

The Gossip Say-

"IF THE SHOE FITS YOU— THEN WEAR IT"

—By—

ADAM LIAR

Slander

One night as the devil sat musing alone, In the midst of his cozy warm fire, Trying to figure the difference in guilt 'Tween a thief and all-round liar, His memory turned to the scenes of his youth, And his eyes filled with hot boiling tears; So he took down his ledger and turned to a page Dated back about six thousand years.

"I suppose," he exclaimed as he glanced through the book, "I am doing the best that I can, For my business denotes a continual increase Ever since the creation of man.

"I've cribbed a good harvest for six thousand years, And should be content with the yield, And give my opponent permission to have The gleanings I leave in the field.

"I've gathered a very diversified crop Of merchants and lawyers galore; I've bound politicians in bundles until The ends of my fingers are sore.

"I have fiddlers, gamblers and insurance men; I have murderers, forgers and liars; I've filled up my furnace with green poplists 'Till they actually put out the fires.

"I have railroad conductors and doctors to spare; Horse traders and preachers to spend; Republicans, Democrats, Tories and Whigs; And two or three newspaper men.

"But there is one class I'm happy to say, Can never gain entrance here; Their souls are so dirty that I'm sure They would demoralize Hell in a year.

"I refer to that thing, neither human nor beast, That carrion crow of the world— Who never is happy unless he can feast On the wreck of an innocent girl.

"A million years in my warmest of rooms His slanders could never atone; So give him a match and advise him to start A select little Hell of his own."

With his fingers he lit an asbestos cigar; And, placing his book on a shelf, He muttered, "I may be a very bad man, But I've got some respect for myself."

Yes, Yes, Oh Yes

A traveling man, who is a friend of mine, told me one day last week that he had a lady friend in Denver by the name of Ada Push who had just become married to a gentleman by the name of William Stone. Seems to me to be a case of the irresistible meeting the immovable.

She Could Only Bang

A funny thing happened down in Grand Island the other day. One of Alliance's traveling men was stopping at the new hotel there which has a telephone in every room. He heard a bang, bang, against the door on the opposite side of the hall. The banging was repeated and he tip-

toed across and called to the banger, asking what was wanted. There was no reply and the banging continued. Convinced by this time that something serious was going on inside he reached into his pocket and extracted therefrom a skeleton key which he always carries for emergencies. The door was quickly opened and out stepped a handsomely groomed young lady. "What's the matter," said he, "why didn't you call the office?" She noted his astonishment and pointed to her ears and lips—she was deaf and dumb. The key had stuck and she knew of no other way to get help.

I Say, "Would You?"

Say, answer this: Would you call a young man who was chewing hoarhound candy while rapidly following the trail down the street of a much perfumed and be-painted lady in rustling silks a "hoarhound"?

"Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight"

At the postponed meeting of the regular meeting of the city council, which was held on Friday night last week because Tuesday night was the regular night and there were not enough councilmen out to do business principally because one of the councilmen was home in bed and did not propose to come down town for such an affair—as I was about to say: At the council meeting one of the councilmen tried to tell me the curfew whad rung and it was time for me to be home in my little trundle bed. I promptly arose from my seat, which was all covered in dust to such an extent that I had to send my suit to the cleaners the next day, and in a loud tone declared that "Curfew shall not ring tonight." I don't know whether it did ring or not. I guess it had already done its ringing because it was late before the councilmen got started doing business, and anyway some of the councilmen had already been put to bed, I guess, because two of them were not there and one of the was the one who was not there on Tuesday night because he liked his little cot too well.

But I stayed on, 'cause I figured there might be some fireworks set off and I wanted to see the illumination—and there was. Folks, you all ought to attend the meetings of the city fathers or parents or whatever they are called. If you knew what a good time you could have you'd pass up most any kind of a vaudeville show.

For instance, there's that little big bill of the Keeler-Coursey Company for rent of that automobile—you remember it, there was an awful stink kicked up about it last city election time—which the present council turned down. Now, I'll bet three Old Virginia stogies against one of your ten centers that the claims committee of the council allows that bill at probably its next regular meeting. If enough councilmen can be caught at one time to stage a meeting, I give you all this 'n because I attended that postponed meeting all the way through and I listened to Mr. Coursey make his talk and I heard the councilmen talk. That's all.

Circus and Side Show, Both

Alliance is sure getting to be some little town these days. It isn't often this quiet little burg is the scene of so much red fire and everything all at one time. Gee Whiz. Here we are entertaining two factions of Omaha politicians and their followers, and two factions of long standing from Chadron, together with a score of attorneys, more or less, a newspaper reporter or two, and a bunch of Sherlock Holmes men and women from Omaha on the job to see that the other side don't put one over on them and that—but well you know. It's all as good as a circus or a week stand medicine show. They come, they sing their song, and soon they are gone. Yea, it's somewhat like a circus, and being like a circus, there had to be a side show. So some of the interested ones from over Chadron way and some more from down the Burlington several sights and some more sees gathered together and forgot they were still in Nebraska, seemingly. It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been some down east Nebraska, for they might have been justified in thinking they were some distance from home and possibly over into Wyoming, but the same excuse can't be used by those from the other direction.

So the side show wis on. It started

Monday, Monday night there was the calling of the clan and then the blow up. The performance proper is to be held later in the week, a part of it being scheduled for Saturday morning in the county court. This is done so as not to draw the crowd away from the big show and to assure an attendance at the side show. Whether tickets will be sold for "Little Egypt" is not yet known.

Baby Wants Daddie

The letter printed below was found on the streets of Alliance. I am giving no names and am using care in not allowing certain phrases to embarrass any of the parties concerned. I did not find the letter. It was handed to me by another party. I would suggest that in the future those persons who receive intimate correspondence use a little more care in the way they let them blow around. I have heard of people who tore up letters and others who put them away in a strong box. The letter was written to an Alliance man. The writer does not live in Alliance but she doesn't live in Omaha either. The letter, with omissions, follows: My Own Daddie:—

Listen, Lover, I never got your letter until just a monute ago and, Daddie, I can't frame anything for tonight. But Daddie, can't you come up Wed. nite alone. There is no danger at all. My Sis and I are living alone and mother is away—

so she won't bother us. My Dad is in Alliance. Boy please come. I'm crazy for you. Come in a car and stay until 44 next day. Cause Mother will be—I think. My Sis is some good sport but she has a man at present. Now please let me know by return mail, and to please me Daddie come. I am your Baby,

P. S.—We live upstairs in the building just— and Honey Boy be careful Mother don't see you. Tell me what time you will come and I'll be watching for you. Don't stop in front of our place. Go on down the street and I'll see you. Mother is—. You know where you came to see me. Don't fail me cause I need you.

CITY DADS MET FRIDAY

(Continued on Page 1.) council in connection with his company's claim against the city for maintenance and incidental expenses upon the automobile rented by the city through former Mayor Romig. The bill had been turned down by the council at a previous session. This is the account which was used for political purposes against the former mayor in the recent city campaign. Mr. Coursey explained to the council that so far as he was concerned it was a just account and that the council had ratified the contract made with the Keeler-Coursey Company, even though the old council had refused the former mayor permission to rent a car, by reason of the fact that the old council had paid the bills as presented from month to month. For that reason the company, said Mr. Coursey, was justified in believing the mayor had authority. The council referred the bill to the claims committee for consideration at the next meeting.

C. L. Drake, owner of the Drake Hotel, presented a claim of the council for \$5.00 damages as the result of the breaking down of a door in the basement of his hotel by former Night Policeman Wheeler while in an attempt to arrest a man who had escaped from him. The bill was turned down.

At Seventh and Yellowstone a culvert is under construction to carry waste water into a ditch instead of over the lawns of property owners in the vicinity.

The council authorized the ordering of an ornamental dummy policeman to be placed at the intersection of unpaved Box Butte avenue and Third street. Same will be erected just as soon as it arrives. It is possible that if the one ordered proves satisfactory that five others will be erected at the intersections of down town streets. The dummy policeman will conform in style to the cluster lights with the exception that there will be one large light at the top.

WAR DEPARTMENT TO INDEX ALL SOLDIERS

Washington, D. C.—The War Department will compile a card index of all American soldiers at home and abroad. With the description of each soldier will be given the name of his next of kin and emergency address. The plan of giving each man a number virtually has been abandoned, and it is understood that each soldier instead will be supplied with a small aluminum tag bearing his name around his neck.

PEACE APPROACHING, SAYS TURKISH VIZIER

Amsterdam.—Talat Bey, the grand vizier, in a speech closing the congress of the party of union and progress at Constantinople, said: "We shall oppose no solution

which is compatible with our vital interest. No one can say when peace will come, but it is obvious the end is approaching."

FIREMAN WHEELER HAD CLOSE CALL

A. B. Wheeler, former night marshal at Alliance, who is now firing on passenger engines for the Burlington, had a narrow escape from instant death Thursday morning when a mail crane struck him on the head as a train number forty-two went through Merna.

Fireman Wheeler leaned from the engine, an S-1, to see if the injector was working properly. The mail

crane struck him a staggering blow as the train was going at a fast rate. Wheeler retained consciousness long enough to push himself back into the cab. After a few minutes he recovered sufficiently to wash the blood from his face and then fired the engine into Ravenna. The doctor took six stitches in one wound. Wheeler is laying off for a few days to recuperate.

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