

RANDOM SHOTS

Horticulture experts say that mulching is now considered an essential of strawberry culture. This is interesting, of course, as applied to that exceedingly toothsome vegetable. But in regard to the cultivation of strawberry noses, should not it be understood that lushing is what is needed?

LIES FOR TODAY.

"What a perfectly gorgeous Christmas gift."
 "I'm not a bit cold."
 "Fresh every day."
 "Bone dry."
 "Absolutely free."
 "Slightly used cars."
 "Cheaper than paying rent."
 "Only three applications are needed to make your skin beautiful."
 "Corns disappear over night."

Ann Pennington, movie queen, says that not only are men not tiring of gazing at well formed limbs, but they are just becoming educated in the art.

Oh, to go to school again.

Anyway, Ann ought to know.

MR. TUMULTY'S BOOK

(Mayfield's Weekly)
 "I have just been reading the feature story, 'Woodrow Wilson as I Knew Him,' by Joseph Tumulty. It is the finest history of Mr. Tumulty I have ever read. In the first three chapters Woodrow got mentioned twice, once in the title and once by mistake. As a writer of the life of President Wilson, Mr. Tumulty is the greatest autobiographer I have ever known."
 "The Chronicle had to skip one day's issue. They ran out of 'I's' and had to order a new supply before they could finish the story."
 "Some time next week Mr. Tumulty will mention the president again in his series."

TODAY'S WORST STORY

"No use o' your taking on that away, Gap," sarcastically said Mrs.

Johnson. "You brung that headache on yourself."
 "I know it!" groaned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "And if I had that there bottle of bone dry licker to drink over agin, a rock, a b'gud, I'd drin kit!"

The above, dear readers, is a sample of the humor of the Kansas City Star. If that's humorous, then Leo Lloyd can write poetry.

WAR IS DECLARED.

Once, in a moment of wild abandon, without thought of consequences, the conductor of this column booted over and told the world how rotten he considers the homegrown poetry of Leo Lloyd, who much too often scribbles doggerel for the Chadron Journal. Hell hath no fury like a poet scorned, so Leo comes back, pronto, with a verse in which the mighty intellect of the author of this column is done something less than justice. However, poet's have what is known as poetic license, and Leo, in his heights of indignation, does somewhat better than usual, although we don't detract a single letter of our denunciation of his wretched verse.

Leo's comeback reads like this, and the improvement over former efforts leads us to suspect that he may have had assistance as well as inspiration:

Once there lived an editor in a city far away,
 Who spent no time in writing rhyme,
 'Cause he was not built that way.
 He was a sober-minded cuss, worth
 "forty cents a yard."
 And for the other fellow he had no kind regard.
 He was a good proof-reader, and poetry could scan,
 But in Leo Lloyd's opinion he was just a little man.
 A microscope was needed when you hunted up his brains,
 And the weight of his gray matter was so small 'twas told in grains.

It wouldn't be so bad if Leo were the only one stirred up, but another amateur poet from Chadron has horned in to tell what he thinks of us and Leo's poetry. His name is Gatenby, and we'll bet he don't know

a rhyme for it. Gatenby is somewhat kinder than Leo, but he's just as mistaken as his friend.

We see by the Alliance Herald what most would think a slam—Don't think that you have hurt us, 'cause we don't care a d— One think we'd like to ask you, and I think that this is fair,
 Not a man that's in Alliance with Leo can compare.

If you've got a man in your town that poetry can write,
 Just get your poet busy—put it down in black and white;
 And if you haven't got one, don't stand around and fight.
 I 'spect you'll try and hire Leo to come there and write.

I see what ails Alliance, from beginning to the end;
 They haven't got a woman's club railroad's poet to defend.
 Alliance, don't get jealous, for the poet Chadron hold,
 We know you haven't got one that's neither young nor old.

I don't want you for a moment to think I'm Leo Lloyd;
 Compare my mind with Leo's and mine is very void.
 But we both live in Chadron and love it more and more—
 When people start a slander, it makes us awful sore.

Before we forget it, it is but fair to thank both Leo and Gatenby for helping to fill this column on this occasion. This is the busiest issue of the year, and no matter how punk the poetry, it's considerably better than no column at all.

Some months ago, we printed an excerpt from a story by O. Henry, in which a very wise man thus advised a poet who wrote much better stuff than Leo: "Live your poetry, man; don't try to write it." The poet in the story didn't take this splendid advice, and so it's pretty sure to be wasted on Leo.

But our duty has been done. Leo has been informed. He may now go to perdition in his own way, and as fast as he likes.

However, Gatenby's challenge is interesting. If Alliance hasn't artists in doggerel who can beat either of these Chadron birds, we're mistaken. Forward, poets, to the defense of your city. We'll print anything that isn't worse than Leo's—and that's an invitation to go as far and be as free as you like.

Gosh—now we've got to think of something else.

ABE MARTIN II.

Said Kin Gidley last evening: "I have word from a friend at Gossettburg. He's going to come here and locate on a farm for his health. He is a high class pharmacist; in making the change, he will sell his large stock of pure, fresh drugs."
 "Back east," said Col. Peter Seedcorn, "where Doc Blatt had a large and lucrative practice, he was always a favorite among the ailing. If a man caught a cold and Doc prescribed, it made no difference in Doc's standing whether he was cured or killed; either way, the patient never kicked."
 Said Doctor Cyrenus Blatt: "I have never understood how it comes a colonel could be so susceptible to cold as Pete Seedcorn is, unless, as in his case, it is because he was only an ornamental colonel—he was on a governor's staff. He's always anxious in the winter time to know the state of the heat. I knew him years ago back east. After he has left this weary world and the door of the nether regions is opened to him, his first words, from force of habit, will doubtless be, 'How's the fire?'"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

The following is from the pen of Gomer Davis of Belleville, Kas., and shows well the style of newspaper humor in vogue at that time. It is headed "Too Big for Gomer":

"The editor of this paper found a garter—we were told that is what it was—while walking along the street in the west part of town yesterday. In fact, we found two of them, and now have them in the Kansas office waiting for the owner to call, prove ownership and get them. We should take it they belonged to a full grown person—as either of them would snugly encircle a sack of graham flour. One is made of light blue rubber webbing, has a gilt buckle and attached to a bright blue bow is a miniature thermometer. The foreman of this office, who is a younger man than the editor and is more on to the ways of the present generation than we are, says the purpose of the thermometer is to enable the fair wearer to prove, beyond a doubt, that she is a 'real warm thing.' Just what that means we do not know. The other garter which we found about a half-block farther west is made of fine lila colored webbing, trimmed with a silver buckle and silk ribbon bow knot, to which was attached a real rabbit's foot—which the foreman says is a talisman for good luck. Whether he means it will bring good luck to the owner of the garter, and the rabbit's foot, or that there will be no ill luck come to the leg that wears it we are not sure. If the latter be true we wish we had worn one of the things about twenty-five years ago—but these new affairs are a source of wonder to us old-fashioned men. The owner of these things can have them by calling at the Kansas office and giving satisfactory proof that they will fit the claimant. The customary charge for this item will be waived if we 'are shown.'"

This is one old joke that won't be revived this year. The morals censor tells us that even hose supporters are not being worn now.

LAST LINE FOR TODAY.

Christmas comes but once a year.

One person tells us to think pleasant thoughts, then along comes another to remind us that there are ten million deadly germs on a dollar bill.



There Is No Need to Worry Over
What To Buy
 For the Family

BUY USEFUL GIFTS FOR GROWN-UPS

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- Scoters
- Coasters
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- Story Books
- Games—All Kinds
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- Toy Aeroplanes
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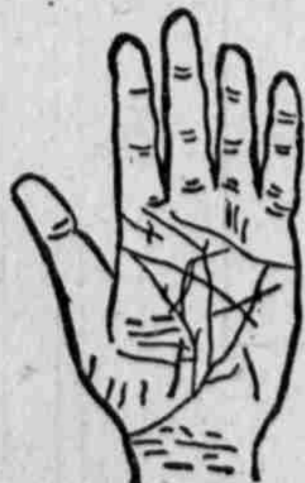
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