

Comment--and Discomment

We heard the other day of a good Alliance citizen who unintentionally got into the bad graces of a lady friend. She misconstrued what he meant as a harmless remark. He backed up and started all over again and she got madder than before. Whereupon he went 'way back to law and started all over for the third time, and when he had finished she threatened to call her husband. Now the Alliance citizen says that hereafter he may make a bad break in conversation occasionally, without meaning to, but that if he does he's simply going to let it go at that. Detailed explanations are taboo.

Which reminds us of one told us by Rufe Jones, down in his den at the Community club headquarters yesterday. Rufe says a negro preacher down in south Georgia, where he—Rufe—lives, was berating his congregation about sins in general and concerning chicken thefts in particular. "For instants," said the preacher, "I sees a-settin' before me

in dis here congregation at dis time twelve chicken thieves, includin' Brother Rastus Johnson." After the services, Brother Johnson interviewed his pastor, out back of the church, and informed him that if he did not retract his statement at the services that same evening he would proceed to maul the living daylight out of him. And at the evening services the pastor retracted thusly: "Brethern and sisteren, dis mawnin' I said dat I seed a-settin' in dis here congregation twelve chicken thieves, includin' Brother Rastus Johnson. Dat was a error on my part. What I intended to say was dat I seed a-settin' before me eleven chicken thieves, not includin' Brother Rastus Johnson!"

Down in Georgia, according to Rufe, almost every big plantation has among its negro farm hands a negro preacher. The white man owning the place usually provides a small frame structure as a church. The negroes pay their own preacher, his pay arising solely from the proceeds of the Sunday morning collections. One day the white boss in this particular case said to the negro preacher on his place, "John, how much pay did you get last month for your preaching?" The ebony sky pilot went through the process of a rapid mental calculation before he replied, "I got three dollars and ten

cents, cap'n." The white man laughed. "That's damn poor pay for a preacher, John, to be perfectly frank with you," and John, not to be outdone in frankness, replied, "Yes, but you see I is a damn poor preacher!"

Rufe knows a lit of good stories and some day we are going to rope him to a chair and make him tell 'em slow so we can write the mdown. Here's one that he tells:

In a certain county in New Mexico there were only two democrats, a bright young city lawyer and a rube who lived away out in the mountain fastnesses. Just before election times the lawyer always hitched up his Ford, hunted the rube up and instructed him how to vote. At the time Rufe tells about the lawyer had tied himself to the mountain shanty of his lone fellow democrat and had said to him, "Sam, I came to tell you that I want you to vote for Judge Alton B. Parker." Sam was nonplussed. "Who nell is he?" he inquired. "He's the gentleman we democrats are running for president of the United States," vauchsafed the lawyer. "Well, I'll tell yo uright now I aint a-gwine to do not sich thing," Sam replied very firmly. "Why not?" demanded the puzzled lawyer. "'Cause you're gittin' too durned finicky, that how cum," said Sam. "You come out here twice and tol' me to vote fer Willum Jenkins Brine. I done it both times. He's made us a powerful fine president for eight years and I'm a-gwine to vote fer him agin!"

When twenty-nine gamblers were arraigned in men's night court, says an Associated Press dispatch, they undertook to explain their loud talking just before their joint was raided. "We were praying," they told the court. All of which may be the very essence—or maybe even the quintessence—of truth. We hark back to the good old days when we, even we, have heard 'em pray under similar circumstances. Devout supplications have been rendered in our presence, aimed directly at Little Joe and Big Dick. "Oh, you six; please, little six; come on, now, Mister Six," et cetera ad infinitum ad nauseam nux vomica. You know!

Here is the newest "History of Boston," and from what we know of the city of the Bean-Eaters, we'll bet they don't appreciate its humor. It comes from the pen of Harry Earnshaw, who is a right smart house organist, even though he may cause the Boylston street denizens to shudder at his lack of reverence for the sacred Washington Elm. There's three or four good laughs in it, and we'll wager that you get every one of them:

"Since I landed in Boston I've been running into graveyards, old buildings, tablets, memorials, monuments, souvenirs, etc., and they certainly do look genulac. Around Boston anything later than 1721 is so fresh you have to be careful and not get too near it or you will get paint on your pants. It begins to seem as if there might be some truth in this history stuff after all.

"This country was discovered in 1429 by Sebastian and John Cabot Lodge, Spanish Americans, who sailed from Genoa, Spain, with Queen William and Mary. Their object was to discover a northwest passage to India—No. 74 India, no doubt. If they had asked me, I could have told them exactly how to get there. You go to a subway station; you go downstairs, and the cross-eyed guard tells you to go upstairs again and go down on the other side. You do this, and take a car. After a while you get off. No matter where you get off, it will be the wrong place. You get on again. No matter what car you get on, it will be the wrong car. You get off at Winter Street. You can tell it is Winter Street, because the sign says 'Summer' in one place and 'Washington' in another.

"The day I landed in Boston I put some money in the National Shawmut Bank, and it was thirty days before I could find the darned place again, and I almost starved to death.

"John Cabot Lodge was called 'A Merry Cuss,' because he was such a great kiddier, hence the name 'American.'

"He founded the Colony of Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, thus starting the first chicken farm in the United States.

"John Winthrop, Jr., in 1637, sold Manhattan Island, now owned by Tammany Hall, to Peter Minuit for \$25, and he had a wooden leg. Peter Minuit later turned it over to the Duke of York—that is, not the leg, but the island. It is to this famous man that we owe our well-known Duke's Mixture.

"Later on the French had trouble with the Swedes under Montezuma, in Florida. The Swedes are always starting something. The Huguenots cleaned up the colony.

"The Seminole Rebellion, otherwise known as King Phillip's War, took place in 1801, between Mont-calm and Pocahontas (the latter so named because of the coal that was found near his home).

"Philadelphia was laid out by the Quakers, and it stayed dead until George Horace Lorimer arrived there.

"George Washington was the Father of his Country. If there had been photographers in those days he

would have been a gold mine for them, because he was always having his picture taken.

"Paul Revere, another famous man, was the greatest jockey of his time. His house still stands; also his record.

"Boston is the place where they have the famous Common. The Common, I find, is made out of ground. They claim the ground is the same ground that was there when

the Puritans grounded.

"These Puritans, they claim, were people who wore tall, peaked hats and funny collars. They were traders. They could trade the socks right off your feet without taking off your shoes, and then spend the rest of the day worshipping God with great freedom. There are many descendants of the Puritans living in Boston today.

"This is really all that I can recall about history, and I consider it a pretty good outline. I have marked myself 90."

The wets in congress who voted dry are badly disappointed in the supreme court.—Washington Post.

Prices are teetotalers. They will not take a drop.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.



A JAR

or a bad fall may result in subluxations of the spinal vertebrae and impinged nerves. This condition is frequently met with in automobilists and motorcyclists.

CHIROPRACTIC

is Nature's aid and adjusts spinal subluxations.

Call Here for Spinal Analysis

Annie G. Jeffrey

CHIROPRACTOR

Graduate Palmer School

Wilson Block Alliance, Nebr.

Don't Put Off--- Getting lined up on that Caloric Furnace

Prices are uncertain. To see us now may save you money

Proper installation, to secure circulation, with a good heavy furnace fully guaranteed by us and the manufacturer, and a cool basement for vegetables, makes the Caloric Pipeless certain.

RHEIN HARDWARE CO.

PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SERVICE



What you pay out your good money for is cigarette satisfaction—and, my, how you do get it in every puff of Camels!

EXPERTLY blended choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camel cigarettes eliminate bite and free them from any unpleasant cigarettety aftertaste or unpleasant cigarettety odor.

Camels win instant and permanent success with smokers because the blend brings out to the limit the refreshing flavor and delightful mel-

low-mildness of the tobaccos yet retaining the desirable "body." Camels are simply a revelation! You may smoke them without tiring your taste!

For your own satisfaction you must compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price. Then, you'll best realize their superior quality and the rare enjoyment they provide.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Plan Now to Build This Spring

Sooner or later you want to own a home of your own, but it is not a simple matter under the present market conditions to secure just the quality of Lumber and Building Materials you want, on the spur of the moment.

And, of course, the material you put into your Home is the most vital consideration. YOU WANT THE STRUCTURE TO LAST. It is the most economical, affords the greatest personal satisfaction, and determines the money value of the property.

Home Building Adds to Prosperity

We are in a position to give you advice regarding the relative merits of the different Building Materials, as well as counsel concerning other problems incident to building.

Forest Lumber Co.

Wm. Bevington, Mgr.