

CHEERFUL CHIRPS

(By "DEL.")

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

Had a lot of fun fishing this week. Two of my brothers-in-law and I made an agreement yesterday morning that the first to catch a fish would have to buy a quart of—cigars. The darned cusses did me dirt. Whenever either of them got a bite he didn't pull until he was sure the fish had got free. I would have lost only that I didn't put any bait on my hook.

A young chap from Washington was out with us. He hooked a big salt water trout. He didn't play him at all, but kept reeling in. How he managed to hold the fish was a mystery. Pretty soon the fish was directly below the end of the rod, but the amateur didn't stop. He continued to reel and reel, and finally had the fish's head touching the tip of the pole. Then he actually tried to pull it through the ring. Of course, he didn't succeed.

"What shall I do now?" he asked Brother John. "About the only thing you can do now," said John, "is to climb up the pole after the fish."

Sitting at dinner tonight was a young woman whose gown displayed her beautiful arms.

"I came near not being here tonight," she said. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance."

Not being able to see, and merely for information, I asked: "Where were you vaccinated?"

Her smile was demure. "In Toronto," she said.

A dear old lady here apologizes that she can no longer afford to keep in style, only in sight."

Ferd Eubank, one of the best loved characters along Chesapeake Bay, who can keep a bunch happy all day long with old-time songs and quaint anecdotes, insists that our physical ailments are all purely imaginary unless they ain't.

He tells, and is substantiated by other credible witnesses, how he recently let a hardened old sinner smell a bottle of apple-jack. Then he switched a bottle of water for it, and poured water into the old sinner's glass, himself and the others drinking from the original bottle of apple-jack.

One peculiar trait with southern people, both white and black, is their fear of strange dogs. Often I have seen men whose courage had often been proven, as it is likely to be at any time in this country where most of them spend most of their time (except fishing and oystering, but a honest street from some small dog even in the latter wasn't saying a thing.

Oh, you Arizona cowboys, if you only realized what heroes, what gigantic figures of mystery and romance you are in the minds of the eastern small boy. My two dozen nephews back here all asked about you, first thing. They don't want to hear about any old Indians when there's anything I can think of to tell them about you.

Outside the building she explained that this was the only elevator in Charlottesville, and she always entertained her friends by giving them a ride in it.

In Charlottesville, while I attended Rotary in the evening, two neices showed Mrs. Del around the city. The younger steered a straight course for a bank building, and when they got there she took them into the elevator.

"Top floor," she said. The elevator man, when they reached the top (fourth) floor, she told him: "Now you may take us down again."

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same thing occurred and the third morning.

Ferd didn't love this particular neighbor, and he hated that dog. He reasoned that it wasn't up to him to feed that dog his lunch every day and either of them got a bite he didn't pull until he was sure the fish had got free. I would have lost only that I didn't put any bait on my hook.

"I never hit that dog at all," he said. "But I'll tell you what I did do. I shot the end right off one finger of my left hand."

Down here Christmas lasts eight days—December 25 to January 1, inclusive.

In New Orleans, Atlanta, Baltimore, Richmond and Washington we were scared all the time we were on the street with the idea we might get our traffic signals mixed and run into an automobile and maybe get arrested for getting in the way. Down here at Norfolk, where I'm writing this, we have to keep one eye cocked about all the time for fear one of these cussed aviators may drop something on us.

Oysters 80 cents a bushel, sweet potatoes 40 cents a bushel (o. h. Virginia). But collars and cigars cost more in the eastern cities than in Flagstaff. So why worry?

Plumbing must cost a lot here, because every time you get a room with bath it costs from \$2 to \$3 more than a room without one. This Saturday night stunt is sure expensive.

Came up from the wharf here in a two-horse vehicle. Had no small change, so handed the driver a \$10 bill. He looked at it, then at the horses, then at me. "Which horse do you want?" he asked.

Down here, chillions, a horse is a "team," two horses are "two teams." A horse and buggy are "a team and fix."

And when I nonchalantly said, it cost "two bits," no one knew what I meant.

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I divide it politely?" she asked. "Give her the larger piece, my dear."

"Here," said Toots, handing the apple to her little friend, "you divide it."

In the Enoch Pratt library in Baltimore a young woman near me asked for "The Red Beat."

The clerk looked, then reported that they had no such book.

"Then maybe the title is 'The Scarlet Yacht,'" she said.

Again the clerk reported failure.

This time the sweet young thing had found a memorandum in her handbag.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I meant 'The Buhaiyat.'"

Colored brother asked the preacher who was Cain's wife. Ol preacher hunted an' hunted, an' found nothin', then he say: "Brudder, don't lose yo' soul's salvation lookin' after othah men's wives."

Mr. Howard, financial man of the Studebaker general offices, told us on the boat the other night about a Studebaker agent in Arizona who came east and was his guest for several days in New York.

How did the Bright Angel trail get its name? Bucky O'Neill named it, according to Captain Hance, who relates the story as follows:

"We never did know where she came from nor how she got here, but all to once she was here, an' 'pearled like she'd come to stay. She was sickly, you could see that, but she never complained none; she was allus jest as doggone cheerful as a sunshiny mornin'."

"Gad! but she was beautiful. She had fluffly hair that was like a streak o' sunlight streamin' through a winter an' her skin was soft as velvet, an' jest white an' pink, an' she didn't look like a person that was intended to live on earth; leastwise in no such outlandish place as this."

"An' the girl was jest as good as she looked, I want to tell ye. The boys all fell in love with her; Pete Berry, over at Grand View, an' Bass, down at the ferry, an' I guess I had a sort of tender regard like ter her myself."

"'Ste us t' go down the trail nigh an every day, walkin' slow an' lookin' at the wonderful fights in the canyon with them big blue eyes o' hers, that was like little patches of the sky. The boys a-ster watch her, standin' on t'ir rim, till she'd get to be nuffin' but a tiny speck o' bright color, movin' along the trail. Sometimes there'd be moisture in Bucky's eye, an' I dunno but mine, too, when we was lookin' at her, an' feelin' when she wasn't goin' ter last long."

"Bucky a-ster say she was an angel; he know'd she was, an' he turned out to be right, ter one day she went down the trail an' never came back. There was a sort o' haze like hangin' in the canyon that afternoon, an' long about sundown t'ir light struck it slantwise an' colored it up like gold. You couldn't see fer inter the canyon, but Bucky claimed he seen sothin' floatin' up through the mist, white an' sort o' transparent like, but he knowed it was her."

"There wasn't no doubt 'bout her bein' an angel after that, an' so he named the trail 'Bright Angel trail,' an' that's how it come."

"Y'see, Bucky was a sentimental feller, anyhow, natcherly, an' we'd been a-callin' her the 'Bright Girl,' after we found out 'twas Bright's discent that ailed her, so Bucky says, 'Well, make it Bright Angel.'"

Tim Cornish is home from a Los Angeles school to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Benedict return from southern part of state.

I. F. Wheeler back from Kansas, where he sold a lot of range horses.

Miss Mina Jones, teacher in our school, now in Phoenix for holidays.

Mrs. F. J. Hochstetfer and daughter, Mrs. J. W. Wagner, return from visit to Missouri relatives.

Miss Minnie Nisbet and Homer Bartlett married at home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McIntyre, the latter being a sister of the bride.

Miss Marie Riordan home from the holidays from San Francisco, where she attends school.

E. S. Gosney home from two-weeks hunting in northern California.

A. H. Spellmire, for ten years in charge of office work for Babbitt Brothers, leaves for Los Angeles where he expects to reside.

THE LOTUS EATER
The southern Californian may think himself an adept at making seductive pictures of his end of the state, but he can still learn from the Honolulu out in the north Pacific. Down there they say a drummer from San Francisco sojourned for a month, and when they took him to the homeward-bound steamer and put leis around his neck and sang "Aloha Oi" to him a few times, he cried like a baby and said he had forgotten his wife's first name.



Laura Parris and Arthur Vandevier married in Phoenix.

Miss Laura Parris and Arthur Vandevier, well known young people of Flagstaff, were married at the home of George Bailey in Phoenix on Sunday, December 24, by Rev. Stavel of the Methodist church.

There were no guests present, but immediately after the ceremony dinner was served at the Bailey home. The young couple arrived in Flagstaff Wednesday afternoon, and will make their home at 614 North Leroux St.

Miss Parris has been for the past three years bookkeeper at the Penney store in Flagstaff. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Parrish, reside at Dodge City, Kansas.

The groom is well known in this vicinity and has for a number of years been a locomotive engineer on the Flagstaff Lumber company's logging road.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Paul entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. George Nickels, and son and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garing.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thoman entertained at a turkey dinner Monday Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Glenn, Mr. and Mrs. George Metzger and Mrs. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Longley, Sr., served a Christmas dinner Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Longley, Jr., and daughter, Lily, and Guy and Glenn Longley.

At a Christmas dinner Monday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Garing entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garing.

STOP, LOOK AND WHISTLE
By GOSH

An eastern paper notes that unemployment is diminishing among those who have jobs.

The biggest thrill of a boy's life is the one that he gets when one of the town's regular business men calls him by his first name.

Sport writers have pictured tragically for many years the long walk from the home plate to the bench after the batter has struck out. But who will write fittingly of the congressman, defeated in the recent election, who now must plod all the way to Washington for the extra session and then home again so soon.

A private soldier quoted in the American Legion Weekly defines an orator as a man who is ever willing to lay down your life for his country.

They call them football moustaches now—eleven on a side.

It seems probable that every living mortal knows how to cure a cold except the chap who has one.

If you run your car too fast you're liable to run over someone and if you run it too carefully someone is liable to run into you.

The game of hearts is very old. The only difference is that the cavalier used a club instead of a diamond.

As a proof that the world's greatest men have their moments of foolishness we note that Lloyd George has a son named Gwyllan.

A second-hand Ford will bring twice the money if its gasoline tank is full.

The funniest thing about the comic section is dad's pretense that he is merely reading it aloud to please the kids.

With a great many folks repentance simply means postponing a forbidden thing until a more propitious time to get by with it.

The wise man adjust himself to the world; the foolish man tries to adjust the world to himself.

The chap who struck a match to view a leaky carburetor has our sympathy, but that won't buy him a new car.

A Flagstaff woman who is hinting for a sealskin coat for Christmas has purchased a dollar watch to give her husband.

If the assessor could find property as quickly as the women folks can see a "new diamond" in town, the valuation on the tax roll would break all records.

A man with a coffin in his truck was arrested for speeding in Chicago. Well, if they're bound to do it, that's the thing to carry.

Roomers and Boarders Wanted

We are opening the house known as the RANCH HOUSE 16 Each Birch Street and are prepared to care for a limited number of guests. J. T. RUSH,

Don't let a Cough or Cold Run!

A cold should not be allowed to run on indefinitely. Most coughs are rather easily cured. Let me explain to you the cause of coughs and colds and how I can help you get rid of them. Free consultation and examination.

DR. CHARLES A. CALE, D. C., Ph. C. CHIROPRACTOR 115 North Humphrey St. (Two blocks west of Weatherford Hotel.) Phone 229. Fourteen years' experience in teaching and practicing chiropractic

INSURES LIFE FOR 3 MILLION CHICAGO HONEYMOON DIDN'T PLEASE BRIDE

A man unknown to the public stands today third among business men whose lives are insured for millions.

The newcomer is James C. Penney of White Plains, chairman of the J. C. Penney corporation which operates a chain of clothing stores in twenty-nine states. His life insurance totals 3 million dollars, of which 1 1/2 million dollars was taken out recently in a single policy.

Ahead of him are Rodman Wamaker, with policies aggregating 4 1/2 million dollars and Pierre DuPont, who carries insurance of 4 million dollars. John Wamaker, who died the other day, carried 3 million dollars of life insurance.

Penney's yearly premium on the 3 million dollar policy will approximate \$120,000. More than twenty companies divide the risk.

Penney learned the clothing business in Hamilton, Mo., where he was born in 1875, and his first salary was \$20 a year, raised to \$200 the year following. He failed in trying to establish a butcher shop in Denver and when he left with \$500 in his pocket, he opened the first "Golden Rule" clothing store at Commerce, Mo.

The business grew until Penney needed the help of a clerk and he engaged E. C. Sams, now president of the Penney corporation.

As he prospered Penney helped his clerks to become part owners of the stores when they displayed ability, until today the Penney corporation is not sole owner of a single store, acting chiefly as buying agent for the system.—From the New York World.

Give The Sun your Job Printing.

THE GENERATOR
ADJUSTED OVERHAULED

WHY?
—Why let inexperienced men fool with your generator.

—Economy and satisfactory motor action both demand highest skill. Bring in your generator troubles and they'll be promptly solved.

Sam Sweitzer
New Location
Former Selck Block
R. R. Ave., East of Beaver
Flagstaff - - Arizona

A REAL MAN'S JOB
A man's job is his best friend. It clothes and feeds his wife and children, pays the rent and supplies them with the wherewithal to develop and become cultivated. The least a man can do in return is to love his job.

A man's job is grateful. It is like a little garden that thrives on love. It will one day flower into fruit worth while for him and his to enjoy. If you ask any successful man the reason for his making good he will tell you that first and foremost it is because he likes his work—indeed, he loves it. His whole heart and soul are wrapped up in it. His whole physical and mental energies are focused on it. He walks his work, he talks his work, he is entirely inseparable from his work, and that is the way every man worth his salt ought to be if he means to make his work what it should be and make of himself what he wants to be.—Senator Capper in "Trained Men."

John B. Reynolds, secretary of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, has assured the American Legion that the state legislature will pass a law making it illegal ever to hold another Speedway classic on Memorial Day at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

Notice to Automobile Owners
—We quote below a section from the motor vehicle law of the State of Arizona relative to the necessary procedure in case of transfer of an automobile. It would simplify matters if all owners of cars which have been purchased during 1922 would, before January 1, 1923, secure a transfer of the license registration.

WM. BEESON, County Assessor.

(4) Upon the sale or transfer of a motor vehicle registered in accordance with this section, the vendor thereof shall immediately give notice of such sale with the name and residence of the vendee to the county assessor, and the vendee shall within ten days after the date of such sale or transfer, notify the county assessor upon a blank furnished promptly by him for that purpose, stating the name and business of the previous

Upon filing such statement, duly verified, such vendee shall pay to the county assessor a fee of one (\$1.00) Dollar for motor vehicles other than motor-cycles, and upon receipt of such statement and fee the county assessor shall file such statement in his office and shall issue the vendee a receipt showing such transfer and a copy of said receipt shall be transmitted to the secretary of state, together with the fee in connection with

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Coal and Wood
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Sun Set Lodge
Under New Management
The Old McCormick Rooming House. 322 Railroad Avenue
Apartments and Rooms - - - Rents Reduced
Lights, Water and Fuel Furnished
MRS. FRED RENO, Proprietor.

Special Sunday Chicken Dinner
Bring your family on Sunday and enjoy our SPECIAL COURSE
Dinner, from 12 o'clock on :: ::
Prices Range From 75c to \$1.00

Flagstaff Undertaking Parlors