

## Comment--and Discomment

Another one of the regrettable things that occasionally happen in politics is that President Wilson has been deprived of the sage advice and counsel of our own Bumptious Bennie. Last week, in no uncertain terms, the president was informed of the mistakes he had made in his fight to secure ratification of the peace treaty. In addition to this, Bennie tells the president just what words he should have used in speaking to a hostile senate.

'Twas ever thus. Right here in Alliance was a man who knew—who could have said exactly the right thing—the words that could save the situation—and said them at the right time, too, but the president, far away in Washington, knew nothing of this, and without this strong mind and husky hand to guide him, erred and went astray. The league of nations is dead—the one man who could have saved it failed to come to the rescue in time. Knowing all the time that he owed his country an obligation, Bumptious Bennie remained silent, and chaos is the result.

How pitiful that Bennie didn't sooner awake to a realization of his tremendous responsibilities. With his gigantic intellect to direct, even the Ford peace ship mission might not have been hopeless. If he had only gone in with Henry, the war might have been over long before it was, and billions of dollars and millions of lives saved. Alas, alas—a couple more alases—that Achilles should have been sleeping in his tent.

Seriously, don't some of these arm-chair warriors get your goat? There should be legislation prohibiting an editor from giving advice unless he has earned the right to speak. So many men take themselves too seriously. It is doubtful whether President Wilson would even stop to read such piffle, even if it were sent to him by telegraph. But Bennie feels his responsibility now. It's a terrible thing for one set of shoulders to bear so much. Reminds us of the story of the janitor who resigned.

This janitor janited in a small public school, and his duties were to scoop snow from the walks, sweep the rooms and wash the blackboards. Incidentally, he shoveled coal into the furnace. One day he came before the board of education and offered his resignation. The president of the board attempted to reason with him.

"What's the matter, Mr. Jones?" he was asked. "Work too hard for you?"

"Nope," said the janitor. "It's real nice work, and I kinda like it."

"Want an increase in pay?" was the next question.

"Nope, pay's good as I could ask for."

"Got another job?" asked the president of the board.

The janitor looked worried. "Not yet," he admitted, "and I'm wondering what my family will do."

"Well, if there's nothing the matter with the job, and the pay's all right, and you haven't got another place, what on earth are you quitting for?"

"Too much responsibility," said the man who janited, "entirely too much responsibility."

It was the board's turn to look puzzled. They'd never given a thought to the janitor's responsibility. And they told him so.

"It's just this way," said the janitor. "Those women teachers just look to me for everything. For instance, night before last when I was sweeping out the fourth grade room, there was a note on the blackboard: 'Find the greatest common divisor.' Well, sir, I just looked high and low, all over the building, and could find hide nor hair of it. I spent all my spare time yesterday hunting for it—but I'll swear it's no place in the building. Tonight, when I went back to the same room, there was another note on the board: 'Find the least common multiple.' And now that's gone! I know they ain't around here, and I'm plumb wore out from hunting for 'em. I reckon I'd better resign."

One of our metropolitan dailies conducts a "pure food page," which seems to be about as apt a name as the "Social and Personal" page of a nearby newspaper, which often contains police court news. The "pure food" page contains "Advice to the Lovelorn," and other stuff along the same lines. One interesting item forecasts the return of the Byronic collar and knee breeches. This is interesting, if true, as the soldier said when told he had been reported dead.

Now, there are types of masculinity which would be adorned by the use of the Byronic or saucer collar—the womenfolks probably know more about this than the men—and a few men might wear knee breeches with pleasing effect. Take a list of your men friends and mentally place knee breeches on them. Then guess how many million years it will be before a majority of the sterner sex goes back to the older fashion.

A lot of folks have the habit of writing letters to the newspapers—and some of them have something worth reading. A few weeks ago some cynical cuss wrote The State Journal expressing resentment at the grasping preachers who were always on the lookout for an increase in salary. And the following reply, signed by John Andrew Holmes, and headed "A Form Letter for Clergymen" is the best thing we've come across in a coon's age. We quote:

"Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 21.—To the Editor of the State Journal: Noting

the resentful letter printed in your columns concerning the grasping character of the ministers who covet increases of salary, I have prepared a form letter for the use of busy pastors who by dozens and dozens and almost scores are receiving such advances. It may be wrong but they are receiving them, and they will doubtless be glad to clip the following form letter:

"My Dear People: I want to thank you for to 5 per cent enlargement of my salary. It comes like a benison, as Mr. Bill Nye used to say, when there is no benison in the house. It is the first time you have done sue ha thing for twenty-five years and I was not expecting it of you.

"I do not know how to express my appreciation. If you tip a waiter to the extent of 10 cents, he maintains a dignified neutrality; if the consideration is a quarter, he bows and thanks you kindly; make it a dollar and you walk out on his arm. But if you hand him a nickel, he glares at you, and at the next meal he contaminates your soup. Let me repeat that I do not know how to thank you for what you have done.

"But at any rate I want to be equally generous with you, and those of you who sell me goods will be glad to learn that when my former salary was fixed I was paying you 10 cents a dozen for eggs; I can now make it ten and a half. I paid you then 20 cents a bushel for potatoes, but this increase enables me to pay you henceforth twenty-one. Instead of the old five cents for milk, you are now made happy with five and a quarter. No longer will I exact twenty-five pounds of sugar for a dollar as I used to do, but will now be content with twenty-four. Come easy, so easy, is my motto, and I shall gladly serve you as you have served me. Gratefully your pastor, "INCREASE PARSONS LITTLE."

## REQUIEM DE BOOZUM

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The highball's last tattoo.  
No more at friendly bars will meet  
The mellow souse and stew.

Old Crow must go; for Black and White  
Tee grieving drunk must pine—  
As Uncle Sam starts in to fight  
For Nesbit's flag and mine.

The Haig Boys—Archibald and Frank—  
Must shortly fade away.  
"A bas" the booze for human tank!  
"A bas" the Dubonnet!

Canadian Club shall rest in peace.  
John Walker shall retire.  
And Three-Star Hennessy shall cease  
To feed the stomach's fire.

A jug of wine—a loaf of bread—  
A keg of beer—and thou!  
But not John Barleycorn—he's dead;  
They're tolling for him now.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The cocktail's last tattoo.  
Red likker now must take its seat.  
Go back! Get out! Skiddoo!  
—Agricultural Advertising.

Just because city hotels with all modern conveniences get fancy prices for their rooms lots of the little dumps in smaller towns, where the wallpaper hangs in graceful festoons and the merry bedbug pursues in peace his happy way, think they, also, should get city prices.—Buckshot.

Someone remarks that the bigger a town the bigger fools its society women are. If you don't believe this talk with the editor of a daily paper society page some time.—Buckshot.

One firm advertised "friendly shoes." Nowadays one scarcely has a chance to get acquainted with one's shoes before they just naturally fade away.—Exchange.

Law is said to be the accumulated wisdom of the ages. The trouble is that we have to depend on so many fools and crooks to enforce it.—Buckshot.



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