

RANDOM SHOTS

We are wondering whether the sign-painter who made that work of art which now adorns the top of the city's welcome sign was furnished copy to follow, or whether he was plain "inspired"? The spelling is certainly fearfully and wonderfully done.

I NEVER GOSSIP, BUT—

The columnist of the Scottsbluff Star-Herald claims to have heard this on the street:

"What sort of people are those who moved next door to you yesterday, Mrs. Gadder?"

"I really don't know, and I never talk about my neighbors. All I know is that their truck came in a beet rack in one load; that only one of the beds has any brass in it; most of the furniture looks old; the glass in the dresser is broken; there's six in the family; the children are all boys but one and she's a girl and her mother doesn't know how to dress her; they have two dogs; the man is about twenty years older than the woman; he had a tub with the man who drove the beet rack; and their name is Blank. But if you really want to know something about them you will have to ask somebody else, as I never pry into my neighbors' business."

Here in Alliance, if a man stopped long enough to hear this much, Chief Jeffers would arrest him for blocking the traffic.

Down in Lincoln, bold, bad burglars stole an office safe weighing 300 pounds and took it away with them.

The Herald's office weighs about 700 pounds. We hope no burglar runs away with it, but if he does, we'd give four bits to see the look on his face when he opens the cash drawer.

THE DEADLY GOLLUF GERM

(Isolated by John W. Guthrie)
 "Who's the stranger, mother dear?"
 "Look—he knows us; ain't he queer?"
 "Hush, my child—don't talk so wild; He's your father, dearest child."
 "He's my father? No such thing! Father died away last spring."
 "Father didn't die, you dolt!"
 "Father joined the golfing club. But they've closed the club, so he had no place to go, you see—No place left for him to roam—That is why he's coming home. Kiss him—he won't bite you, child; All them golfing guys look wild."

THE PRIZE GOAT GETTER

We nominate for this exalted honor the bird who looks over his friend who has just completed ten weeks of dieting to reduce and says: "Huh! Someone was saying that you are getting thin. Hanged if I can see how they get that way. You're looking as fat as ever."

Barney Oldfield says that in all his auto driving career, in a race or out, he never crossed a railroad track at a fast speed, or with his car in direct drive. He slows down to stop, look and listen. And yet Barney has won his share of the races. What's more important, he's still in the game—with no parts missing.

TODAY'S BEST STORY

The great detective stood before the rich merchant, waiting for his instructions. "It's this way," began the merchant. "I have been robbed of hundreds of dollars. A rascal has gone about the country, pretending to be a collector of ours. He has simply coined money. Why, in a week he has collected more than all our travelers put together. He must be found as quickly as possible. Spare no expense."

"Right," said the detective, "within a week he will be in prison."
 "Prison!" cried the merchant. "Why man, I don't want him arrested, I want to employ him."

A lot of editors are worrying about Ole Buck's health. He has just leased his newspaper and will hereafter do nothing but loaf around and write a column of "Buckshot" once a week. However, the friends who are fretting don't think he's had a bad break-down—they fear that with nothing to do but write one column a week he'll get fat and lazy. Be of good cheer, boys—Ole hasn't really done any more than that since he got the missus and the daughter running the shop for him.

THE GREAT UNWASHED

(Hamilton County Register)
 This week at a movie we had the misfortune to be within "the sphere of influence," or "danger zone" of a man whose feet were foetid. We had an almost irresistible inclination to call his attention to the claims made for a certain advertised preparation called "Mum" if he was so circumstanced that he did not feel warranted in burying them, which perhaps would be the most effective way.

HOW DOES IT AFFECT YOU?

(Probably From the W. T. C. U. White Ribbon).

Jones had been troubled with insomnia. He tried several alleged cures without success. One day he told his trouble to his friend, Brown.

"Why, I know the very thing for you," Brown said, after Jones had concluded. "Meet me tonight, I have some stuff out home which will fix you up in no time."

That night the two met, and Brown handed Jones a bottle filled with a murky white liquid, instructing his friend to take a "good drink" before going to bed.

"That will make you sleep if anything can," he said.

Two days later the two met again on the street.

"How was that stuff I gave you to cure your insomnia? Was it any good?" asked Brown.

"Good?" replied Jones. "I should say it was. Listen here! I took it as you suggested, and went to sleep soon after retiring. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was bargaining with him when the

dragon on which I was riding slipped its skin, and left me floating in mid-air.

"While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of a wall, and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and fix a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain, the inspector came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station two hundred years ago," he answered, calmly folding the train up and slipping it in his waistcoat pocket. At this moment I woke up and found that I had been asleep ten minutes."

KEEP MOVING

(Probably Written By Sarpy)
 Beware of the deadly sitting habit, Or if you sit be like the rabbit Who keepeth ever on he jump By springs concealed beneath his rump.

Man was not made to sit a-trance And press and press and press his pants, But rather with an open mind

To circulate among his kind. And so, my son, avoid the snare Which lurks within the cushioned chair;

To hike worth while, it has been found Both feet must be upon the ground.

SOME CHARACTERS I HAVE MIXED WITH

"Be chary giving advice; you may not know all theother fellow is up against."

(By A. J. HAYSEED)

Sandy Shaveum was a barber's assistant with the nerve of a book agent. Like directors of railroad corporations, he believed in putting on all the tariff the traffic would bear. When he had his victim tied down in a chair, he lathered so much around the mouth it was impossible to open it without ill effects. If one wanted a shave only, he had to either get soap in his wind-pipe expostulating with him, or follow up with a hair cut, a shampoo, a sinage, a tonic, a massage, and a few other things.

Dan Doolittle was a schoolmate of my youth. He was one of the slow-going kind, with a head that went all to thought on machinery. He would rather watch a complicated machine run than eat, and built a miniature thresher that was not bad before he wore galluses. Given bent to his inclinations he might now be chumming with Henry Ford. But he was the only son of two fond parents, on a backwoods farm, and I will always believe their selfish desire to have Dan near them spoiled his life. About the time they had convinced him his aspirations were all day dreams, and had him married and living with them, they quit this world without notice. Dan is still plugging along on that old farm in Rip Van Winkle style, but he was never intended for a farmer. To him any farm would be a round hole, and his make-up a square peg that would not fit.

Sam Sitaround was a washer woman's worst half in a small town. In their early married life he would get and deliver the laundry for her, but his favorite pastime in the summer was an argument on the shady steps of the bank corner. In the bleak winter he soaked up heat behind some office stove and perused the daily papers, or played checkers with other small town loafers. He claimed a weak constitution, but was six feet, two, with averdupois to match, ate three squares a day, and seldom consulted a doctor. Sam's wife was a good washer while she lasted, and made money, but she has long since gone to the restful beyond. The last time I saw him he was past three score and ten, hale looking, and as talkative as ever. But he never got to be a bright light in his home town. It must have been the village joker who told me their great mistake was in not getting rid of him early in life by boosting him for congress. He had two of the requisites anyway—a stately look, and plenty of talk. And as to his doing little; there were several others there apparently in the same boat.

"Breezy" Doc Freeman was a bachelor in middle life, popular in lodge and club circles, and had a nice practice in his profession. But he took unto himself a regal wife of the Queen Anne style, and then his troubles began. She was a retired schoolma'am with money enough laid away to make her think she should have a first mortgage on all her husband's opinions, was a good looker, and had the key to high C society in the town wherein they

lived. She also had a will power that completely dominated her husband and destroyed his personality. It was generally conceded her beginning was in calling him down for his social errors. He was rather lame on society stuff, especially where the fair sex were numerous. Added to her other qualifications was that of an excellent house-keeper, and she insisted that Doc be always there to help, except during his office hours. She would not let him out of her sight as little as one evening a week, so he had to give up his club and lodge activities. He never was allowed to smoke in the house and always went out to the wood shed to sneeze. When this became known, and how he wiped his feet on the door mat twice as long as any other man in town, he lost his practice fast. She was a grand woman in many ways; too grand for Doc, who quit her cold before his time was out. She is now a charming widow, devoted to his memory, but I doubt if she is yet aware he died of a broken heart; with the indirect causes, too much exercise of her strong will, and a lack of backbone exhibit on his part.

William Wiseman is a local farmer who seems to think that because his hair is tinged with gray, and he still exists, he should have a monopoly on giving advice. William is considerable of a nuisance at times, and not taken seriously by those who stop to consider that he has been ranching and farming all his life, and has very little to show for his efforts. He has done things on a large scale at times on legacies left him, but they were not large enough for a full test of his theories. He is as full of advice as a sand hill dog is of fleas in the summer time. When his farm supply gets low, he invades the editorial sanctum with a few hot blasts as to how a newspaper should be conducted, and he has been known to wind up and spill counsel around very carelessly among the local merchants and bankers. He does not seem to realize he does not always know what the fellow is up against. The following story is an old one, but is retold for William's special benefit: In the days of the single barreled, muzzle loading rifles, two tenderfeet from the east came west to hunt buffalo. At the edge of the Rocky mountains they wounded one, which, in its suffering and rage, quickly turned on them for battle. Both guns were empty, so one of the hunters climbed a small tree nearby, while the other took refuge in a cave in the side of the hill. There was but a short space between the two retreats, and the buffalo stayed with the hunter he could see, pawing the dirt around the bottom of the tree and bellowing madly. In a little while the man up the tree saw his partner emerge from the cave and make as though to get to another tree. The buffalo saw him also, headed him off and chased him back into the cave. In a few minutes the man in the cave came out again and made another effort to reach the tree. But the buffalo was still on the job and gave him a closer chase than before. By this time the man up the tree had become quite excited, and yelled out: "Stay in the cave you darn fool! Stay in the cave!" His partner was just about to enter, with the buffalo a close ten feet behind, but he managed to get back with, "Oh you shut up, you don't know a thing about it; there is a bear in that cave!" Our William is generally the man up in the tree.

Joyce is a joyous natured maid in the first flush of her delight over her engagement to the man she loves; a startled and shocked young woman compelled to believe her lover unworthy

of her regard; a devoted daughter grieving over the tragic death of her father; a tortured wife tricked into marriage to a man she finds to be altogether detestable, and finally a wo-

man triumphant over all her trials, with complete happiness assured at last.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

Ford

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE ANNOUNCING

New List Prices on Fordson Tractors

\$395.00 f. o. b. Detroit

EFFECTIVE FRIDAY, JANUARY 27
 GET YOUR ORDERS IN EARLY.

Coursey & Miller



Tonight at the Imperial the feature photoplay will be Constance Binney in "The Case of Becky." It's another "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," although it isn't anywhere near so blood curdling. Briefly the story is that of a young girl, Dorothy Stone, who is under the influence of Balzamo, a circus faker. Terrorized by his cruelty she runs away and is harbored by a kindly woman and her son, John. Being in need of medical care they call in Dr. Emerson, widely known for his research along psychological lines. Dorothy suddenly becomes a saucy, impish little witch, who insists that she is not Dorothy but Becky. Dr. Emerson diagnoses her case as one of peculiar dual personality. This greatly distresses John, who has fallen in love with the little ward. The climax comes when Dr. Emerson is confronted by Balzamo. A thrilling hypnotic duel takes place between the men, something probably never before seen on he screen.

A special Alice Joyce production, "The Prey" will be the Wednesday attraction. The story gives the popular star many excellent opportunities for the display of her talent, her charm and her power to portray emotion. Successively, as Helen Reardon, Miss

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