

**Comment. - - and
Discomment**

There is an opening for a good tire repair shop in Chadron. But it ought to be a good shop, with some ideas of what the word "service" means, for there are plenty of the other kind there. Too many of them, to be downright frank. We know, for we have limped into Chadron with a flat tire and have tried every means, using honeyed words and falling, threats and getting nowhere, and bribery, which finally won out.

Over in Chadron, it seems, the automobile men think they are doing you a favor if they consent to patch a tire. Now, we know that patching tires isn't the most pleasant sort of work. Men occasionally get up a sweat doing that sort of thing, and now and then, when the blasted thing doesn't go together right, they burst into profanity, which heats their blood still more, ruffles their feelings and imperils their immortal souls.

But somehow, in the printing business, even when a man wants a big job in an unreasonably short time, we still think that he's doing us a favor by bringing us work to do. That's why we are in business—to do work for people—and we can't imagine ourselves growling at the man who wants to give us money. The Chadron automobile men, however, are built of sterner stuff. They have plenty to do, and if a man persuades them to do a job for him, he meets with a gruffness and manner that makes him yearn to tell the fellow to hit it for a hotter climate, pronto.

As we said, we limped into Chadron on one rim. We struck the first garage in sight, and they told us they were frightfully busy and recommended a tire repair shop down the line. It pleased us to think there was a specialist who did nothing but what we wanted done, and we moseyed along in that direction. When we got there, the door was locked. A garage was next door, and we inquired there. This fellow said the tire repair man seldom came

down to work before 10 a. m. As for himself, he was alone in the joint, and when his partner came down, one of them would have to make a drive somewhere with a truck. He advised us to go elsewhere, and it didn't take long to follow his suggestion.

For the next half-hour we limped around to the various garages in the city. Possibly, in our search we may have overlooked one. Maybe the one we overlooked was conducted by a bunch that would have been willing to furnish service for cash. We hope so, for every town is entitled to one decent garage. But the fellows we struck were all of a different ilk. They refused to be interested in our grief. Even the offer of double and triple pay didn't make them bat an eyelid. Finally we ran across one shop that said they'd patch our tire in an hour. We decided to take them up—it was the best bet we had found.

But when we got the tire rolled inside the shop, we were met by another man. "You can't get that fixed here," he cried. "There was a fellow who came in yesterday in a hurry, and his tire is over there yet." Ours would likely enough have been there yet had we waited, but we shoved on. Finally, at the place we first stopped, we found a man who was willing to do half an hour's work for \$2.40 and a tip of a dollar.

Some of these days Chadron will have a real tire shop, and we hope we go to that town when it happens. Then we'll be delighted to visit some of those grouchy devils, and we'll bet ten dollars to a last year's doughnut that they'll be pleasant and agreeable. That's what strong competition does for a business, and unless we greatly misjudge those folks we called on, that's what is needed in Chadron. We strongly advise some white man to buy an outfit and hit for that town—he's needed there.

Somewhere in these United States there's a woman who is inhuman. We don't know her name. Possibly it's better that we don't. This woman writes for some farm magazine, and her stuff is copied by editors who ought to know better. The article to which we are taking exceptions is headed "A Peep into Ruth's Dinner Pail." Poor little Ruthie! Poor child! Her mother has modern ideas about what ought to go into a

lunch basket. She frets about calories and carbohydrates and proteins and other things that were invented to worry mankind.

Ruthie is a school girl, and having some distance to go to get to school, her mother puts up a lunch for her. It's almost unbelievable that a mother could be so inhuman. She puts in lots of sandwiches, mostly bread and butter. Bread and butter are so good for a growing child. Occasionally she buys a little picnic ham. Once she put in a dab of pressed chicken. But listen to this: "I never send pie with the lunch and seldom cake. It is a child's nature to eat these things first if no one objects, and there is no one to object at school."

No wonder little Ruthie prefers to carry her lunch, whether she may eat pie or not. What with mother watching closely to see that she eats everything in regular order, it must be pleasant lunching at home. We may be wrong, but it is one of our ideas that children ought to have some pie and cake, indigestible as they are said to be. Too much candy may be an abomination, but heaven help the child who doesn't know where the cookie jar can be found, or who is afraid to get into it.

WILLING TO OBLIGE

"So you were in the service," ejaculated the prospective father-in-law of the bashful aspirant to his daughter's hand. "Carry any scars?" "No sir," replied the would-be bridegroom, "but I've got a deck of cigarettes if you'd like to try one."—American Legion Weekly.

GOING UP

On the drill field a company of engineers was making the most gruesome possible mess out of "platoons left." A flea bitten sergeant cast a sarcastic eye over the unhappy aggregation and turned to the officer. "Lootnaant," he said wearily, "I guess they thought you said, 'balloons left', so they all went up in the air."—American Legion Weekly.

THE FOOL KILLER

"Say listen," remonstrated the corporal when he came upon the laziest man in the outfit industriously cleaning his rifle. "You better cut that out. You're gonna get hurt." "What's gonna hurt me?" inquired the laziest man. "Accidental discharge of duty."—American Legion Weekly.

EXTENDING A POLICY

"It is becoming more expensive every day to run an automobile." "Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "Some of us motorists won't be able to keep going unless the government comes to our rescue the same as they did the railroads."

SINCE JULY THIRST

"Mercy me!" grumbled the old lady in the grocery store, "but you charge a terrible price for vinegar nowadays." "Yes?" sniffed the clerk contemptuously. "I paid five dollars for a pint of it the other day."

PREPAREDNESS
e (to the fair ones—"Gracious! What's that cliking sound—wood-peckers?"
So—"No, darling! It's the man taking moving pictures of your proposal to me, to be used in case I have to sue you for breach of promise."—Dallas News.

HELPING BUDGET
Mother: "Why, Bobby, how clean your hands are."
Robert: "Yeah, but you should

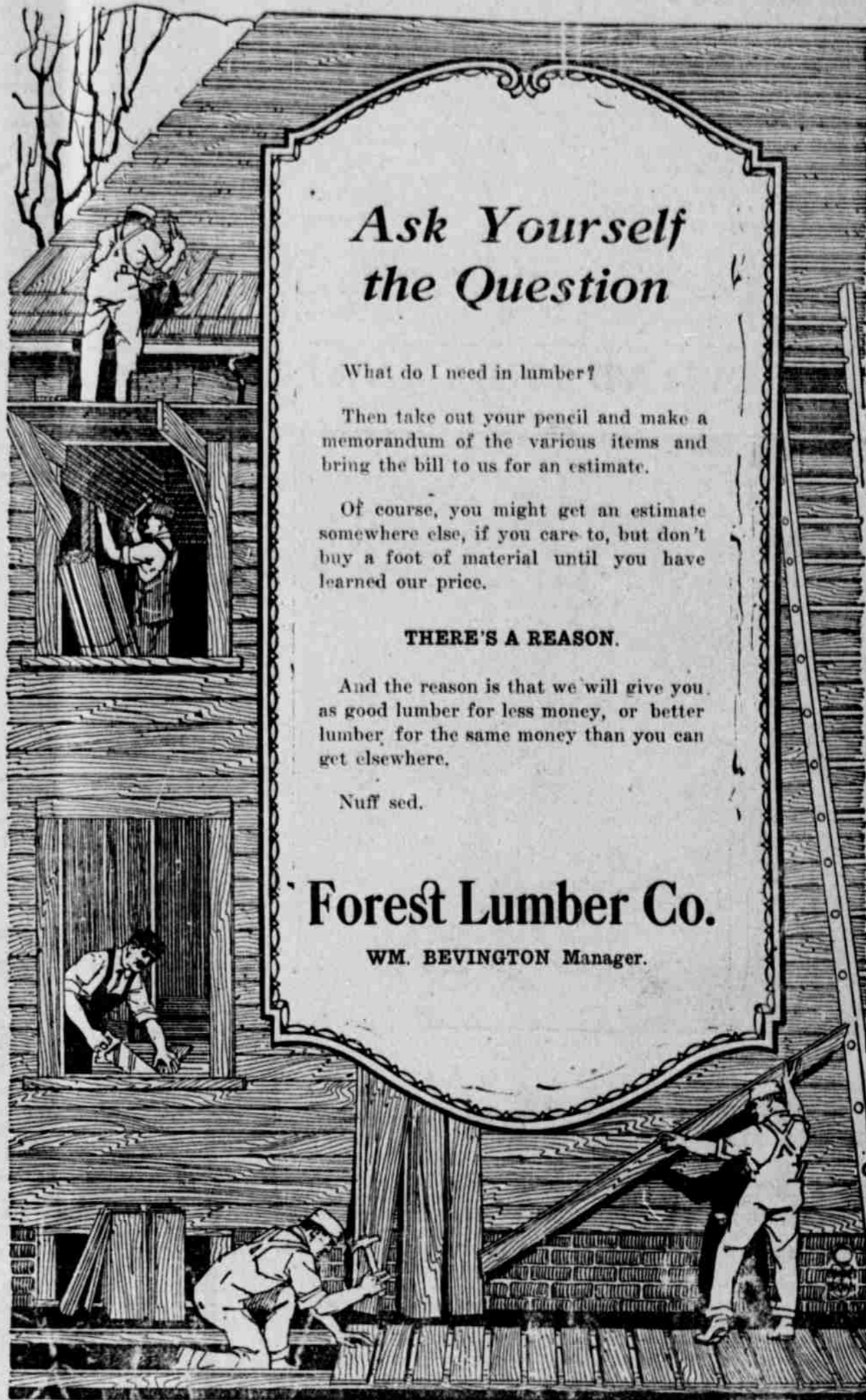
have seen 'em before I helped Bridget make the bread."

Reports current in Holland that the former German crown prince declined an opportunity to make his home near that of his father are in keeping with all the traditions of filial devotion among the Hohenzollerns, says Springfield Union. It is recalled how intensely the former kaiser hated his own mother, and also the open manner in which he revealed his impatience as he wait-

ed for the death of his father, Emperor Frederick III in order that he might ascend the throne.

Testimony has been ruled out in an alienation suit because the wife is dead. But has the court overlooked the ouija board?

Gasoline may become so expensive that outside the circles of long established wealth, only bootleggers and highwaymen can afford to use motorcars.



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