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Lloyd's Column

Jackson Is Some Poet
Speaker George Jackson of the House of Representatives at Lincoln is a poet. You will see that I am right when you read his opinion of the Nebraska Senate, expressed in the following poem, which we purloined from his desk one day last week while he wasn't looking:

THE NEBRASKA SENATE
I just learned why the Senate don't work
And why so much leisure they seek
And why they adjourn on every Thursday night
And go home for the rest of the week.

Gus Beschoner says, and he ought to know,
For he keeps the books over there,
The Senate he says is a great thinking body
And must have rest from their care.

They think, they think their thinking
(It's hard to get this d—m thing to rhyme)
That the bookkeeper must have time to think, too,
When he figures up all the overtime.

I think, they think they must have plenty of time
To figure their dear friends all jobs.

It's not an easy matter to proportion it out
To their Tom, Dick, Harrys and Bobs.

It may be, as the bookkeeper has said,
That this Senate is a great-thinking body
And am figuring a way both early and late
To get plenty of beer, wine and today.

Then it may be true, their brain is at work
To stop some needed legislation,
Or to get even with some fellow for what he has done,
To some this is a great consolation.

It may be they intend, as often before,
To let the sifting committee do all the work.
Draw their check and go home, at the end of the game
To their constituents, responsibility will shirk.

But I am not going to say such things they would do,
And their thinker is not thinking O. K.
For a more qualified bunch I never expect to meet.
That's what I think—G. W. J.

Of course it's none of our business, but we just can't help wondering what there is about the female form that keeps some of our young girls from freezing on some of these particularly cold winter days. You understand, now, that we don't know a thing about it, but we've been told that they just don't wear hardly anything. Why, only this week we heard a girl say another girl was old-fashioned because she wore long-sleeved (pardon us) under-apparel. She didn't say "apparel" either, but it means that, and the girl who was talking about the other girl didn't have on that kind. Anyway she said she didn't, but she had on some hose that was fully as thick as a cigarette paper split twice. We can easily see how a girl might powder her face thick enough to keep it from freezing, and since we don't know anything about them and it ain't any of our business, we just guess they powder right good and plenty all over and then put on a few clothes to keep the powder from blowing off.

"Robert, dear," she said in her most insinuating tones, as they were passing one of the three drug stores along Box Butte avenue that serve sodas with a tempting array of fruits in syrup, etc., "did you read in the paper this noon about the newly-invented locomotive made to run by soda?"

"No, I didn't," replied Robert, turning pale at the hint; "but I am a good deal like that locomotive, Mary."

"How so?"

"Made to run by soda." And he did, because, you see, he hadn't the price of two sodas about his clothes.

What is the most difficult train to catch? No. 42, east bound, departing at 12:40, because it is "twenty to one" if you catch it.

If the newspaper should some day print the contents of its waste basket there would probably be a small riot. There certainly would be trouble in some homes, perhaps some arrests in one direction, shotguns in another, trouble all around. But the patron never sees the waste basket, he only glances at the beautifully printed page, and complains if two letters are transposed, growls if his name happens to be wrong, kicks because his communication signed "Taxpayer" has been condensed into respectable English, frowns because those on the paper did not take his advice about publicly telling their neighbors of their shortcomings, and is generally disgruntled. He knows his share of the waste basket, but if he could look at the contributions to that receptacle he would be thankful for the existence of newspaper men with intelligence and courage enough not to print all they know, and to temper that which he does print.

If your hat could reveal the secrets it covers, it would blush a brilliant scarlet.

There is more truth than fiction in the "point" to this story, at least the writer has found it so. You know, there is one of those places right next door to the Herald office and the partition is none too thick between. It goes like this:

"It is very embarrassing, isn't it,"

Jennie," said a young lady to her friend, "when you are alone with your beau for the first time? When William escorted me home last night, we were so bashful that we could hardly find a word to say to each other."

"Indeed? I haven't found it so?"

"You haven't?"

"Not at all. My beau talks all the time and doesn't give me the least chance to feel embarrassed. Why, he is an authority on so many subjects."

"He is a good talker, then?"

"Well, I should smile."

"What does he do?"

"He's a barber."

"They're selling things cheap at Fleming's this week. George is in competition with the postmaster."

"He is, eh?"

"Yes, thirteen postage stamps for a cent and a quarter."

"Why?"

"Same as at the postoffice—twenty-six cents. Ain't that a cent and a quarter—of a dollar?"

Don't we smoke on that?

We have heard of ambitious wives of poor poets and preachers pounding a rag to make the neighbors think they had beefsteak for breakfast, but that tale is tame compared to this. Out in the north end of the city a young couple keep house in a quiet sort of way. The other day the husband went home in the evening, taking a friend with him to partake of the evening meal with them. That ought to entitle him to ten days, for the happy and unsuspecting wife had a dainty dinner for two all on the table. "My dear," said the head of the family, "when his friend had said good-night and the door had been closed, 'how was it that you had four big potatoes baked tonight? We never had more than two and you could not have known that I had company.'"

"I didn't."

"Yes, but you did, my dear. My friend ate one, you ate a half one and I ate the other half, and there were two left in the bowl."

"Very true, my innocent," said the laughing wife, "but those that were left were as cold and raw as a March morning in New England. They were put there for appearance—to fill up; and when you bring company home without telling me again, I'll make you eat them that way."

And then they say women don't know enough to vote? The average woman is a genius.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts before breakfast if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

WEDDED AT HOT SPRINGS

Popular Alliance Girl Marries Son of Well-known Hotel Man

Mr. T. W. Myers and Miss Winnifred Hobbs pulled off a surprise on their many friends, Saturday, February 24, by flying away to Hot Springs, S. D., where they were united in marriage the same day by the Rev. E. J. d'Argent, rector of the Episcopal church at that place.

While a surprise, it was not altogether unexpected by their intimate friends, although the time was not known by them beforehand.

The bride is one of Alliance's beautiful and popular high school girls, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Hobbs, the youngest of the family. She was accompanied on the trip to Hot Springs by the mother of the groom.

The groom, a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Myers, is an employee of the Burlington railroad. He has a home-stead sixteen miles southeast of Alliance, on which they will make their residence.

The Herald joins their many other friends in extending congratulations and best wishes to the newly wedded couple.

Sign of Good Digestion

When you see a cheerful and happy old lady you may know that she has good digestion. If your digestion is impaired or if you do not relish your meals take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach, improve the digestion and cause a gentle movement of the bowels. Obtainable everywhere.

GOODSTREAK ITEMS

Bert Miller, Albert Acke's and Ed Deuker are busy hauling alfalfa hay from the Nine Mile Canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ackers returned

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from Lakeside, Wednesday, where they spent the winter with their uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. James Dorley.

Calvin Derr and son Lyle attended the sale of Albert Wright's last Monday.

Joe Derr made final proof on his homestead last Wednesday. Joe Neurd and Bert Miller were his witnesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Marquardt attended the Will Detrich sale near Bayard Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Derr visited at Bert Miller's Monday.

Clarence Silkett from Minnatare was up to his ranch Monday.

Joe Neurd and son James were Minnatare visitors last Saturday.

Ed Deuker was transacting business in Alliance last Wednesday.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our thanks for all the kindness shown us by our friends during the recent illness and death of our beloved mother, Mrs. E. J. Hicks.

JOHN I. HICKS,
EDITH L. TURCOTT,
GEO. E. HICKS,
LULA BAYLESS,
ALLEN N. HICKS,
KITTEE A. MARSH.

DRINK A GLASS OF REAL HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST.
Says we will both look and feel clean, sweet and fresh and avoid illness.

Sanitary science has of late made rapid strides with results that are of untold blessing to humanity. The latest application of its untiring research is the recommendation that it is as necessary to attend to internal sanitation of the drainage system of the human body as it is to the drains of the house.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the phosphated hot water is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, biliousness, stomach trouble, rheumatic stiffness; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

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How it looks when illustrated

"I know for a long time he had pretty hard work to keep the wolf from the door."

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