

# This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

## KANSAS AND FRANCE — The Difference —

On either side of the Santa Fe express, in which this is written, the corn fields and farmhouses of Kansas fly past. It is a country unlike that through which the writer drove a few weeks ago in France on the way from Paris to see Clemenceau in his little cottage on the Atlantic at Lejard, not far from Bordeaux.

The trip through France, made in an automobile, was as rapid as this trip by train. In France you drive your automobile as fast as you like, but TAKE CARE YOU HURT NOBODY.

French roads are wide and straight, the car used by this writer came from Nice to Paris, 900 kilometers, 540 miles, in one day and did easily the 400 miles from Paris to Lejard between breakfast and dinner.

French drivers go rapidly, but carefully; if they hit anybody the law hits them. A member of the Chamber of Deputies went to jail for a year, all the influence of his friends could not save him. He struck a child. B. Forman, of Rochester, N. Y., can tell you of a French chauffeur accused of intoxication, sent to jail for ten years. He killed a child. Mr. Forman saw the thing happen.

Here in Kansas you see great tractors providing power, machinery cutting and binding corn, great engines binding, threshing wheat, and tying the grain in sacks, all in one operation.

In France occasionally you would see a peasant and his wife cutting their grain with sickles in small fields of irregular shape. Fields were harvested with scythes. Here and there teams of horses drew mowing machines. Power driven agricultural machinery was not seen between Paris and Lejard.

Where mowers had passed you might see old grandmother and her little grandchild bending over, picking up wisps of grain with the right hand, putting them in aprons held by the left hand.

A hundred such gleaners were seen in a day's drive. They were less fortunate than Ruth, their gleanings meagre. There was no Boaz to command his young men, saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not; and let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her and leave them that she may glean them, but rebuke her not."

With hand rakes the old grandmother and the little girl could have gathered all the gleanings in a short time, but that evidently was not allowed. Gleaning must be done by hand, the old body must stoop, and stoop all day long to pick up stray straws. When the grain had gone from the field an old shepherd would bring his little band of sheep. These would walk through the stubble eating the over-ripe grain that had fallen from the ears. Other bands of sheep led by an old man or woman with dogs to help, ate the grass along the highway edge. No sheep ever strayed onto the road before the automobiles. Dogs prevented that, and the sheep seemed trained. Beautiful animals, admirably kept, they waste nothing in France.

Here in rich America you ride miles through unending fields of corn or grain, pass great herds of heavy steers, deep in grass and tens of thousands of acres not used.

In France they use every foot of ground, waste nothing, not food or human labor, men and women work long hours, work hard with patience.

The peasants' houses are beautiful and old, their animals well cared for. Along the coast of Brittany and the Vendee, men and women and children work side by side. Men repair, at low tide, their fish nets colored light blue. The fishermen say "fish like color." On the flat lands you see little mounds of salt taken from the ocean by imprisoning waters in shallow pools for evaporation.

Once "La Gabelle," a heavy tax on salt, dressed the mistresses of French kings and made life easy for three lucky classes, royalty, clergy and nobility. It was death to the peasant to escape "La Gabelle" by taking his salt from the ocean.

Conditions are better now. The kings are sleeping in St. Denis, the few whose bones were not scattered during the Revolution. There are more schools than chateaux, more public libraries than gallows. The peasant is no longer forbidden to kill animals that ate his crops because lords and ladies wanted the pleasure of riding over those crops to kill the animals themselves.

But in every French family there is mourning. Each earnest hard-faced French woman tells you how many sons or brothers she had "left."

## Golfs Into College



Johnnie Goodman, 16, Omaha, Neb., orphan, who won the Trans-Mississippi golf championship this year, is to have a college education. Omaha clubmen have pledged to see him through and next year to enter him in national play. They think he is another Bobby Jones.

## Real Anxiety.

Mollie—"I'm to be married to-morrow and I'm nervous." Chollie—"Do you think there's a chance of my getting away before then?"

## Tries Atlantic



Undaunted by the recent tragic fates of ocean flyers, Frances Wilson Grayson is on her way in the plane "Dawn" for what she terms a safe and sane air hop to Europe.

## Heads Federal Reserve



An exclusive Washington picture of Roy A. Young of Minneapolis, the new Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, a recent appointment by President Coolidge.

## His Last Friend



Above, Mrs. Maria Remus, Chicago, aged mother of the notorious "Bootleg King" George Remus (below), now held in Cincinnati for shooting and killing his wife as she went to court to obtain divorce. The mother still believes in her son.

## Poor John.

Tom—"I can read your thoughts, Mary dear." "Then what makes you sit so far away?"

## Marathon Guy

She—"Your kisses are wonderful. But don't you ever get tired?" He—"Don't they say that wonders never cease?"

## Fed Up

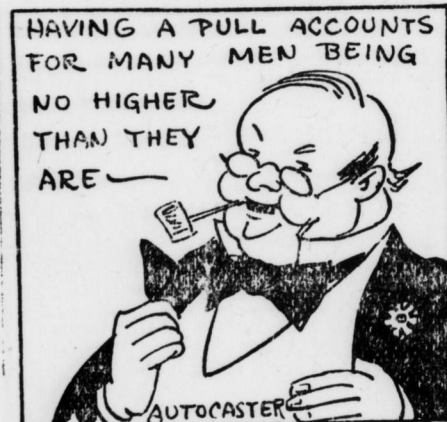
"And are you satisfied with married life?" "es. I've had enough!"

## "Almost" Human



"Fellows," 5 year old German shepherd, owned by Jacob Herber of Detroit, faced a psychology test of Columbia University professors proving himself "almost" human—"and with a mind, in some respects almost equal that of an 8 year old."

## The Judge's Josh



HAVING A TALL ACCOUNTS FOR MANY MEN BEING NO HIGHER THAN THEY ARE

## 1858--October 27--1927



Marking the y-ninth anniversary of the birth of former president Theodore Roosevelt, October 27,—Mount Vernon, N. Y., will unveil this newest statue of "TR," which was sculptured by the famous Miserendino of N. Y.

## Not So Clever

Fond Mother — "Do you detect any signs of genius in my son?" Art Instructor—"Madam, I am not a detective."

## Our Practical Pattern.

No. 1226



Fashions fads and fancies may come and go, but nothing can take the place of the smartly and semi-tailored dress in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. This particularly effective model makes use of any of the new fall fabrics and colors. Black satin would be stunning made up with a white crepe vestee and cuffs, with a rhinestone buckle and buttons to set it off. The new shade of chestnut brown in faille silk or crepe would go well with cream colored georgette vestee and cuffs, while for really frosty weather, we suggest wool crepe jersey.

No dressmaking experience is needed to make Desir' No. 1226. May be obtained in sizes 36 to 48. Size 40 requires 3 1/3 yards of 40 inch material and 3/4 yards of material for vestee.

Patterns will be delivered to any address upon receipt of 25c. in cash or U. S. Postage. Always mention size wanted. Address, Pattern Dept. this newspaper.

## And That's That

By Albert T. Reid

I'LL BE THE CAPT'IN, AN -

WHERE YOU GOIN'?



AW RIGHT, - THEN YOU CAN BE CAPTAIN



# ANNOUNCEMENT

The Chatham Oil and Fertilizer Company announces that it is prepared to begin immediately supplying fertilizer for fall grain planting. Prices are guaranteed to compare favorably with those of other brands of the same quality.

## GINNERY

Our Ginnery is in first-class condition and will begin operations as soon as the demand justifies. The ginning price is \$4.00 a bale, including Bagging and ties.

## COTTON SEED WANTED.

From the very beginning of the season we shall be in the market for cotton seed and will pay highest cash price or in exchange for fertilizer.

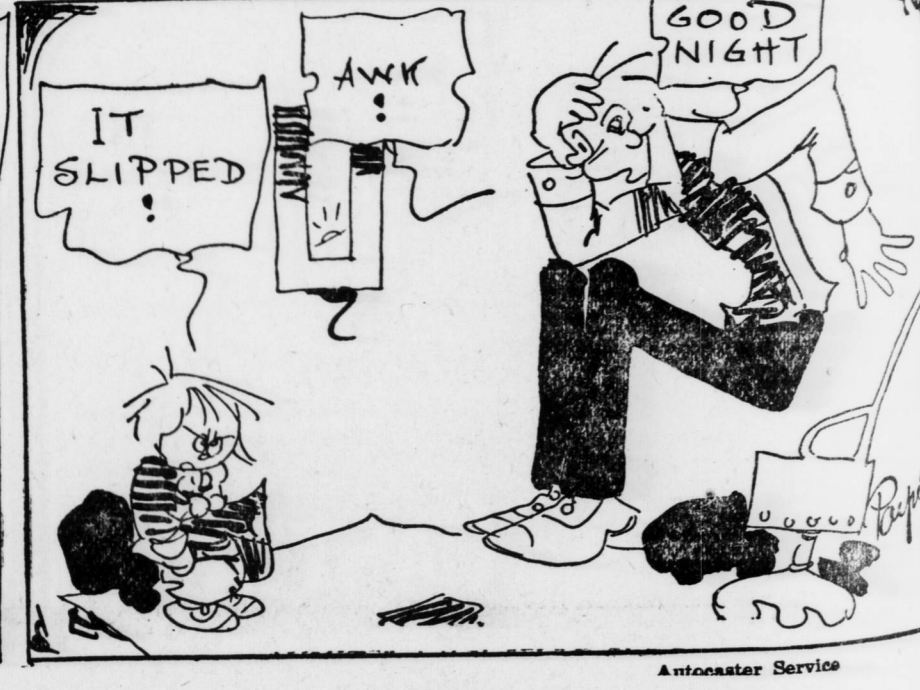
We invite your patronage, assuring you of honest and best endeavor to give you satisfaction in every respect.

THE CHATHAM OIL & FERTILIZER COMPANY  
PITTSBORO, N. C.

## SMATTER POP

Pure Carelessness

By C. M. Payne



THAT'S A VERY UNHAPPY EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE!

YESSIR, I AINT HAPPY

I HAD TROUBLE AT HOME!

I WOULDN'T TAKE MEDICINE UNLESS MY MAW WOULD LET ME JUST GARGLE IT

IT SLIPPED!

AWK!

GOOD NIGHT