citizens for the honor conferred upon him. Sherman followed and Mrs. Hayes also appeared, bowing and acknowledging the cheering throng.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 1.—Buell's move in grand force on the Apaches has resulted so far in failure.
Local
Frank Meador of Prescott arrived last evening.

Work has been commenced on the new Catholic church.
The Tip Top mine has just made its shipment of bullion for September, amounting to 25 bars valued at \$44,400. As the mill is only a ten-stamp affair and did not run a full month, this shipment speaks well for the quality of the ore.

Edward James Stewart of the stage company will launch his boat in the Salt river tonight.
Mr. Burg is building a residence, digging a well and making other improvements in the southern part of town.

C. A. Heaton arrived in Phoenix yesterday from southern California. He is an old type, having formerly been half owner of the Fresno Express and foreman of the Times office in Visalia. He comes with a view of permanent residence in our valley. Our former townsman, J. C. H. Luhrs, has returned to Phoenix and resumed business as barber in the court house block.

The military will soon have an opportunity of showing their spurs. The Indian tribes which have had considerable experience in fighting and in eluding pursuit, have turned out in earnest. The Chiricahuas, especially the bands of Geronimo, Juh, Sanchez and the other chiefs which have taken to the mountains will give our people a great deal of trouble unless the military can head them off. In attacking the Hudson ranch it would appear they are heading for the Dragon range, one of the old strongholds of Cochise in early days. Once in those mountains they will be hard to dislodge.

Detroit river prohibition guards, searching for smugglers of whisky from Canada, seized a motor boat and found it contained a bottle of champagne and a fine array of woman's clothing.

A postmaster's assistant in Leeds, England, accused of embezzling funds in his care claimed he was hypnotized and he'll be hanged. He was sent to jail for nine months to give the spell time to wear off.
Perpetual rumors that the czar and his family escaped execution at the hands of the Russian revolutionists received another check recently when an "eye-witness" told of the death of the royal personages.

UNAVOIDABLE
Bl Edith Rockwood
I've never been a socialist,
I never thought that I
Would ever be a socialist,
I'm not that kind of guy.
For all the socialists believe,
At least so I've heard say,
That every single cent you get
You ought to give away.
Although no socialistic dope
My sense of duty melts,
I find that every cent I get
I give to someone else who is
I give it to the groceryman,
The landlord and the doc;
The milkman and the laundryman;
Yes, every shining rock.
Each piece of kale that greets my eye,
I have to kiss a fond goodbye
And never seen again.
If I am not an altruist,
Socialistic lamb,
Benevolent and humanistic,—
Then tell me what I am?

WHY OUR MAID QUIT
In an honest effort to give misery all the company she can, the Camel's Back will print your own little tale of woe, telling the world why your maid quit. Just tell it in your own words (or those of your maid) and we'll come in and sit down. "Why, no, Hilda," I answered, "have a chair." She did, and opening a book, she takes out some papers and said, "I'm going to read you some poems that my aunt composed—you see I have an aunt who is a great poet." "Well, well, well," I exclaimed, trying to figure out some method of dodging this ordeal. I guess neither Jack or I enthused over the readings as we should have. Anyway, the next morning Hilda served notice on us that she was going to leave us at the end of the week, on the ground that she was being treated more like a stranger than a member of the family.

SECOND CALL
Our reader is reminded to get her item for our first annual cotton edition in before we go to press. Remember, we are offering a one-dollar bill for the best long-staple cotton song. Composer must be a resident of Arizona. "No objection to children." Only have a heart and send your stuff in in a legible shape. We have just pitched in the basket a contribution from the southern part of the state, eight pages long, written in a hand that would defy a writing expert. And it may have been good stuff, too. We don't mind handwriting if it is civilized.

Announcing another of our new songs, the first line of which we have just had composed, entitled, "If the Monarchs Were Made of Wood We'd All Have Silvers in Our Eyes."
The average man has no objection to his wife's voting. What he objects to is her attempts to vote for her own choice.
We can assure our patrons that there will be no reduction in the subscription price of this paper. Two tuts in our irrefragable minimum. Henry Ford doesn't control subscription prices of the dailies or weeklies.

Gov. Campbell spent the week end in Phoenix, recently.

B. Spear, mng. ed. of the Repub. is expected back Sunday from Ohio, etc. where he went to find out what all the fuss is about. Somehow we have a notion he will predict a Republican landslide.

With the prospect of being out of a job after Jan. 1, ye ed respectfully urges immediate legislation providing for some of these large free soup kitchens on wheels.

The University of New York has established a course to teach women the art of retail selling.

The only profession that women cannot practice in Delaware is that of law.

Every ton of sea water contains one grain of gold; at this rate there are \$6,000,000,000 tons of gold in the sea.

Jean White's Adventures in Arizona

Old Friends and Wine Colored Surroundings Are a Pleasant Combination For This Article.

"Why, Jean White, how in the world did you get out here and what, may I ask you are doing?" And there, standing in front of me was Mary Baird. Mary and I had been roommates at school for three years. And life had been one grand sweet song for us, chuek full of everything that goes to make up a modern education. And now here was Mary, away out here in Arizona.
"I'm enjoying the sunshine and the clear air and Phoenix," I answered. "But what are you doing here? I have heard you solemnly announce many times that there was nothing, positively nothing, that could induce you to leave New York. And yet here you are. How did it happen?"
"Oh, I'm just living here. I changed my mind about leaving New York. I am er—"

"Oh, yes, I see," I said. "I would like to know why I didn't hear about it."
"Well, it really was awfully sudden. One of these real quick affairs. Something like you see in the movies. This is a quick moving age, you know."
"Yes," I thought, "there is no argument here. This is surely a quick moving age. Here is Mary, married and out here in Arizona, when only a few weeks ago I was given to understand by she herself that she was going abroad with her parents. Girls are certainly the limit about changing their minds."

Mary and her newly acquired husband live in a perfectly adorable little bungalow in the north end of Phoenix and yesterday evening after work I went out there. Buried in a big chair I spent a thoroughly delightful evening. Mary was a link to my old home and I think one always links like that, don't you?
And where, my dear, did you get this heavenly chair?" I asked. "It is absolutely the most comfortable chair that I have ever fallen into. And so good looking."
The chair in question was a huge overstuffed affair of three pieces. I tried every one of them and I can assure you that they have everything in the line of chairs and davenport that I know anything about heaven.

"Aren't they great?" replied my hostess. "They came from the Ford-Levy furniture store. We are awfully proud of them. I fell in love with them at first sight, but was afraid they would be too expensive. But they weren't, so here they are. Actually, that furniture store has so much good looking stuff that I nearly lost my mind trying to decide which I wanted. But the salesmen were so nice about assisting me that the problem was easily solved. There are a number of other living room sets in the store just as attractive as this one. And we purchased our dining room set there, too. It is of American walnut and is especially nice for this country as the dust doesn't show. The table has a number of leaves to lengthen it and there are five chairs and a host's chair—all leather seated. And purchasing it did not break us up, either."

By the way, did you know that the Ford-Levy store has moved from their old location on East Adams street to a splendid new building at 116-118 West Adams street. The new store is lovely and has such grand big windows that every part of the store is well lighted. That is such a help in selecting colors, don't you think?

LET THE TOWN PUMP



Sundry citizens of this village foregathered at the clubhouse 'other eve and discussed the proposed municipal-county bldg. No casualties reported. The next gas attack will be announced in ample time.

Sally Jacobs is back putting a little kick into the Repub's news force and doing sassiest news. Welcome, lady.

They ought to call the proposed municipal-county bldg, the "munty" bldg, and save us wear and tare on our vocal organs. Also it comes awful close to sounding like "immunity" bldg.

Lou Galland and Ed Peterson are out hunting for a deer up Gleason way. Earl doing Ed's work.

Maud Makemson is out stalking old timers for interviews for the Gazette's Pioneers' Edition, coming out Oct. 20. —Adv.

Clay Leonard has been troubled with a stiff neck. The rest of us need a stiff upper lip—with cotton where it is.

Comrade Clark, of the Biebee Review, was a pleasant visitor in this village these past days, mixing with the democrats and helping grease the skids under the Repub's.

We read a good one by Bugs Bar in the Chl. Examiner yest. "What has become of the old fashioned cash-and-carry store?" He answers it. "You still pay your cash but you get nothing to carry."

Now, if we were putting out the Gazette's pioneer edition we would run, as a sort of frontpiece to the edition a copy of Walt Whitman's great poem, "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" —Adv.

Up to now that poem might have had a chance in that edition.

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REFERRED TO EDDY DOYLE

Now that it has developed that the last world series was crooked, Henri Bohouteguy and Joe McBride, from whom we won a bet on one of the w. s. games, are climbing on our frame and demanding restitution. In short, they want us to give them their money back.

We have invited these sportsmen to take a high jump up in the air for themselves or seek compensation through some other brand of mind-blowing. But if these birds are going to get nasty about it, we will leave it to such an authority as Eddy Doyle to say whether or not a bet on that series, or of any game of it is legitimate.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

If anybody has the necessary volume of the Congressional Record, will he favor by stepping into the Capitol barber shop and showing one of the owners there—not Jimmy—just how Sen. Harding voted on the league of nations? The good old tip tried to coax us to say whether or not a bet on that series, or of any game of it is legitimate.

WE MIGHT IF WE TRIED

Sir: You have heard of a porch being called a "stoop" have you not? Well, I was just thinking that using that word is the fact that Harding is campaigning from his front porch you might say something about "He Stoops To Conquer" or something along that line, eh? —Spike.

DOESN'T THIS GET US A TICKET, ART?

One of the neighbor's youngsters returned from the coast recently, advised the judge that he should take his wife to see a good picture the kid had seen on the coast. "What picture was that," asked the judge. "Well, it was a fine picture," echoed the boy, "and the name of it is 'Humor-squee, I think.'"

OLD STUFF

We see the Gazette is calling for a hatful of "you tell 'em's." And we have scratched all the hair off our head trying to respond but the only one we could get was, "You tell 'em gas; you've been taken up."

CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

We see that the revered board of supervisors abandoned the Fish Creek precinct as being too expensive a proposition, only two votes being cast in the precinct during the primary. On the other hand, the Park View precinct, lying just south of town and between the river, made a haul of 13 votes, and on this excellent showing, has been retained as a paying proposition. If you figure up the salaries and meals of the six precinct officials, together with rental for the polling place, you will arrive at a pretty good idea of what the b. s. regards as a fair price to pay for a vote.

Mississippi plan, 108 years old, cut his third set of teeth just too late to enjoy the 1920 sweet corn crop.

You'll Enjoy Tomorrow's Tale of Beauty.

Mississippi plan, 108 years old, cut his third set of teeth just too late to enjoy the 1920 sweet corn crop.

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"In the height of pleasure you see me thoroughly enjoying the luxuriousness of deep restfulness."—Jean White.

