







# THE TWIN FALLS DAILY TIMES

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How the past is linked to the present is shown by the continuity of one person of the silk shirt and the denim overall.

There is quite a bit of consternation because the gambling fever has hit jeweled women in Paris, but they won't be jeweled long.

Occasionally a system of accounting can be understood only by a magician of the old "more-synthetic-and-new-you-had-to-be-told" school.

Another thing the innocent people would like to know is whether jazz musicians really get any pleasure out of what they are doing.

Natives of Yan-ki-ki those of other parts of the world, go on dancing to weird, primitive strains without ballyhooing their heads about the topics of the day.

Our foreign coal trade is said to be suffering from lack of demand in France, but nothing that happens ever seems to be of any benefit to the home consumer.

Doctor Abbott of the Smithsonian institution, who has invented a cook stove that saves the sun's rays, should now get busy on a furnace that will stick up in August for February activities.

Doctor Angell of Yale advises that one way of improving education is to cut out teaching as a lunch station between female adolescence and matrimony. Is it innocuous, or shall the clerk call, the roll?

## SHORTER LIFE

The average lifetime of man is becoming shorter, according to vital statistics made public by the New York State Reconstruction commission, which is trying to solve some of the problems of the present day.

One of the unexpected things this commission has learned is that the tendency to shorter life is more marked in country districts than in the cities.

Life in the cities—big cities—has to be lived under certain conditions that are very detrimental to health. Smoke, dust, hurry, rush, and the lack of pure air in crowded places are just a few of the health-destroying characteristics of city life.

If life in rural districts is tending to become shorter than city life, then there must be evils in the country distinct from those of the city, but no less dangerous. Among those that are obvious are the lack of plumbing and pure water supply in most country houses, the inferior public health supervision in country schools and the lack of official inspection of many foods produced on the farm for home consumption.

The campaigns of education regarding clean teeth are believed to be doing much for the promotion of longevity in cities. These campaigns have not been so thoroughly prosecuted in rural districts. School nurses are much less plentiful in country schools than in city schools. The distance from the doctor and the hospital undoubtedly have some slight influence upon the mortality in country places, as compared with cities.

**Rippling Rhymes**  
A G. Welt Mason

## SELF PHRASE

The man who tells how good he is should drop that right in haste, he merely makes men sign "Yea-who," and thinks he shows poor taste. I know that I have sterling worth, of which my neighbors tell; I hope that I adorn the earth on which I dole to dwell; I hope I'm loaded to the gauds with qualities so fine that I'm a model to all bards who write the fitting line. But I may show them by my deeds, which are in daily view, and not by empty words or screeds, or with my loud boast. My merits will be known to all, though I am like a clam; I do not need to hire a half to tell how good I am. If in anything else, the town will know the fact; I do not need to sing a half-attention to attract. The man who's prone to emphasize his claim to harp and crown soon finds that all the other guys expect to jump the town. True worth in modesty arrayed is a sweet and passing fate, but when it's brazenly displayed we guess it isn't there. With blue prints of my merits bright your eyes—I shall not rest until I may be a shining light around to my era.

**The Woman He Married**  
By Jane Phelps

**DICK TALKS OF SENDING**  
THREE AUTO'S

everything I did. And the made things next, pay for me. Dick entered upon contract with Mrs. Hibbard with delight. Not even the joy of getting a new car sent her car for me, and always had my drive home. Thus the spirit of the man was born.

The house was well under way, so large a "sumo" over our house. Dick had adhered to our original idea, though I enjoyed the work, a modern but rustic design. It was a picture to certain results. It was often like painting a picture, was to have the sunburst, please, etc.

his stories, and then his novel, which he had long planned, should be written. When he could afford to take the time.

At most times I had unfeigned faith in his ability to succeed. When we were first married I had used to complain because he didn't make more money. I told him that was my reason, that he would have been successful had I allowed him to be, but he had no confidence in him now. But he said that it was, I may say, the best selling book of the year.

So I was pleased when he sold the plans for the house, author of which he had written, and the "auto arrangement" could

hasten the "time when" his "auto arrangement" would be a success, and another the money aspect that time when no visitors would bring occasional checks, because he had no money.

All this while Juanita was an only

mate with us. She came over

home with her, and sometimes would remain for an hour or two. They also took long walks, and they never seemed to tire.

Seldens asked to accompany them. If I gave it a thought, it was, in

fact, that my favorite son had been

left alone.

"I am not alone," I said.

They were the summer holidays.



