

CHEERFUL CHIRPS

(By "DEL.")

Mostly nonsense, except in those rare intervals when a real idea comes along and is grabbed off.

Asked Bert White for some inside information about a certain man we knew he knows purty well:
"What do you think of him? Is he an honest man?"

Bert stroked his chin, and jest smiled.
"Would you call him a liar?" we relentlessly pursued.

"Well, now, I don't know that I'd go so far as to call him a liar, but those that know him best down his way do say that when he wants his pigs to come for their feed he has to get someone else to call 'em."

We hasten to advise you all that February 29, 1920, will fall on a Sunday, an event that has not occurred since 1880, will not repeat itself until 1948, and will happen only once more during this century, in 1976. In view of the fact that this Sunday is such a rarity, may we not start something by suggesting that you plan to celebrate this remarkable day in an appropriate manner—perhaps by paying one simoleon at The Sun office for a copy of the new Flagstaff City Directory and reading it that day?

Though Rockefeller's fortune is of vast unmeasured girth, The oil king has a rival
As the richest bird on earth. Out in Oregon a feller
Owns a hen—the profiteer!— Who has laid three hundred-thirty Eggs within a single year.

She's a member of the fam'ly Of famed Lady (Hen) MacDuff, So her hard-boiled egg-o-tism Is quite logical enough;
Keep it up; make her egg-cel it, Egg her on, is our advice:
Lay on, Lady Mac's descendent, Lay on till you break the price!

The Chicago health officer, Dr. Evans, writes: For constipation, eat a pear before breakfast when in season and in winter soak a dried pear in a half glass of water.

Yes, but what do you do with the d. p. after soaking it?

One of Rimmy Jim Giddings' guests last fall, while they were at supper and Rimmy was carvin' up the rump steak, said:

"Rimmy, I was reading recently that in Sumatra a man can buy a wife for four dollars."

"Four dollars," gasped Rimmy. "If a man's got four dollars he don't need no wife."

Dr. Fronske, it is said, tells about a confidential little talk several visitors at the recent medical association convention in El Paso received from an eminent physician. The subject was the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.
"The best rewards," he said, "come of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge \$25 a call at the residence, \$10 for an office consultation and \$5 for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative silence, a somewhat envious one, then Dr. Fronske asked the specialist:
"Doctor, how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

If this bracing, snappy weather bothers you, why not communicate with J. W. Reed, of Swea, Iowa, who advertises:
"Convert your hides into comfortable furs."

From a letter received from Sullivan & Taylor:
"Gents: On December 12 I advised you over the phone to call for one bed, spring and mattress. The bed in question was bought several months ago, and as I have since obtained a divorce, I will have no use for the bed and you must look to Mr. _____ for payment or else take back the bed. I

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might say in closing that the bed has been used only three times."

"The bride looked lovely in a navy blue ostrich plume."—Burlington, Ia., Hawkeye.

If she will flag us on her way, we'll lend her half our robe.

"The First Methodist church will hold a gospel service and church sociable Wednesday night at the church parlors. The members will study Miss Grace Saxe's outline, after which refreshments will be served."—Rock Island, Ill., Union.

Hope they admired the view.

"Ah!" sighed Fred Lusk. "The sweet memories of childhood! What a wonderful privilege that we can recall the days of baby games and baby loves!"

Yeah. And ain't it great that nature gives us memory so't we know that one time a nickel was worthy five cents worth o' money.

O, Father, Dear Father, come with me, Dear,

The clock in the steeple strikes one, You could stay here till doomsday a drinkin' near-beer,
But you never will gather a Bun.

"The Banner gave Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wolfe the credit of having a new daughter. It is Mr. and Mrs. Merl Wolf who are entitled to the distinction. Nothing would please Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wolfe more than to add a daughter to the household, but Earl admits the prospects for such good fortune are not bright."—Miami, Fla., Banner.

Let us hear now from Mrs. Earl.

"I got a notion of I ever die," said Brunette Ike, huminatively, "I gwine straight up t' St. Peter an' say: 'Is my fust wife hyar?' an' he say she am, an' I say: 'Is my secon' wife hyar?' An' when he say: 'Uh-huh,' I gwine right away an' git me a fan an' settle down. Try a sausage, Misto Dixon."

Some more nursery lore:

A youth named John and a girl called Jill were sent up the hill for a pair of water, father being very busy at the time smoking his pipe. Picture the two little tots struggling up the hill! Having filled the pail they started home, when John, also known as Jack, stumbled and rolled down the hill, and Jill, having a keen sense of humor, threw the bucket away and came tumbling after. Then they went home and suggested that father go after the water himself. A very interesting and instructive story, but with a gruesome ending.

Loren Cress was measuring a fellow and getting the other details for a new suit. When it came to the trousers, and the hip pockets in them, he asked:

"Pint or quart?"
"Better make it two pints—left and right," the customer said.

Dedicated to our champion heavy-weight pugilist, Jack Dempsey, apropos of his coming fight with Georges Carpentier, the French champion:

He's willing to fight in France, they say,
For half a million or so;
But he passed up a chance at a buck a day
When they called on us all to go.
We think we speak for a million chaps
Who went to France with a vim,
Ready for anything—death perhaps—
So—
Hope Georges whales hell out of him.

A call for volunteers reprinted from the Lisbon, Ohio, Journal:

"I am going to open up a new barber shop tomorrow at S. Market St., second house below the Methodist church. Therefore, gentlemen, take notice at the window, Barber Shop sign. A clean towel will be used on every gentleman and special attention will be taken on hard beards and hair cuts, in order to prove our ability. But also take in mind that my ability cannot be proven without the people of Lisbon give me the chance. Therefore, saying this I do not put myself as the best barber in Lisbon, or a professor at the trade. But remember this, gentlemen, it surely pays to try. Wishing you success.—Bruno Fudal."

Tom Rickel says the easiest and cheapest way to make beer is to get some grasshoppers and make the beer out of their hops. He says to get the grasshoppers from a Jew, because He-brews them.

The Frenchman plays the "Marseillaise."

The Scotchman "Auld Lang Syne,"
The Irish sing "Let Freedom Ring,"
The Germans "Wacht an Rhein,"
The English braves chant "Rule the Waves."

"God save the British Tar"—
But we today in the U. S. A.
Sing "Goash, How Dry We Are!"

Charlie Chaplin stuff from the Northport, L. I., Journal:
"Mrs. Amelia Kart, Mrs. Rosie Muechel and the latter's husband, of Aquebogue, engaged in a quarrel over their children, and during the scuffle Mrs. Kart grabbed a red hot pumpkin pie, which she had just taken out of the oven and was being cooled for dinner, and struck Mrs. Muechel in the face with it. Mrs. Muechel's face and hair was completely smeared with the filling and she was very painfully burned."

Monologue about a bow-legged man: I have heard of people being bow-legged, but I never saw one so much so as one I saw the other day. My little boy, the minute he saw him, called out: "Oh, get on to that man

MICKIE SAYS

IF EV'YBODY COULD SEE HOW MANY PAPERS I FEED INTO THIS BIG PRESS, 'N THEN REALIZE THAT EV'RY PAPER GOES INTO A DIFFERENT HOME WHERE IT'S READ BY ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, WHY SAY I GUESS THE ADVERTISERS WOULD ALL BE STANDIN' IN LINE WITH THEIR COPY WHEN I OPEN UP IN THE MORNIN', I BETCHER!



with a tunnel under him." I never saw a man's feet so anxious to get together. Someone must have taken him on the roof of some high building and dropped him hard. His legs would make a good wreath for the motto: "What is Home Without a Mother?" I am sure he don't live in our town, for the streets are not wide enough for him. He must have got wet some place and set on a hogshead near a hot stove, and his legs warped that way. I pity the girl that marries him. She never can sit on his lap, unless she swings a hammock across it.

We get so many queries from information-seeking subscribers that to answer them all by mail is a burden of work and expense. Therefore, we have decided to reply to such as are fit to print in this column:

C. B. Wilson—What is the meaning of three balls in front of a pawnbroker's?

Two to one that the things never will be redeemed.

Paul Coffin—How can you make a thin boy fat?

Throw him out of the window and he will come down plump.

J. C. Simmons—Why does a hen lay an egg?

Because she can't lay a brick.

O. H. Richardson—What is the best way to keep fish from smelling?

Cut their noses off.

Raymond Prochnow—What is the best way to find a young lady out?

Go around to her house when she is not in.

John Zalaha says the meanest man he ever knew was so lazy that when he wanted a path broken through the snow last month he laid on the lounge and pinched the baby's ears with the nippers, making it howl. The neighbors, rushing in to see what was the matter, made a fine path.

T. A. Stahl, overhearing this, said he knew a man who showed his meanness in a somewhat similar way. He tried to make the dog rock the cradle by tyin' its tail to the rocker. But he was so everlasting grouchy that he couldn't speak enough kind words to the dog to make it wag its tail.

It was whispered around at the Five Hundred club recently that Joe Waldhaus went home rather late a few nights ago, and was stumbling over some things in the dark hallway, when his wife called out:

"What are you growling about, dear?"

"I am gr.wling," he answered in his deepest bass voice, "to drown the barking of my shins."

Captain J. B. Wright says he can't see why all this talk about the necessity for a new court house here, because almost any young lady is public-spirited enough to let her home be used as a court house.

Some more epitaphs:

"Our little Sallie to Heaven did go,
Baby life so sweet is,
She was afflicted with cerebro-spinal meningitis.

'Tis hard to lose our Sallie so,
But the reflection sweet is,
That she has gone where there is no More cerebro-spinal meningitis.

"Eliza, surviving, rears this marble slab,
To her dear John, who died of eating crab."

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Louder,
She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder;
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it effer-vesced."

SHE KNEW HIM NOT

They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged, but they had quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. He called afterward at her house—to see her father on business. She was at the door. "Ah—Miss Blank, I believe?" said he. "Is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied, "father is not, at present. Do you wish to see him personally?" "Yes," was the bluff response of the visitor, who felt that his former sweetheart was yielding. "I wanted to see him on very particular business," and he turned away haughtily. "I beg your pardon," she called after him as he reached the last step, "but who shall I say called?"

FACING A SHORTAGE

An English schoolboy wrote: "England has much coal beds when it is finished we shall have to use our brains for fuel, and it will be scarce."

E. S. CLARK WILL SEEK SENATE SEAT FROM G. O. P.

Elias S. Clark has announced his candidacy for the United States senate, subject to the action of the republican primaries next September.

He is the first candidate of either party to cast his hat in the senatorial ring.

Mr. Clark's announcement reads as follows:
"At the next general election, the voters of Arizona will elect, among other officers, a United States senator. I am a candidate for that office, subject to the action of the republican electors at the 1920 primaries."

Elias S. Clark is one of the best known republicans in Arizona. He served as attorney general in the Kibbey administration and made a splendid record in that office. Mr. Clark is a native of Maine and is 57 years of age. He came to Arizona when a young man and studied law at Flagstaff under the late Edward M. Doe. In 1879 he was elected district attorney of Coconino county. Later he removed to Prescott and was elected district attorney of Yavapai county in 1903, which position he held until 1905, when he was appointed attorney general of Arizona by Governor Kibbey. He is married and has three sons, one of whom, Neil C. Clark, is now county attorney of Yavapai county.

Mr. Clark is a polished speaker and a hard campaigner. He has taken an active part in the councils of the party for more than 20 years.

NEW SAN DIEGO RAILROAD NO PLACE FOR MINISTER'S SON

That little old San Diego and Arizona railroad, that affords a new and somewhat devious route from Phoenix to the coast, is no railroad for a minister's son, according to Charles R. Howe, member of the state tax commission. He had a ride over the road recently and therefore knows whereof he speaks. The great objection to the line, as he sees it, is the Mexican atmosphere that prevails twice for intervals of about three hours each while the train is crawling through the canyons of Lower California, and the consequent unrestricted operation of the buffet right in these prohibition times. Nope! Commissioner Howe says it's no railroad for a nice Phoenix man. "Too naughty!"

SOUNDED THREATENING

"This stock will make me rich in six months?"

"If it doesn't, I don't want you to ever speak to me again," replied the glib salesman.

"Umph!" said the prospective victim, "that might be the very thing I'd want to do."

OUR WAY

We've lately warned the Mexicans, And sternly told 'em, darn 'em, That if they do not heed us now, Ten further times we'll warn 'em!

WOMEN WILL NOT TAKE HUSBAND'S POLITICS

That women will not simply "echo their husbands' votes" but will form their own opinions and choose their own political faiths has been demonstrated time and again, even though women have but recently become actively interested in politics. Mrs. George Hoadley, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is one of the latest to choose a different political faith from her husband, who is a democrat. Mrs. Hoadley has accepted appointment as member of the republican state advisory committee, and explains to the curious that "a wife can be a republican, and her husband a democrat, and they can get along very well. There is no reason why any two persons should 'fuss' about politics. All of us can tolerate honest differences of opinion, and lose no respect for persons on that account."

"If the price of oysters keeps going up," remarked Mr. Growcher, "it'll be only fair to include at least one pearl in every order."

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