

Lloyd's Column

We wouldn't mention it to anyone, only it's too good to keep. You know, Charlie, that since the hunting season started, dozens of Alliance nimrods have been out and that most of them have been very successful in bagging the limit of wild game every trip. Last Sunday, so we are told by a reliable authority, five of our young men journeyed forth to the lakes all equipped with everything needed from waders to chewing gum, ready for a big day. Two of the five young men were hunters of the first class (to hear them tell the story), while the other three were rather new at the game. On arriving at the lakes the two hunters assumed leadership and with great care and precision placed each of the other three in a nice secluded series of spots among the rushes, beside the water, where the ducks were "sure to fly." The plan was for the two leaders to go to the other end of the lake and start shooting, driving the ducks directly down on the hidden novices, who were then to have some "easy pickings." After seeing that the lucky trio were safely ensconced out of sight among the reeds and rushes (like Moses, in the Bible story), the hunters wended their way carefully on their bearded knees, to the upper end of the lake where the little ducklets were quietly and unsuspectingly feeding on fat worms and dreaming dreams of the sunny southland. On arriving there they started the war and bang, bang, bang went the guns. Swish, swish, swish went the ducks for the other end of the lake but lo, and behold, when they settled down on the quiet waters near the aforementioned trio, there were no shots. After waiting half an hour in the hot sun, the hunters became disgusted and wended their way back. Holy smoke and rubber jumpin' Jehosophata, the trio had become tired and all were fast asleep, while around them and above them hovered the ducks, fairly begging to be shot. The ensuing conversation between the two and the three sounded worse than a German bombardment. Today there are three cheery lads with sunburned faces working at their tasks in our busy little burg and there are two hunters who will always remember the "big hunt" that didn't take place.

An exchange in glancing over the papers has discovered a number of cases where persons have been injured in various parts of the anatomy. Here are a few cases cited: While Miss Pearl Kinsmore, of East Wing, Indiana, was coming down stairs she slipped and bruised herself on the landing. Amos Mittleby, of Woolpost, Kansas, while harnessing a fractious horse was kicked just south of the corn crib. He is able to be about again. While Harold Green, of Beulah, Mississippi, was escorting Miss Gooft home from a church sociable Saturday night a savage dog set upon them and bit Mr. Green four times in the public square. Joseph Tutt, of Grimmerburg, Iowa, climbed on the roof of his house last week to find a leak, and slipped and fell, striking on his back porch and causing serious injuries.

Here's a good one, composed by a booster: A good many men get up early at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, button their Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, put on a pair of cowhide shoes made in Ohio, wash in a Pittsburg tin basin, using Cincinnati soap, dry their hands and face on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire, sit down to a Grand Rapids table, eat biscuits made of Minneapolis flour and Kansas City bacon and Indiana grits fried in Omaha lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove, buy canned fruits put up in California seasoned with Rhode Island spices, clap on a wool hat made in Philadelphia, harness their Missouri mules, fed on Kansas corn, with a New York harness, and plow their farms covered with Massachusetts mortgages with an Indiana plow. At night they crawl under a New Jersey blanket and are kept awake by local dogs, the only home products on the place, and then wonder why the country doesn't flourish—why other towns are ahead of theirs—why money is so scarce and why jobs are so hard to find.

O, you tax assessors. Listen to this, good people. The reports of the assessors on the number of automobiles in Douglas county, of which Omaha is the county seat, and Lancaster county, of which Lincoln is the county seat, sets the rest of the state to wondering where all the autos in these populous and prosperous cities of our fair state are hidden or how so many auto owners "get by" the assessor. Douglas county, including Omaha, is credited with the enormous number of 123 automobiles. Omaha is short on autos, isn't she? Little Sarpy county, on the south, has 112 and Washington county on the north has 416. Lancaster county, including Lincoln, is credited with 285 while Otoe county on the east is credited with 236 and Seward county on the west with 687. Better get some new assessors in the two aforementioned counties.

An Alliance school teacher asked her class of girls to write a composition on boys. Here is one of the answers turned in: Boys is men that have got as big as their papas, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself: "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I tried again," and then he made Eve so much better than he did Adam that there has been more women in the world ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are very wearing on everything but soap. If I could have my way half the boys in the world would be little girls and the other half dolls. My papa is so nice to me that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy.

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