

RANDOM SHOTS

Almost half through.

A SLOGAN.

Eat off more than you can chew;
Then chew it.
Plan for more than you can do,
Then do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and there you are!

Our last pupil reports a net loss of eight pounds for the first seven days. Not only that, but he broke the rules one day, being tempted by a piece of mince pie.

If Jesse Miller ever gets to be an oil millionaire, he can be pardoned for wearing two of those patent reducing belts—not necessarily in the same place.

The story filters in via the Nebraska City Press of a florist and an Italian fruit vender whose business houses were side by side. The florist had his national slogan, "Say It With Flowers" prominently displayed in the window, and this excited the admiration and emulation of the Italian, who put up a similar sign: "Do It With Bananas."

Sort of throwing banana peels in your enemy's path, p'raps.

The woman folks generally sniff scornfully when any man arises and claims that he can cook. But don't be deceived—it's only jealousy. When Mrs. Tash was called out of the city, the judge for eight mornings in succession procured, cooked and ate his own breakfast. And once, it is related, he washed the dishes. This was probably on the last morning. Since then he's been dining at the restaurant, but it isn't because he can't cook.

There is one Alliance residence that now contains four phonographs, and a set of records with each one. There is one in the kitchen, one in the living room and two in the basement. The neighbors now know one piece of poetry by heart, the one about, "O Death, where is thy sting?"

Judge Tash, standing six feet six in his stocking feet and weighing something better than two hundred can make little jokes during his speeches that smaller men would have to hide out for weeks if they dared to pull.

On the other hand, he can take 'em just as easily as he can make 'em. That's a great gift.

Got to hand it to B. J. and his congregation. When the lights went out, passersby could hear a full house singing, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

Then they started singing, "Send the Light," and after a while the prayer was answered.

Ole Buck: "Charley Epperson says when you get mad at an editor the way to get even with him is to poison his dog. If Charley ever poisons my dog, I'll steal his false teeth."

Fat man of our acquaintance got to talking of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup with lots of butter yesterday afternoon, and for four whole minutes he almost had us persuaded that dieting was the bunk. Then our eyes dropped. We're going to stick it out a bit longer.

Please pass the bran biscuits.

Haven't seen Sarp' for a week. Wonder if he's a backslider.

Now the Campfirettes are going for a whole month without eating candy, dopes or anything between meals. This is a straight tip to the high school swains to ask them to line up at the soda fountain.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Can you beat it? What? The following, a basis for a story on the faithfulness of a church and the determination of a crowd of people to get a seat in the building. You say, "Shoot"; well, here goes: A full house at 7 o'clock; a fire two doors away at 7:15; about one-fourth of the audience leave the building to see the fire; immediately their seats are taken up, the house is full again. The loyal pianist, orchestra and choir kept their stations, music and songs are furnished to entertain the people. The pastor's curiosity gets the best of him and he goes to the fire, returns finds all lights out, aisles crowded with people. Patriotic songs are sung, three kerosene lamps are secured, candles, and a gas lamp later. People try to force their way in the building. Fire rages for forty-five minutes and all that time the building is full to overflowing. Services start 45 minutes late, three men kept busy filling the main and back aisle with chairs, the song service over by dim light, the lecture begins, and about 8:35 the electric lights are back on. Crowds try to get in the building only to find all aisles full and no standing room left. Lecture continues, amid fun, humor and pathos, fire is extinguished, invitation given, two more come forward for the Master, making five adults for the day. This is followed by a baptism service of nine others. At 10 o'clock the crowd disperses, saying they have laughed more those three hours than any three hours in their lives.

To what can we attribute this wonderful record? The loyalty of the pianist, the orchestra, and choir, not one of whom left the building, the knowledge upon the part of the people in general that the messages delivered from the Baptist pulpit are worth all the discomfort one may be called upon to suffer. Real religion, honestly considered, fearless attack of the evils of life regardless who is hit, all this interspersed with good clear humor. Come to the friendly church with the friendly grip, on the Joy corner, Seventh and Laramie.

B. J. MINORT, Pastor.

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