

Editorial

The HIGHLAND PARK PRESS

Features

WHAT OF IT?—

By Eddy Smith

SERIOUSLY

Criticisms and opinions expressed or implied in this column are not to be interpreted as personal indictments. Remarks and suggestions are to be taken in the light in which given — to be thought about and discussed. The writer through the columns of the Highland Park Press and in keeping with the policy of every progressive newspaper has a very definite purpose — "... to provide that check upon government which no constitution has ever been able to provide." The success of "What of It" either stands or falls on that basis.

SPRING

The local *beaching season*, if you know what we mean, has started off with a bang. Favorable weather last Sunday brought a deluge of amorous young Romeos, Juliets, etc., to the shores of good old Lake Michigan.... In other words the *Ravine Drive Season* is well on its way.... and speaking of snakes.... we saw one of the first signs of spring in the form of a garter snake Sunday emerging from its winter hang-out.

LET'S USE IT...

Frankly, we're rather disappointed at the small amount of use the beautiful public library auditorium has received. Here is a wonderful opportunity for the creation of local debate societies, public forums, and discussion groups that would result in the building up of *community* instead of detrimental *clique solidarity*.... We've got it. Why not use it?

SIGNS OF TIMES

Local "junk men" report that since prohibition, the demand for large quantities of "pints" and non-descript bottles in private homes has increased at least 200 per cent. The sale of work pants in local clothing stores has decreased about 250 per cent.

... DEAD TO LIFE

The local fire department has a machine for bringing the dead to life... not the ones who are too lazy to lay down... but those actually cold... There are many local folks who wouldn't be local folks if it weren't for the efficient Pulmotor Squad.

... AT THE MADAME'S

We're not going to insult your intelligence, dear readers, by telling you that you're going to see a \$4.40 production for only 50c.... We refer to "At Madame Delgay's." The show's mighty good... lot's of girls... soft lights... beautiful music... plenty good gags... Ve vas dere Sharlie, and saw it!

The Measurement Of Man—

A man's no bigger than the way he treats his fellowman!
This standard has his measure been since time itself began!
He's measured not by tithes or creeds, high sounding though they be;
Nor by the gold that's put aside; nor by his sanctity.
He's measured not by social rank, when's character's the test;
Nor by his earthly pomp or show, displaying wealth possessed!
He's measured by his justice, right, his fairness at his play.
His squareness in all dealings made, his honest, upright way.
These are his measures, ever near to serve him when they can;
For man's no bigger than the way he treats his fellowman.

THIS INTERESTING AMERICA

"A mile wide and an inch deep." That's the way the residents of Nebraska describe their historic Platte River.

Of course the river is really more than a mile wide in most places— from two to three miles across in the lower reaches of the stream.

And of course it's more than an inch deep—when there's water in it! But the lower three hundred miles of the Platte are absolutely dry during the summer months, except for an occasional "fish hole," and for weeks residents along the stream see not even the barest trickle of water.

I've walked across the Platte river in central Nebraska in the month of August, and explored its myriads of islands afoot! And in no danger of getting my feet wet, either. The bed of the stream is composed of clean, white sand, on a firm foundation. Teams and wagons, and even automobiles, cross the stream in hundreds of places during the dry season, thereby saving wear and tear on the bridges!

Irrigation in the two upper reaches of the Platte accounts for its aridity throughout most of its main course through central southern Nebraska. But although the stream bed itself is dry, plenty of water is always present a few feet underground. Residents secure abundant supplies of good water through the summer, often by simply driving a pipe into the ground a few feet, on either side of the stream or in the river bed itself.

The Platte river is best described as a "Y" lying on its west side—or, in the terminology of western ranching, a "Lazy Y."

The river has two sources, both in the Rocky Mountains, and the two streams, known as the North Platte and the South Platte, flow eastward and converge in Lincoln county, Nebraska, making the main channel which continues on its lazy, rounding way across the state, to flow (a few months of the year, at least) into the Missouri river on the border of Iowa about 15 miles below Omaha.

The source of the South Platte is in the mountains west of Denver, and the source of the North Platte is in the mountains near Laramie, Wyo. The two meet 400 miles to the east, and the result is the for-

mation of the base of the figurative "Y."

The Platte river gave Nebraska its name. The word "Nebraska" is derived from the Otoe (Indian) phrase "Ne-brath-ka," meaning Shallow Water. This name was first suggested by Lieut. John C. Fremont, explorer of the territory in 1824-44, and was adopted when the territorial government was formed in 1852-53.

In the early days, the Platte country meant the territory stretching west from Missouri to the Rockies. The Platte valley has always been the chief east-and-west highway across what is now the state of Nebraska, and even today the Union Pacific Railway and the Lincoln Highway follow the Platte for miles.

Our history books describe the long toilsome overland treks of the pioneers of the west, and most of these journeys were up the valley of the Platte. Whenever the river had to be crossed by a cavalcade of pioneers, it was crossed—usually without so much as getting the feet of the horses and oxen wet. Even at its "wettest," though, the Platte is a shallow, safe stream to ford.

The westward drive of 400 miles or so along the interesting, historic stream today is a gentle rise averaging 8 feet to the mile, and the scenery is among the most impressive in the entire United States. The Platte valley, which is from 5 to 20 miles in width, is distinctly marked on both sides of the "arid stream" by low hills or bluffs.

The traveler is treated to a continuous panorama of wide, dry river bed, dotted by thousands of islands of all sizes, giving beauty and colorful, rugged, rocky hills and variety to its course; and by low, bluffs continually passing in review as he speeds toward the sun, going to rest behind the ageless Rockies.

—J. Russell Heitman

The turn was over, and the orchestra was silent for a while.

"I say," said the conductor, leaning down to speak to his first violin, "whatever key were you playing in?"

"Skeleton key," returned the violinist readily enough.

"Skeleton key," echoed the conductor, "whatever do you mean?"

"Fits anything," was the reply.—Wentworth Blade.

COLUMN RIGHT—

By Jay Orr

A local man says he worried a good deal over making out his income tax return, until he finally hit upon a simple formula, which he now offers free of charge to any who may be perplexed in the future.

He listed as dependents one blond wife, a sedan car, three goldfish, and two children. He then multiplied his grandfather's age by six and seven-eighths, subtracting his telephone number. Next he added the size of his hat and subtracted the number of his car. After these preliminaries, the rest was easy.

Deducting \$1000 for keeping his wife a blond for the whole year, he divided the remainder by the number of lodges he belonged to, multiplied by the number of electric lights in the house, divided by the size of his collar.

This gave his gross income, which, after dividing by his chest measurement, and subtracting his blood pressure, gave the net amount owed to the Government.

What will we believe about these Roosians, anyway? Last Saturday the self-styled World's Greatest Newspaper began a series of articles purported to be the eye-witness accounts of two girls who drove through Red-land in a flivver. Saturday's issue of the W.G.N. printed a photo of the lassies and their puddle-jumper, sure-nough roughing it amid the Bolsheviks. Sunday's paper carried the second installment of their tale, and with it was printed a "view of a Russian mud road taken through the windshield of the flivver (by the gals) during their tour of Russia. The girls found soviet roads "uniformly bad." All very well, but the view of the mud road also included the view of the top of the hood of an automobile that was not a flivver! It was a different machine, and who knows, it might have been a different mud road—for instance, one of the byways in Cook County. Faked pictures do not lend authority to the articles they accompany.

And while I'm razzing the 'great' newspaper, let me hazard the guess that Mr. Hearst's "Buy American" campaign is going to get a bit embarrassing, not to say tiresome, before it goes much farther. For instance, government officials have discovered that the United States must accept the lowest bid of a German firm for the turbines for Boulder Dam. What Price Tarriff?

Gunnery Officer: "See that man on that bridge three miles over there?"

Gunner: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Let him have a couple of 75's in the eye."

Gunner: "Which eye, sir?"

—Army and Navy Journal.

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