

Random Shots

Amusing, isn't it, when a man who habitually uses the tactics of a Dago blackhand talks grandiosely of "splintering lances on the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Bless your heart, that was the place where the fighting was done by men of honour.

The man who whetted a stiletto to stick his opponent in the back wasn't considered fit to be even a sponge holder.

Most folks have just as high standards today—and they feel the same way about unfair fighting methods.

The man who plays the game the squarest will win out. And don't you forget it.

We didn't start this "petty personalities" stuff, Bennie Boy, remember that. But—

We have an idea we can finish it.

We did before as you will recall.

We heard a rather interesting conversation the other day. A preacher called attention to the fact that B. S. (you know who we mean—a case where a man's initials furnish a good description of his nature) had been appointed chairman of another finance committee. This preacher was asked why all this prominence should fall on a man with strong shoulders and a weak mind, and this was his reply:

"I think it was on account of his war record."

And then everybody laughed.

Even the preacher. For preachers have a sense of humor.

Then he qualified his statement: "Well," he said, "he did buy Liberty bonds—and he talked a lot for the loan drives."

In other words, free with the air that he "hesitated" to fight to keep free.

Page the latrine sergeant.

Let's talk about something more appetizing—for a while. But don't think there's no more to come.

An Alliance school teacher is still fond of the military life. In talking with a fellow slave, she said: "I think military commands are just perfectly grand." (Buzz, buzz, buzz—these buzzes represent the intimate particulars.) "And then he gave these commands," she continued: "Attention!" Present arms!" "Fall in!" "At ease!"

During "at ease," we have been given to understand, you keep one foot in place, but don't talk.

Today's Best Story

Two negroes were arguing about their respective "toughness." "Why, man, I'm so bad that where I come from they calls me Wood Alcohol."

"That's where YOU come from. Where I live you'd answer to de name ob Sweet Cider."

Lumber dealers do have some joy in life. An Alliance yard manager was resting quietly in his upholstered easy chair, back of the varnished desk, and a friend came in.

"Want you to figure on a boat for me," he said.

The manager arose, took out his pad and pencil, and for thirty minutes the air was full of talk about dimension lumber, nails and calking material. Finally a price was set. "Where you going to use her when you get her built?" was the query. "I'm going to set up a ferry across Box Butte avenue."

Then somebody swore. We saw a picture of Bergdoll, the slimy slacker from Philadelphia, the other day. His millions kept him out of war, by furnishing him means to travel over the country. He preferred to run away rather than try the exemption route.

No friend on the board, probably.

Yet he might have got away with it. Others did.

Peculiar thing about Bergdoll's picture. It shows that he has eyebrows so heavy that they run clear across the bridge of his nose, somewhat in the style of a South African ape.

Justifies one in believing that this streak of hair runs around the head, down the neck and along the spine, where it hides another streak of a certain color that was particularly unpopular during the war.

Where have we seen that style of eyebrow before. You guessed it. Wonder if—

Again, let's talk of something more appetizing.

'Nother lumber dealer joke: Manager Lucas was asked the other day to figure on a house. The builder wanted a big cellar, he said—a real big cellar.

"Just how big?" asked Lucas. "About twenty barrels long and sixty quarts wide," was the reply. He got it.

Did you read the apology?

Wasn't it a beauty? Talk about kissing feet—we'll say so.

Remarkable in that, just twenty-four hours before it appeared, the man who made it was spouting loudly that he was "unalterably opposed" to the man to whom it was made, and saying other things.

Then came the apology. These "trifling things" have been adjusted.

If we may be permitted to hazard a guess, we'll say that it was printed as written—or dictated.

Not the first time, either.

Nor the last.

Always "for the good of the town," so long as—you guessed it.

Always remember, Sonny, that you started all this. It's meaner than we like to be—but you had it coming.

Those navy overcoats are bunchy—we'll admit that. And we do huddle up on cold days and pay less attention to our appearance than the average Boudoir Battler. There's no reason, in our case.

The man who never wore a uniform can't appreciate how poorly they fit. There are no real tailors in the navy.

At that, we weren't so crippled that the navy refused to accept us.

Yet one particularly stalwart, lusty (especially in the lungs) fellow lacked—let's be kind and say that he lacked the desire—to even face an examining board.

An armchair warrior—crippled in the courage.

If this sort of stuff is what is called "invective," we're full of it. Ain't we "gifted?"

As we said before, we didn't start this "personality stuff," but we have a good hunch that we'll finish it.

We can give as good "invective" as any South African Ape can send.

If more is desired, there's one sure way to get it.

We've set out to "wipe off that smile," as they say in the service. Foreign language to some people.

If this be advertising, make the most of it.

We shall expect to read another one of those editorials making a big

sympathy plea. It'll tell about an ambition to make the city have 10,000 population in three years, and all the sob stuff stops will be pulled clear out. It may fool two or three, and it may not.

We almost forgot. Another family living at the corner of Third and Big Horn, is down on The Map as a regular subscriber. They never ordered it—and it isn't delivered.

As one man publicly said at a meeting not long ago: "Mr. Sallows does not happen to be a gentleman."

Next week (if needed) our new serial will begin: "The Hero of a Hundred Battles of the Boudoir."

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