

RANDOM SHOTS

Says the Pop-Eyed Kid: "A Bow-Legged Girl is Healthy, Although She is in Awful Bad Shape."

After waiting anxiously for nearly a week, the office devil was rewarded by a glimpse of a pair of those extremely openwork socks, the same being worn by a youthful frail.

That pleasure lies chiefly in anticipation is now demonstrated. They look better on the model in the window, he tells us.

Which teaches us that not all who essay to flap achieve flapperdom.

A man about town, who is on to the ropes pretty well, said that at the track meet Friday he saw something which should have been perpetuated by a snapshot. Eleven boulevardiers were sitting on the same plank.

We learn with regret that the production of calcareous man in the United States in 1921 decreased fully 45 per cent. Nebraska didn't do a thing to avert this catastrophe.

THE TOONERVILLE PAGEANT.
(Hamilton County Register.)

We make no attempt to kid you, the weather was cold for an outdoor evening performance. The audience had more than a touch of realism, and dame Nature co-operated to give them an idea of how the pilgrims felt when they landed on the stern and rock-bound coasts, and allow them to feel well as see great privation result from the poverty of the pioneers. A thousand copies of the scenario were printed and these greatly assisted the audience in getting significance of the pageant's imagery. The grounds were well lighted by electricity, and the having of a skilled man on the ground enabled them to quickly repair damages when the Mayflower in making harbor, sailed into their electric light ionization and added darkness to their depression.

Led by the spirit of the church, whom we should have thought would be willing to swap her beautiful costume for a fur overcoat and throw in the bright crown, they arrived on the bleak, inhospitable shores of the new world and soon their sturdy voices united in praise and song.

A candidate for governor sent us his platform. It reads pretty well, and we had fully intended to make favorable comment, but we couldn't read the signature.

TODAY'S BEST STORY.

Time was when certain editors made it a rule never to retract any statements made in their papers. If they had stated that horse was sixteen feet instead of sixteen hands high, why sixteen feet high he was, so far as the Evening Screech was concerned.

The issue was tested when an irate citizen who had been ill but experienced a sudden change for the better, dropped in and confronted the editor.

"Look here, he howled, "You printed this morning that I was dead. Well, I'm a long way from dead and it's up to you to print a correction."

"I'm sorry," said the editor mildly, "but we never do such things."

"You don't hey? Well you will this time or I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."

"Don't do that," said the editor hastily. "We can't make a correction but we'll fix it up. Wait for tomorrow's paper. It'll be O. K."

Next morning, under "Births," the sheet announced:

"Born: To the late Silas B. and Jane Appleby, a son, Jonas, forty-seven years old, and one of our most popular grocers."

No wonder the country is going to the dogs. The output of grindstones in the last year decreased over 59 per cent in volume, and those that were put out were not up to the quality of former years.

Statistics are interesting things. If it weren't for a herd of government experts, we would never know that the general business depression of 1921 is illustrated in the decline of the production of phosphate rock.

By the way, wouldn't phosphate rock be pretty good material for some tombstones?

Cheering thought for today: "If wives only knew what stenographers think of their husbands they would cease to worry."

When the price of the out-of-town printer appeals to you as "remarkably low," remember that the home town printer pays the freight.

A mail-order wit furnishes us three columns of merrie quips, and out of the whole mess this is the only one that has even the makings of a laugh: "Lem Spivens says that at least in the making of card cider he believes in the freedom of the press."

OFFICER, DO YOUR DUTY.

There ought to be some way for us unfortunate mortals to get ever with men who write letters to the home town paper that read like this one, in the Columbus Telegram:

"The steamer Canopic, started yesterday morning and as soon as it reached the three-mile line from shore the doors of the saloon were thrown open. What a sight! We could have anything we wanted—whisky, wine or beer. Naturally I had to sample some of the latter and drink to the health of my friends back home. The Canopic is a wonderful steamer, very comfortable, with furnishings as good as any of the finest hotels. The people aboard are very pleasant. Give all my friends my best regards and tell them I wish them happy days until we meet again."

FLAPPERANTO.

Recent additions to the language of flapperdom, as collected by the Kansas City Star and the New York News: Ankle Excursion—When you have to walk home;

Bell Polisher—A young man addicted to lingering in the vestibule at 1 a. m.
Bofos—Dollars, otherwise known as rocks, chips, seeds, berries and juck.
Barlow—A girl, a flapper, a chicken.
Cellar-Smeller—A young man who

always turns up where liquor is to be had without cost.
Duck's Quack—That's the best thing ever, same meaning as cat's pajamas.
Dumbbell—Dumb, but happy.
Dumbdora—Stupid girl.
Dew Dropper—Young man who does

not work, sleeps all day and gets up at 1 p. m.
Finagler—A young man who stalls until some one pays the check.
Flat Shoe—Fight between girl and her escort.
Given the Air—When a girl or fel-

low is throw down on a date.
Grummy—In the dumps, shades of blue.
Gobby—One who has no style, no brains, no nothing.
Houdini—To be on time for a date.
Heavy Necker—A girl fond of pet-

ting.
Holy Smokes—Probation officer who visits dance halls.
Lalapazza—All around good sport.
Mad Money—Flapper's carfare home in case of fight with her goof.
Sheik—A girl's sweetie.



The women know where to come for ready-to-wear values. Read our spring sale offer.

The Fashion Shop's Spring CLEAN-UP SALE

Offers Sweeping Reductions On Every Line in the Store
Come Prepared to Get Genuine Bargains at

1/2, 1/3 and 1/4 OFF

This Sale Opens Wednesday, May 10

Bright and early Wednesday morning our doors will be thrown open to 10 days of wonderful value-giving bargains.

THINK OF IT!

Every item in our big store will be offered at these substantial reductions. Here's the chance to complete your wardrobe.

It's worth traveling more than a hundred miles to get the values to be shown in every line of merchandise carried by the Fashion Shop.



This Sale Lasts 10 Days Only

Make sure you come one of the ten days while the Spring Clean-Up Sale is on. You cannot duplicate these values in this trade territory.

COME HERE EARLY!

Early in the sale; early in the day. Both offer better opportunity to get the best in bargains. It's more comfortable and satisfactory.

Remember this sale offers no garment that does not come up to Fashion Shop Quality and Style. That itself is a guarantee.

REMEMBER---Sale Starts on May 10---Lasts 10 Days

Our Entire Line Included

Ladies' Coats, Suits, Dresses, Millinery, Hosiery, Lingerie, Corsets, Underwear, Sweaters, Separate Skirts, Blouses, etc.

We also have some attractive garments for the little kiddies—priced so you will want to buy.



NO EXCHANGES
NO REFUNDS
NO APPROVALS
Every Sale Is Final.

THE FASHION SHOP

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