

RANDOM SHOTS

A columnist explains why so many traveling men are fat by saying that travel broadens one.

"Sometimes a man buys a used car for curiosity, and then his curiosity runs away with him," is the contribution of another professional wit.

We never knew of but one buyer of a second car who got too much speed out of it. An Aurora banker once bought an old Thomas Flyer for his son, and the lot was general up so that its lowest speed was 55 miles an hour.

Oh, well, as the poet says, there is one machine you can always count on—an adding machine.

Why crab about the rain? Read the news reports from Natchez, Miss., and Beardstown, Ill. Some people don't know when they're well off.

What's this bunk about all the world loving a lover, Lester S. Mahous, the Hartington youth who married a Finnish girl by cable can't be convinced that there's anything to that sentiment.

Some of those French girls—so the overseas vets insist—are not much of a strain on the eyes.

Whereas others have to be viewed through smoked glasses.

Our old friend Waffle Wiley—so nicknamed because of his shape—used to say that if one were only sufficiently filled with ho—but there, we've got one of those W. C. T. U. posters up in the window now and what Waffle said was probably incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

TODAY'S BEST STORY.

The Sunday school teacher was talking to the children about cruelty to animals. "I once knew a little boy who cut off a cat's tail. Think of it, children: took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can anyone tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught this cruelty?"

A moment's silence. Then a small boy with a "happy thought" expression held up his hand.

"What it is, my boy?" asked the teacher, hopefully.

"What God hath joined let no man put asunder," responded the small boy.

The court house lawn, after its first regular mowing this season, looks like a child's head after an amateur barber has been using the clippers on it. Shades of J. S. Corp!

After Frank Prince had explained physical culture week, and read all the points on the pledge, one of which had to do with eating meat only once a day, Bob Graham told of a speaker at a meeting of stockgrowers who had urged meat-eating as a builder of bodily strength. His slogan was "Red Meat for Red-Blooded Men."

These Mexicans have the art of pilfering developed into a science. They always hunt in pairs; one buys something while the other steals something. The only difficulty with the system is that they so seldom steal anything that is worth the risk it takes to acquire it.

Now that Ole Buck has a newspaper off his mind, his column of Buckshot isn't half so quarrelsome as it used to be. Probably he'll have time now to learn how to drink properly out of the moustache cup his wife and daughter presented him on his last birthday.

Golf is a great success. We learn from two to five new profane words every time we play, depending on the partner's linguistic ability.

It's but fair to admit that "darn!" is the very worst we've heard Lee use, but it will take at least five more lessons to get the vicious twang to that innocent word that they possess when teased by our tutor.

We have just learned that Albion has both a Community club and a chamber of commerce. We were in the mood to congratulate Albion, until the thought struck us that Albion has no public forum.

What's in a name? The public forum title is almost as broad as another one that comes to mind. In Lincoln there once existed the "Lancaster County Athletic Association and Reading Circle," until some Iowa boy got rolled for \$500 and the police raided the joint.

Despite the pleading of friends, A. V. A. refuses to reduce.

There's hope for the prohibitionists. A friend figures that the country will ultimately go dry—when the bootleggers have all the money.

A Lincoln flapper admitted the other day that she thought Grainger Twist was a new dance.

Somebody is always taking the joy

out of life. Golf widows at O'Neill have had a telephone installed at the links so they can check up on their husbands, and—which is worse—a loud steam whistle is blown at 6 p. m.

Clay Center introduced a novel method of choosing partners at a recent dance. Every woman present removed one shoe and threw it on a pile in the middle of the floor. From the mass of shoes each man selected one and found his Cinderella and partner for the next dance by fitting her foot.

How would this scheme work for ladies' choice.

The little wanted pull pretty well, ordinarily, but The Herald admits falling down on one. An expensive cameo was found and advertised twice, but no claimants. It was found in a local lumberyard.

ATTENTION, CLASS

(Nebraska City Press) We leap in an Auburn newspaper that the society folk of that village are to have an evening of "wrestling and dance." Can any little boy or girl eliminate the superfluous words?

I think the Mormon prophet was an awfully funny man; I wonder how his enjoyed His profit-sharing plan. —Not by Leo Lloyd.

Oz Black, cartoonist for the Lincoln Star, paid the police court man \$9.70 for the privilege of riding his newspaper faster than the law allows, and the boys have been kidding him muchly about it, it appears from the reports. But one would-be wit has been handed the raspberry. "Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?" he sneered at his unfortunate friend, who, according to heresay quickly replied, "No, but I've been slapped."

Consoling thought for today: The harder you fall, the higher you bounce.

Clean-Up Week for Alliance a Topic for Verse-Maker

Emerson school inspired by Clean-Up Week, has been having a poetical contest. Following is the entry of Adah Turner, sixth grade of that school:

"Clean Up Week" our mother said, and so we tumbled out of bed, We washed our head, we cleaned our ears, Until it almost brot the tears.

We found a match to burn the trash, So we could earn a little cash, And oh my! how the flames did soar, 'Till we could see the trash no more.

And so I think if everyone Would clean up for the summer's done, That they would always cheerfully say "We have a clean back yard today."

The following was also rendered by Miss Louise Cogswell of the Sixth grade at Emerson:

They tell us a very strange story, We must believe it's true, So you may learn a lesson, If I tell the tale to you.

Once in a western village, The people's pride so I am told Was found in "Clean-up Week," Until they quite forgot their gold.

They cleaned their lawns, picked up the trash, Raked every bit of earth; And had the garbage cans cleaned out, And ashes from the hearth.

The women took the curtains down, They washed out all the grime, The boys bent all the carpets, That could hang upon a line.

The little girls and big ones, Washed woodwork, pots and pans, They liked this work extremely well, Because it whitens hands.

Oh, yes! the dingy houses, Were changed both out and in, A coat of paint, some paper too, They all shone up like tin.

Wet wash calls received before 8:30 will be returned by 2 p. m. 20 lbs. for \$1. Alliance Steam Laundry. 38-ft

Herald Want Ads are read.

Charity Organization Seeking Jobs for Several Applicants

She is a little, energetic but rather frail woman; under thirty; with three babies—the oldest under five years of age. Her husband deserted her some months ago, since which time she has been doing her best to make a living for herself and the babies. The last few weeks she has been living in a one-room shack in the outskirts of Alliance, earning a little here and there, but watching her store of groceries steadily diminish.

The case was brought to the attention of the Alliance Charity organization and the chamber of commerce Saturday evening, by kind neighbors who had helped, but who are now too "flush" themselves with this world's goods.

At ten o'clock Saturday night, the secretary of the charity organization routed out a tired grocer, filled a big box with groceries, eggs and meat, and in company with the wife of a local minister, who volunteered to show the way, was driven out to the home of the little mother. On their arrival, they found the back neat and clean, with the babies all asleep. The mother's face lighted up with relief at the sight of the box of groceries, and she reluctantly told her story.

With a brave smile, she volunteered to do any kind of work to earn a living for her babies and herself. She was looked after by the Charity organization as long as necessary, but she needs a home. She is a good cook and would gladly take a place as housekeeper in a ranch or country home—some place where she can have her babies with her. If some kind-hearted old bachelor or widow, who needs a housekeeper and who has a soft spot in his heart for the needy, will advise the secretary of the chamber of commerce in Alliance, he will be put in touch with the brave little woman who is looking for just such a place.

Another case—for the attention of those who have been thinking that Alliance had no needy cases, or that all were plentifully provided for—these cases are coming steadily to the attention of the Charity organization and to the chamber of commerce through the employment department—a mother with a baby girl twenty-one months old wants a position in a country as housekeeper or cook. She is willing and capable and needs the work at once. A colored woman, experienced, wants work in a private home. A man with two children, boy and a girl, wants work on a farm where he can have his children with him—he needs the work and is experienced.

The employment department of the chamber of commerce places from one to four persons in positions every day. The most needy cases are given the preference. If ranchmen and farmers, as well as business institutions, will get in touch with this department they will be provided with help. Another thing, those who need help should not pay the lowest wages just because the person given the position is out of work and needs it badly; pay the workman his just wages and he will be the better for it—more contented, and you will have a better feeling yourself for the few extra dollars paid.

SAYS MEDBURY JOHN P.

Some of the large barber shops are installing orchestras and serving tea and cakes. The first thing we know we'll have to be paying a cover charge.

The head barber will hand us a bill of fare to order from.

If you want something light you can order a shave and if you want something heavier you can ask for a shampoo or a massage.

The musicians will come in handy. While the barber is trying to sell you a bottle of hair tonic the orchestra can be playing "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

A lot of barber shops already have fancy names. One guy thought a tonsorial parlor was a place where you went to have your tonsils taken out.

These barber shops will soon be run on the order of Ziegfeld's Midnight

Frolles with a chorus of fifty manicurists.

Can you imagine going into one of these Barberets and asking for a shave a-la-minute?

Still this isn't any worse than asking for a shampoo en casserole.

It won't seem like anything to go in and ask for a haircut with Thousand Island dressing.

It will be wonderful to be shaved while you're drinking tea and listening to the orchestra play operatic selections from Peroxide.

Business men won't care whether the barbers are all right or not, so long as the music is good.

The barbers will soon be running their advertisements on the theatrical page.

Before long we may read an ad something like this: "Come in and listen to our Saturday afternoon concert of special music. Lyrics by William Ateridge, Melodies by Victor Herbert."

Another one will read: "Visit our tonsorial cabaret, absolutely the best musical program of any barber shop in town."

It's not at all unlikely that the big "hairsty" might add a few barber shops to their string of theaters.

So don't be surprised if you see an electric sign cut in front of a tonsorial parlor which reads: "High Class Vouleville and Haircuts."

"111" cigarettes



They are Good! Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

HERALD WANT ADS BRING BEST RESULTS

ANNOUNCING Initial Appearance of the New LINCOLN LELAND-BUILT "THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE MOTOR WORLD" at the Alliance Auto Show May 4, 5 and 6 DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THIS AUTOMOBILE COURSEY & MILLER

Pure Ice---Satisfying Service Pure healthful Ice—that's Summer's greatest blessing. Please pause a minute and consider this—What would you do without Ice when you need it? Good Ice is as essential as the air you breathe—for without it you wouldn't be able to eat the fresh things you do daily. Then why not get the best, the purest? And with it enjoy a certain, positive, satisfying service. If you have not got your ice card, Phone 41 and we will send one to you. M. D. NOLAN & COMPANY

Western Nebraska TRACK MEET Friday, May 5 STARTING AT 2 P. M. Ninety-five high school track athletes will compete for honors. SEE THESE EVENTS: 100-yard Dash, 220-yard Dash, 440-yard Dash, Half Mile Run, One Mile Run, High Hurdles, Low Hurdles, Shot Put, Pole Vault, Discus Throw, Lavelin Throw, High Jump, Broad Jump, Half-Mile Relay.