

Random Shots

The latest union to be organized is the potato peelers'. We hope a branch will be established in the navy.

The women of Ireland have organized to combat what they call the "gladneck." Gladneck is not, as an amateur would suppose, some kind of a disease. Oh, no; it's the failure to cover the neck properly.

They may get by with that stuff in Ireland, but Irish girls in this country dress to suit themselves—got their grandmothers.

Five hundred is said to be the favorite card game of one Alliance young lady. She says she does like to hold hands.

Wonder what kinds of hands she refers to?

A minister visiting at Crawford had his clothes stolen.

They weren't taken off him; some colored brother lifted his suitcase.

We recall one time, during a convention, when someone stole the shoes of several delegates. But they weren't handicapped like a preacher is—they could swear.

That story of the discovery of gold is getting rich and richer all the time. Latest reports are that it will assay something like \$30 a ton. We've never owned stock in a gold mine, but this certainly does sound enticing.

Out in Sacramento, Cal., the citizens are driving the census enumerators wild by clamoring to be counted. The Californian knows the value of advertising.

Consider this a reminder if you haven't been interviewed. Don't wait for a written invitation.

One man was observed to be nervous at the last meeting of the city council. He coughed every time someone blew smoke in his direction.

Let's see—women get the vote this year, don't they?

The Methodist church at Sidney runs motion pictures each Sunday evening. We'll gamble—if one

dares to gamble on such topics—that the collections and attendance exceed those of any other church in the village.

The best thing that has happened this week is the marriage and subsequent disappearance from the front page of Emily Knowles and the Spikers.

What gets us is why the newspapers insisted on calling Emily pretty, when her pictures say only too plainly that somebody lied.

Today's best story: A young fellow who was off on a jaunt out west, fell into hard luck and had to pawn one of his suits. Just before starting home he managed to get it out again. When he reached home his mother, while unpacking his trunk, came across the coat with the pawnbroker's tag on it.

"John," she inquired, "what is this tag on your coat?"

John, not wishing to have his mother know of his temporary embarrassment, said:

"Oh, I was at a dance and checked my coat."

Soon she came across the trousers with the same kind of a tag on them.

"John," she demanded, "what kind of a dance was that?"

It's a dull week. We haven't heard any new scandal, and we're feeling too lazy to invent any.

If we wanted to exercise our imagination, we could fill this collyum chuck full of spice.

All we have to do is to say that a married man with a fancy vest was seen dusting off his coattails in front of a handsome residence on Bilster street.

Then our readers could fill in the details to suit any married man of their acquaintance whom they had a grudge against.

Or we could write about a mythical auto ride, with the side curtains up. The side curtains might be up simply to keep out the cold air, but if the paragraph were written in the right vein, no one would question for a minute but that another triangular love affair was on.

You remember the story of the man who advertised that a certain grocer—name not mentioned—had sold him sanded sugar. He went on to say that if the grocer didn't make good within twenty-four hours, he'd be exposed.

Before noon the next day he had

seven six-pound packages of sugar on his kitchen table.

Oddly enough, there were seven grocers in town.

No need to say this wasn't Alliance. After a storm like yesterday's there isn't anything that hasn't some sand in it.

Our barber says that yesterday's storm was a "Mexican blizzard."

What do you suppose he meant?

Sheriff Miller says that his match box may be dipped into for accommodation, but hereafter any man who takes half the box is going to be thrown into jail.

As we remember it, the initials of the last man who offended in this way were B. B.

To save misunderstanding, we'll have to explain that he was referring to Bill Becker.

If the sheriff cuts him off, Bill's welcome to use our match box. Of course, it's empty right now, but some of these days we expect to get in a new shipment.

We've discovered a place where we can buy matches for 5 cents a box on Saturdays only, and we're going to try to struggle along until that days rolls around.

If it were nearer election day, the sheriff wouldn't care.

A local merchant a few days ago had stopped to say a word or two to a stray dog on the street, who was wagging his tail in a clumsy effort to be friendly. A lady of his acquaintance approached and asked the merchant if he liked dogs, and naturally he replied in the affirmative and countered with the same question. The lady answered: "Oh, yes, indeed, I like dogs and cats a great deal but I haven't much use for people." The man's surprise was evidently written all over his face, because the woman vindicated herself by asking: "Were you ever a census enumerator?"

Anything will look good after McKelvie.

FOR SALE—HOUSE
FIVE ROOMS and bath. Comparatively close in. Want to deal direct for cash; no agents. Price \$4200. Inquire No. 565, Alliance Herald. If

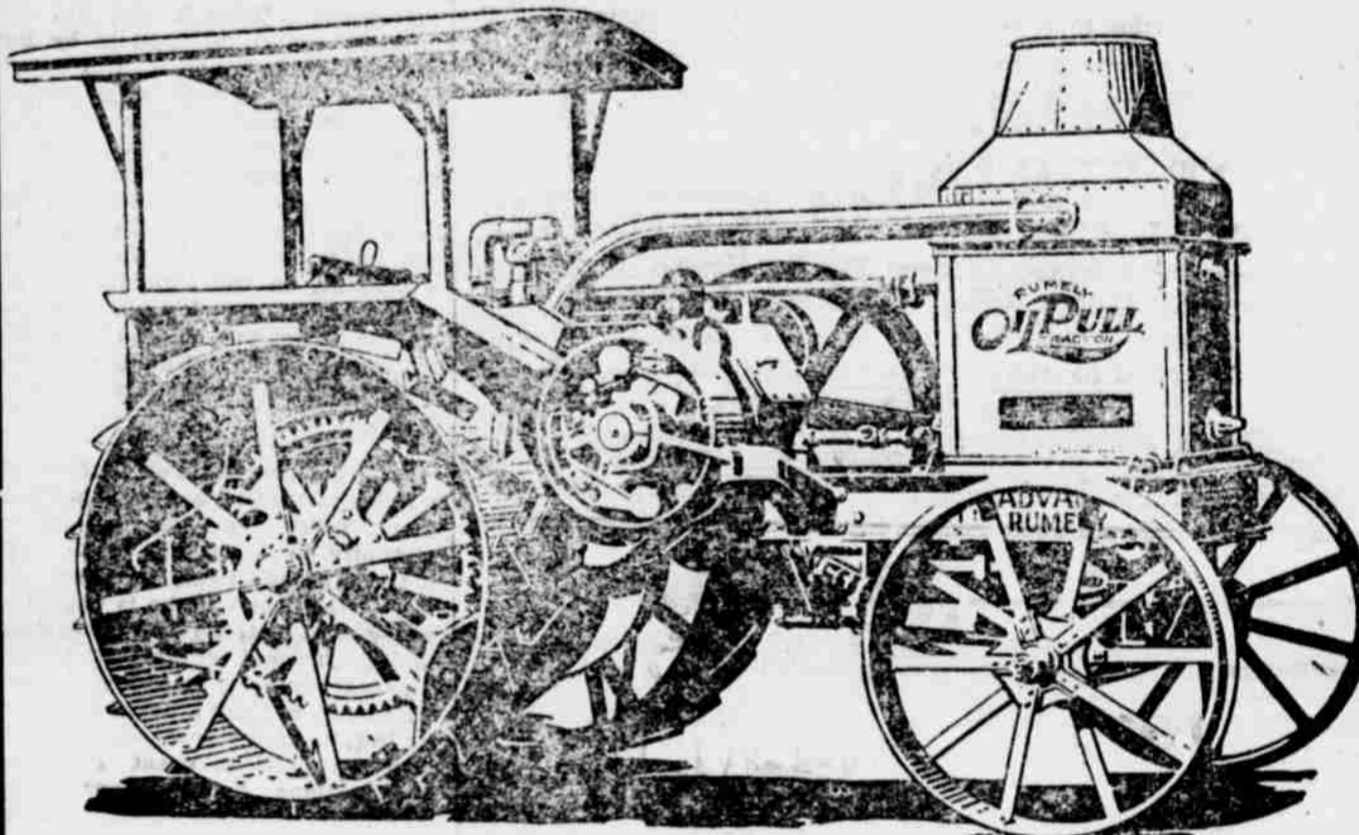
FOR RENT—ROOM
FOR RENT—Furnished sleeping room, 323 Sweetwater. Telephone 231. If

Phone 20
Room 8, Reddish Block
Second and Box Butte
Alliance City Property

Box Butte County Farms
Western Nebraska Ranches
Raw Lands

THE THOMAS COMPANY
LLOYD C. THOMAS HAROLD S. THOMAS
"For Quick Results See Thomas"

Gets the World Record



Rumely OilPull 12-20 Tractor Defeats all Competition at Columbus, Ohio

The following telegram was sent to the OilPull Factory at LaPorte, Ind., by Consulting Engineer John A. Seor at a Tractor demonstration held recently in Columbus, Ohio, open to all the world.

"Twelve-twenty OilPull has broken all records for kerosene or gasoline tractors to date. Kerosene used per horsepower hour was point five eight of a pound, costing one and four-tenths cents. * * * ."

This victory comes as additional laurels. Since 1912 the World's Record has been held by the 30-60 Rumley OilPull. This year the smaller brother takes the record. **ACTUALLY, THEN, THE OILPULL WINS FROM ITSELF.**

Proves Oil Pull Superiority Conclusively

The nearest competitor burning gasoline was only 50 per cent as efficient as the Rumley OilPull, while the nearest kerosene-burning competitor was 20 per cent less efficient. The results from these actual tests—and no tractor was barred from entry—proves beyond a doubt that RUMLEY OILPULL SUPERIORITY is REAL.

Put Your Order in Now

More and more you have seen the horse replaced by his steel brother—and you have seen only the commencement. In a few years those farmers who have the biggest start will generally be those who were farsighted enough to do their work the logical, scientific way—BY TRACTOR.

You have but to study the data concerning this demonstration, together with statistics from long-time users of The Rumley OilPull and you will be convinced that there is ONLY ONE TRACTOR TO BUY.

"MAKE YOURS A RUMLEY OILPULL"

F. A. CLARK
Alliance, Nebraska

It Is Economy to Build Now

You Will Get Your Money's Worth



In the opinion of financial authorities there is no drop expected in the price of building materials for many months. This spring will see really great building operations in Alliance and Box Butte county. We undoubtedly need the buildings and every month we delay our development is held back just that much.

The additional use you will receive from buildings constructed this Spring will more than pay you for the difference between present costs of materials and those of a year or so ago.

If you are considering the erection of a building of any sort we will be glad to offer our advice regarding the suitability, stability and comparative costs of different materials.

We have bought rough and finishing lumber, as well as other requisites for building, in anticipation of the rush of Spring building. We will be equipped to handle all your needs, and only await the opportunity to help you.

WM. BEVINGTON, Mgr.