

**RANDOM SHOTS**

Did you ever read the jokes in the telephone directory? Here's one, taken from "How to Use the Telephone" page: "After you have passed your call, listen carefully while the operator repeats it. If she repeats it correctly, say 'Right'; if she repeats incorrectly, say 'No' and pass the call again."

Did you ever hear anyone say "Right", as the directions plainly say, when central caught the number?

Neither did we.

"In answering the call, say, for example: 'Mr. Jones speaking,' or 'Smith & Co.—Jones speaking.' This method of answering identifies you, and saves time."

But isn't it a waste of time to say: "Smith speaking?" Why say that you are "speaking" when it must be apparent to anyone save an incurable lunthead?

Third and last joke from the directory: "The success of this company depends upon our operating along lines that meet the approval of the public."

FOR SALE—Two elegant Simmons

twin beds, or will exchange for baby crib and carriage. George Stout, 911 South 15th St.—Omaha World-Herald.

The sailor who won the lady fair must have voted the republican ticket. If Burleson hadn't been in charge of the mails, he would probably have won her several months ago.

Those sailors have a way with 'em.

Speaking of Thanksgiving dinners, we have never been able to understand just how it is that even the best of cooks will dish up mashed potatoes with the turkey. We have made it a rule never to eat vegetables so long as there is any food left on the table.

**Looking Forward**

The other day, over at the Palace Market, a woman and her little boy stood at the counter awaiting the preparation of an order of lamb chops. While the cutter was frenching the chops and getting them ready for their little white pantalettes the boy pulled his mother down to whisper into her ear, "Mamma, aren't you going to get some wienies?" "S-s-h, Lawrence," she admonished, "we have

to have something different for company."

There are two ways in which we have never offended—we have never printed any homemade poetry in this column; and we have never made any home brew.

And, as yet, we have never printed any "bright sayings" by the children.

We hope Some Power will keep us firm and steadfast.

Though we have been tempted from time to time.

Extracts from a Thanksgiving poem featured by an exchange, which says that the authoress read it twice without any serious results to the audience. One of these was before the Pleasant Hour club, but maybe they had something else to make out the hour:

With peace and plenty, the year 1920 Has swung 'round and Thanksgiving is near.

And with thankful hearts all we are pleased to recall.

The blessings that have come with the year.

And first and foremost of prohibition we boast,

A country, a nation gone dry; No saloons to be had, we can't help being bald, For their return none but drunkards will cry.

If on a journey you go, as you very well know, Your ride's not under government regime.

That scheme is now past; it sure couldn't last, Though wonderful at first it did seem.

But here, not so fast, the best is the last,

The women are voting today, After all these years, with their hopes and fears, The women can have their say.

The city youth was taking Thanksgiving dinner with his uncle on the farm. He saw the table loaded with things to eat, and no sooner had he seated himself, and tucked a napkin under his chin than he started wading into the turkey. "Hold on, nephew," admonished the uncle. "Not so fast—out here we usually say a little something before we eat." "Go right ahead, unc," said the city lad, as he scooped up another mouthful of potatoes and gravy, "go right ahead—you can't spoil my appetite."

After the feed we had, we can forgive anyone—amateur poets not barred.

Wasn't it a glorious day?

What has become of the fond father who used to promise his small son, for good behavior, the first silver dollar he found floating down the river on a grindstone?

What do you think of a man who will call another from a Thanksgiving dinner, only to impart to him the interesting information that the whole city was excited over a most brutal murder—

And then have him say that an unidentified turkey had been killed.

Ho—hum! It's difficult to work when all you can think about is the

last eighty bites too many you took of turkey—and pumpkin pie.

But newspapers have to come out—and somebody has to furnish the copy.

And the boss of this column is the goat—the stuffed goat.

The meanest man in the world is the father who gave his small son a nickel to go without Thanksgiving dinner, then in the night stole the coin out of the boy's trousers, and in the morning spanked him for losing it.

Upper Box Butte residents saw a disheveled man, without hat, rumpled hair, soiled collar and necktie awry, chasing a turkey down the alleys the day before Thanksgiving. The gobbler was dressed in a loose-fitting gunnysack, through which his legs hit the ground with some speed. Reports differ as to the windup of the chase. Some say the bird, being blindfolded, ran into a fence post and broke his neck; others say that his legs got tangled up in the sack-suit, thus cutting down his speed.

But, after the turkey had been captured, they cut off his head to make sure it wouldn't happen again.

**Today's Best Story**

"The women folks up to Kansas City are mighty public spirited about some things," said Gabe Gosnell of Grudge, who was just back from a short stay in the Big Burg. "I seen a fine looking girl on Twelfth street using a lip stick and a little mirror as she walked along."

"Say you did?" interestedly returned an acquaintance. "Well, did you happen to see any of 'em taking them public baths we read about in the Kay See papers?"

**New Market Prices Show 20 to 50% Reduction, at Highland-Holloway Co.**

**NO TICKET FOR THE BRIDE**

They had been married at high noon with barely time to reach the train and the new husband rushed up to the ticket window once and then once more, they had run the gauntlet of friends, who had sneaked down to the station to throw rice.

They got aboard at last, and when the train started they sighed with relief. When the conductor came around for the tickets the young man handed his over. After looking for a moment, the conductor asked if the lady was traveling with him.

This was the last straw; so the young man snapped out: "please mind your own business!" "Just what I am trying to do," said

the conductor with a grin. "One more fare, please."

Place orders now for Canyon City and Kirby coal. Dierks Lumber Company. 103-106

Maybe we can import a few Austrian archdukes and archduchesses to aid the servant problem.

See the Fur Man Monday and Tuesday, at Highland-Holloway Co.

**Red Moon Flour Takes First Prize**

In the recent Campfire Girls' Contest First Prize was won by Wauneta Robinson, who used Red Moon Flour. You may have first prize bread, too, by using this flour.

We Carry All Kinds of Chicken Feed.

**Farmers Union**

**We Announce A New DEPARTMENT OF TOYS**

Open About December First

All New Goods

Newberry's Hardware Co.

**Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR**

To the business man, retail or wholesale; to the manufacturer; to the commission man; to the trucking company, the Ford Model T One Ton Truck makes an irresistible appeal because it has in its chassis all the merits of the original Ford car; the wonderful Ford Model T Motor, the dependable Vanadium steel chassis, and the manganese bronze worm-drive. A strongly built truck that serves satisfactorily and lasts in service. If these statements were not true, the demand for Ford Trucks wouldn't be so constantly on the increase. We will be pleased to take your order for one or more Ford Trucks, will see that you get reasonably prompt delivery, and will give you an after service that insures the constant service of the Truck. But don't wait too long. Get your order in promptly.

Coursey & Miller



What Do We Mean There's always room at the top

We put Spurs on the market with our eyes open. We knew "There was Room at the Top—for highest possible quality at lowest possible price"—and we said so in print.

And now Spurs are perched at the top—but we didn't put them there. Smokers did it themselves. You can't keep a good thing down—and it didn't take smokers long to discover that Spur had something they wanted.

What was it? Just that good old tobacco taste—that quality of bygone days. Spur's blend is choicest Turkish, fine Burley and other home-grown tobaccos—and it's some blend.

Now—how about smoking a top-notch cigarette?

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

**Spur Cigarettes**

Set this down, too! Spurs are crimped—not pasted. You'll see it in the seam of every Spur. You'll find it means better taste, easier drawing, slower burning.