

RANDOM SHOTS

SONS OF HUMOR.

At breakfast time, when slumber lies
Not so remote from human eyes,
The Sons of Humor can evoke
A twisted word that makes a joke.
It serves to speed us on our way,
And rather brightens up the day;
It curves the lips that for a while
Have just forgotten how to smile.

And I have seen a growing wrath
Diverted from its crimson path,
And laid aside, all cold and dead,
By some fool-thing that has been said.
There's plenty sad when day is done,
But Sons of Humor find the fun,
And God bless every man who strives
To keep the laughter in our lives!
—Nan Terrell Reed, in N. Y. Times.

And that's that!

There are two or three reasons for including that bit of poetry in a column which has been singularly free from it. One reason is that, in a way, it dignifies the task of conducting this department. Another is that, so far as this issue is concerned, it's "Poetry Week" with us. Last, but by no means least, before we turn our poets loose on poor Leo Lloyd and his chum, Mr. Gatenby, it is well to let them know that they are serving a useful purpose in the world. It's no mean accomplishment to provoke laughter, no matter what its tone.

O GIRLS!

The state adjutant of the American Legion in New Mexico has promised to send a genuine Mexican jumping bean to every American girl who will correspond with one of the five thousand disabled ex-service men in the hospitals of that state.

Before we forget it in the joy of watching our corps of poets make mince-meat of those Chadron scribblers, we must tell about Smith, the grand poo-bah of the Alliance steam laundry. A few weeks ago, Mr. Smith installed a wet-wash department. The other day he greeted Eddie the Ad Man cheerfully. "Victory," he chortled, or whatever it is that men do when they are inordinately pleased. "The wet wash department is an assured success. I've even got my wife to using it."

REVENGE IS OURN!

A few weeks ago we ridiculed some doggerel perpetrated by a rhymester (by courtesy) from Chadron. At that, we didn't vent nearly all of our scorn and wrath, not knowing the offender, who signs himself in the Chadron Journal as Leo Lloyd. Leo, regrettably for him, came back in a short squib in which he certainly did not do full justice to our gigantic intellect. A friend, Gatenby by name, supported him with some verses in which he cast aspersions at this county, and denied that we had poetical talent that would equal Chadron's. We accepted the challenge in behalf of our own poets, and called for volunteers. An issue or two ago we printed the first volley in reply to the absurd claims of the Chadron men. This issue there are reinforcements. The last poet in the brigade, we shall call "Gentle Joe" until we learn his desires in the matter. Joe, be it said, is an ex-soldier who is snowed in on his farm about half the time, and therefore has opportunity to sharpen his poetical shafts and point his barbs with vitriol. And this is how he defends us and makes short shrift of Leo:

Ain't it just downright pitiful, men?

NON COMPOS MENTIS!

Of obliterate fame
And alliterated name
Is Mister Leo Lloyd.
I am prompted to surmise
That the place above his eyes
Is positively void.

His idiotic prattle
Has instigated battle—
This literary nut.
His way of butchering rhyme
Is most certainly a crime—
The poor, misguided mutt.

To perdition I consign him
And Gatenby will fine him
I plainly can foretell.
Their presumption does astound
All the folks for miles around.
Poets? They are, like—blazes.

Their amateurish verses
Bring ridiculing curses.

On Gatenby and Lloyd.
I'm rejoiced to the conclusion
Their heads must be a fusion
Of bone and rubberoid.

Here, as the poet points out, the meter unfortunately changes, but anyone who has ever read any of Leo's stuff will endorse the sentiment:

A suggestion is in order
To the boys upon the border
Of the sagebrush and the blowing sand
I contend their trouble's hooch
They'd improve their verse to mooch
A little of the Box Butte county brand.

Ride 'em, cowboy!

Powder River! Let 'er buck!

And now, to convince these Chadron poets that they're clearly outclassed, we've decided to let 'em have both barrels. Here's how G. W. N. peels Leo's hide off and nails it to the fence:

POOR OLD LEO!

Oh that rhyming man of Chadron town—

He is a dud, a clam,
He gives to us a bitter pain
Below the diaphragm.

We think where we could kick at him:
But let that matter pass;
He is a verdant chimpanzee,
Almost as green as grass.

He'd better stir around a bit
And seek some mental serum
To inoculate that block of his,
For he is just a scream.

"Serum" and "scream" are not the most perfect rhyme, however close the poet may have stuck to facts in this last verse. However, in his haste the poet, writing for a man of Leo's ability, probably figured the Chadron man would consider it pretty hot stuff. In our casual perusal of Leo's works, we have seen enough to know that this offense is mild compared with those that he makes habitually, and probably unknowingly.

Leo is, so far as we know, a pleasant, well-mannered gentleman, who is kind to his wife and his family, unless it be that he takes himself too seriously. Honestly, we wouldn't say all these mean things about him in our official capacity. The trouble is that he has stung the pride of our Box Butte county poets. He and his friend Gatenby probably deserve all they get. We have given our rhyming brigade permission to have their way with him.

Speaking of Leo and his wooing of the muse, we are reminded of the first two lines of a poem by a Giltner man, the remainder of which has unfortunately been lost:

"Hark, the merry warbler of the spring!
No, it is a humming bird—and can-not sing!"

Wonder what's become of Abie Martin II of Bridgeport? Hope our contrib. isn't ill. But Christmas is a trying time for men with weak digestions.

Incidentally, there were three mince pies on the kitchen table when we arrived home.

LIES FOR TODAY.

"I don't make it, but I know where I can get it."
"Wifie, it certainly is a beautiful necktie you selected for me."

MORE POETRY.

(By Gentle Joe.)

There's a still
On every hill.
It takes a gill
To make you ill.
Spend a bill,
Drink your fill,
Then it will
Surely kill.

After the usual holiday indigestion, we are again reading the "grow thin" articles in the magazines. One that caught our eye last night promises results. All we have to do is to eschew water with our meals, potatoes, bread, butter, pies (including mince), candy and other things that make life worth living, and dine exclusively upon lean meat, bran gems and an assortment of vegetables that doesn't appeal to us. The writer challenges us by saying it's all a matter of will power. If we get mad enough, we may take it up, and hereby promise full and complete particulars if we do. This, be-

it emphasized, is not a promise, but a hope. For this, dear readers, is the mince-meat pie and baked potato season.

We don't know how much weight a protest from a mere husband will have, but we've seen so many of those darned unbleached muslin aprons with applique posies that we froth at the mouth every time a new Christmas package is opened.

It's a shame to stop work on this column when everything is going so good, but there's darned near all of the front page to be written yet.

One more, from the pen of Gentle Joseph:

YESTERDAY'S BEST STORY.

"Did you ever eat frog legs?"
"No, but I've seen them on the stage."
"On the stage! Where?"
"In Paris."

The Christmas vacation interfered somewhat with our war with Editor Wilcox of Bridgeport. Wonder if the old pirate ever came back? There wasn't so very much he could say, but he probably tried to say it.

FOWLING

Everyone was surprised to see such a nice day Christmas after such a bad storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hall and children spent Christmas day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall.

Mr. Stratton, the mail carrier, was forced to make an extra trip Friday out to the Paschke and Butler homes to deliver the extra packages.

Russell Gray took Miss Hutchinson over to Crawford's Saturday.

Mr. Crawford motored to Alliance Saturday taking in some dressed turkeys. The Misses Simpson and Hutchinson accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kilpatrick are spending the holidays with relatives at Beatrice.

Mrs. Shipley's father and brother passed through here Saturday from Grand Island to her home at Marsland to spend the holidays. They took dinner at the ranch.

Miss Alice Roberts was quite disappointed when she didn't get home Saturday on account of the bad roads. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Mann and children and Russell Gray were dinner guests at the Fred Crawford home Christmas.

Leo Brandle was out with his hounds Saturday hunting coyotes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Henderson and daughters spent the Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson.

Little Frank Mann was on the sick list last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ab Hall and children and Miss Roberts took Christmas dinner at the Elsea home. Miss Jean and Alberta are spending their vacation with their grandmother.

Mrs. Brus and daughter, Miss Clara, were callers at the Mann home one day last week.

Miss Alice Hamilton is spending Christmas vacation with home folks in Alliance.

The program at the Hall district, which was to be given at the school house Friday evening had to be postponed on account of the bad weather.

Mr. Hoff, of Kansas, is expected at the Blackroot ranch to spend his vacation.

James Eaton was a caller at the William Butler home Monday.

Mrs. Elsea expects to leave next week for her homestead in Wyoming.

Messrs. and Mesdames Farrel and Sheldon had a surprise dinner on Mr. and Mrs. Alfred McCart Christmas day. It was also Mr. McCart's birthday. All reported a very enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyer and family and Nelson took Christmas dinner with the Fred Crawford family.

Mrs. Francis Henderson and Miss Marguerite and Miss Roberts were callers at the McCart home Monday.

Mrs. Mann and children were callers at the Elsea home Monday afternoon.

The capital, surplus and undivided profits of the Alliance National Bank are \$130,000.00.
10-15

A typewriter has its disadvantages. When you don't know how to spell a word, you can't make a noncommittal wiggle and let the printer figure it out.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts took Christmas dinner at the George Oxborn home.

Mr. O. W. Cox and family entertained at Christmas dinner. Afternoon callers were Thomas Squibbs and family and Roy Rader.

Several from this neighborhood attended the Adams sale Tuesday. Mr. Adams will leave soon for his new home at Falls City.

Charles Barry attended to business matters in Hemingford Friday.

Gust Peterson and Thomas Squibbs butchered Monday.

Edgar Brown and family were shopping in Hemingford Saturday.

School dismissed Friday for a week's vacation. Miss Eaton, the teacher, is spending her vacation with her parents in Hemingford.

The Alliance National Bank is the strongest bank in western Nebraska.
10-15

For six months jazz has been reported to be dying, but its tenacity of life rivals that of the Bolshevik government of Russia.

An agricultural college is feeding cows on sawdust, but the remarkable part of it is, where does the college get the sawdust.

According to a prominent psychologist, there are only seven basic dreams. That man, evidently, has never been a mince-pie addict.

Modern dances give you the impression that the human race is a neck-to-neck affair.

OUR WISH

—for—
Your New Year



Appreciating your business and hoping that the pleasant relations now existing between patrons and our market will continue, we wish you much happiness and prosperity for the New Year.

Melvin's Cash Market

F. E. MELVIN, Proprietor 508 Box Butte Ave.

HERALD WANT ADS BRING BEST RESULTS



Permit us to extend to each and every one of you our most heartfelt thanks for the blessings of 1921—for the good will and confidence you have bestowed upon us.

At all times we shall endeavor to retain that faith you have placed in us by maintaining the high standards of quality, service and value to the utmost degree.

And may the year 1922 be the most prosperous and happiest in your history—for your contentment means our contentment.

Fowler Lumber Co.

FLOYD LUCAS, Manager.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE

'The Jollies of 1922'

A Minstrel Show and Musical Comedy, Given by **THE AMERICAN LEGION**

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE **JOE BREN PRODUCTION CO., OF CHICAGO,** AT THE

Imperial Theatre, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 5 and 6

50--ALLIANCE PEOPLE--50

25--PRETTY GIRLS--25