

ROOF GARDEN

Old Folks Wednesday Night Dance.
Old-Time Music. Old-Time Dance. Lowry & Henry.

RANDOM SHOTS

Lieutenant Governor Pell Barrows, better known as Acting Governor Barrows, is considerably peeved because Frank St. Claire, a convict to whom he had given a furlough, "betrayed his confidence." Said Pell: "If I had my way, I'd put him on bread and water."

Having betrayed the confidence of the people of Nebraska by granting this furlough, we can see why Pell would be vexed at the convict who didn't have any better sense of the fitness of things than himself.

Just because the old adage warns against "putting trust in princes," we should not necessarily conclude that it's safe to trust everyone else.

In Martinsburg, W. Va., a violator of the home brew laws stored his concoction in a vacant room in the county court house.

There used to be a well known "locked room" in the Box Butte county court house, but although we sniffed around it occasionally, we never detected any odors of corn mash.

Wonder if that door is still locked?

We've been warned that if we get to printing names in connection with the little domestic difficulties we occasionally refer to in this scintillating column, at least two people will be off of us for life. Ordinarily, in such cases, we wait until they get into

police court.

Not of course, that there's any danger.

Now, if it had been a flatiron instead of a glass of water, it would have got out of the joke class into the news columns.

Nebraska City Press: "Lute Lorkins has been trembling in his boots. He has just read in the newspaper that federal prohibition agents are about to make a clean-up in this part of the state. Lute has been making a home-made concoction from shoe polish and yesterday's dish water and wonders if it is 'Within the Law.'"

Over a thousand people killed by a violent earthquake in Albania last Saturday. The inspired head writer of the Platte Valley Daily News speaks of it as an "earth tremor."

Oh, well—that was perhaps the kindest way to speak of the affair.

We always expect the California newspapers to act that way, but why should Scottsbluff get the habit?

Now, if it were potato booze—

Today's Best Story.

A certain Alliance citizen took Junior upon his knee and asked: "Well, my little sone, what would you like Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?"

"Oh, I want him to bring me a hum-dinger!"

"A humdinger, eh? And may I ask you to describe one?"

"I don't know how they look, but when you and Mr. Jones came up from the basement the other evening you said to him, 'Wasn't that a humdinger?' and he said, 'It sure was! I would like to have one just like that for Christmas.' So I thought if it was something nice for Christmas I would like to have one too."

Shop early. Read this one from C. F. W., editor of the Publishers' Auxiliary. "A newspaper item says that there are only two white kangaroos in the world. If you had thought to make a Christmas present of a white kangaroo this year, it would be best to do your shopping early."

The very first woman we asked about the meaning of the mystic letters, "T. B.," on the young lady's Christmas shopping list, said right off, without the least hesitation: "Why, she must be going to buy teddybears."

A very interesting legal point has come up recently, in the suit of George Michelson vs. Booze Hound Hyers. It seems that highjackers secured seven gallons of whisky at George's place. He bought it before prohibition for his own use. After the theft, he appealed to the state agents, who recovered it from him at a farm near Blair. Whisky, kept any place outside a dwelling house, is contraband. They refused to give it back to him, and now he's suing. We hereby offer him two thin dimes for his chance to recover.

Work for the Great Matiffif.

"You know that fellow?"

"You mean the mind reader?"

"Yes."

"They say he's wonderful."

"So I've heard."

"They tell me you can hide any object in any out of the way place and he'll find it."

"Yes, but I understand he was out on the links yesterday and he lost an even half dozen golf balls."

PASSING OF THE DEADBEAT

One of the good things we note with the flight of time is the passing of the deadbeat. Of course there is an occasional specimen left but as a class, he has departed. We can remember when a considerable percentage of men who should have been ashamed of themselves, deliberately set out to wear out those who had bills against them until they would no longer present them, and our old ledgers are still cluttered with money running into the thousands that in a series of years stacked up. Money that we will never get, and that was honestly earned. In each case the debtor would have scorned to break into our house and stolen the money like other thieves, but the effect on our bank account was in no way different than as though he had laid himself liable for grand or petit larceny. We are not certain but the burglar would be the more courageous thief, but the deadbeat in general considered himself considerable of a gentleman, rather wronged by society than wronging it, and he would be very indignant to be classed with the hold-up or the porch climber, but just as soon as you were worn out and ceased to worry him with the presentation of your account, he dismissed the matter from his mind, and in some kind of way, God only knows how, he managed to consider himself an honest man. Whether it is the establishment of a more thorough cash system; whether there is a better recognition of business ethics; whether he has finally learned what was apparent to other people long before, and made more money to pay his debts than to beat them—whatever the cause, the deadbeat is of a past rather than the present generation, and while crooks of many kinds have multiplied this particular kind of crook, that never admitted or recognized his own crookedness, is very rapidly becoming extinct. There were a lot of them but like the buffalo, soon after you began to notice they were getting scarce they were about all gone.—Hamilton County Register.

THE HIGHER THE FEWER

Toronto Set Square: "Let me have sleeping accommodations on the train to Ottawa," I said to the man at the window, who didn't seem at all concerned whether I took the trip or stayed at home.

"For a single passenger?" he finally said.

"No," I replied. "I'm married but I'm not taking anybody with me. A single shelf will answer."

"Upper or lower?" he asked.

"What's the difference?" I inquired.

"A difference of 50 cents," came the answer. "Our prices to Ottawa are \$1.50 and \$2."

"You understand, of course," explained the agent, "the lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower berth. If you want a lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. It didn't used to be so, but we found everybody wanted the lower. I other words the higher the fewer."

"Why do they all prefer the lower?" I broke in.

"On account of its convenience," he replied. "Most persons don't like the

upper, although it's lower, on account of it being higher, and because when you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed, and then get down

when you get up. I would advise you to take the lower although it's higher than the upper, for the reason I have state, that the upper is lower than

the lower because it is higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher, but if you are willing to go higher it will be lower."

The Man Who Borrows

The man who borrows gets the habit. And it's a bad habit. The chronic borrower is shunned by his friends, and soon becomes his own worst enemy. The best way to keep from borrowing is to have a savings account at the bank. Then, if you need money, draw it and you are under obligations to no one.

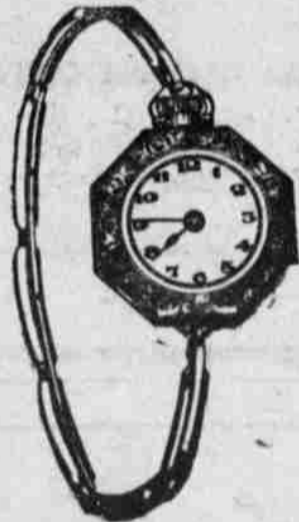
Most men and women make a fizzle of saving, because they put a great deal of thought into earning of money and none at all into the saving of it.

First State Bank

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