

RANDOM SHOTS

A well known Nebraska City young couple had a rumpus the other night, and now he doesn't call there any more, reports Hyde Sweet of the Press, who seems to get next to all the scandal there is in that burg. It seems he gave her a pair of silk stockings for a birthday present. They were too large and she claims he should have known better.

What puzzles us is whether the young man is near-sighted or far-sighted.

Charley Jeffers pinched a cullud lady the other day.

And he confined her in the ladies' ward of the jail, which, as it happens, is upstairs in the city hall.

And on the east side of the building.

But ask some of the laundry force for details.

It is a good deal harder to find a desperado who carries two guns, than a poor, scared bootlegger. The success of the state sheriff and his deputies in not finding Fred Brown is remarkable, considering the fact that he has been right under their noses for several weeks.—York Republican.

After trying out two of the three roads south through the sandhills, we have come to the conclusion that either is a good road—for airplanes.

Custer county is aroused over a mysterious detonation that shook the earth late the other night. They think it is some kind of a meteoric disturbance, but it is recalled that at that hour, in Alliance, a certain man in pajamas was cussing out two girls and a youth who were throwing firecrackers under his window. We offer this explanation to keep our Custer county friends from worrying.

TODAY'S BEST STORY

Mr. Brown had got into the habit of lighting his cigar after dinner, puffing at it for a while, and then laying it down on the ash tray. Later he would relight it and finish his smoke. Often three or four cigar ends would be on the tray at once.

One day his little son, sitting near, watched his dad light one of the small ends, and said:

"How do you like that one, dad?" "This, my boy, is a very, very good cigar"—blowing long puffs into the air. "I thought you'd like it, dad; I found it in the gutter outside."

We came perilously close to receiving our initial lesson in the great game of tennis Sunday. If it had been a bit cooler, and there had been no one else to play with, our younger and more athletic brother had it all planned to introduce us to the game. As it was, we were saved by the cuticle on our molars, although it seemed once as though the small niece might seize us by our hair and drag us out on the court.

You never can tell when you'll weaken. On our recent trip home we put two hours in the broiling sun re-learning the ancient and honorable—though not exactly thrilling—game of croquet.

Tennis, as it is described by the enthusiasts, is a great game. A casual onlooker would say offhand, that there's more hunting for lost balls than there is in golf. On the other hand, the balls are easier to find. There isn't so much grass on the courts, and a driver shot doesn't carry so far.

Or so hard.

We want our younger brother to rate all the perquisites that the quality of his game entitles him to receive, and it strikes us that he is getting to the point where he rates a silk handkerchief loosely knotted about his brow.

So far, Earl Meyer is the only one we've seen wearing one. Earl is a former champ, and he ought to know the rules.

There's one marked difference, as we see it, between tennis and golf. That is concerned with the language of the participants. Golf has a deadly tendency to make its devotees profane. Tennis seems to bring out all the politeness there is in the individual players. If one man misses a stroke, his opponent, who may be secretly elated, always says, "Too bad, old man!"

On the other hand, if a tennis player misses a shot that he feels he's entitled to make, he always has an alibi.

Probably the alibi habit is common in all games. We have never yet heard a domino player or a tiddley-winks expert explain a bonehead play, but that may be because we are a stranger to those sports.

They all do it.

LAWENTATIONS.

(Written by the Cub Rep., After a Pleasant Sunday Auto Trip to Agate.) If the roads in western Nebraska insist on being a couple of feet higher in the center than the bottom of the car, why not put the wheels in the center like a motor-cycle.

This ought to be as easy a proposition for the engineers as that of proceeding to your destination when all four wheels of your jitney swing airily in the breeze.

O, saddest words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these,—"You can't miss it."

With apologies to whoever started this little ditty.

The early pioneers who crossed the burning plains in their prairie schoon-

ers had one advantage—there were no roads to confuse them.

Talk of the pioneers who force their way into the interior of Africa. Just let them invade the jungles of Sioux county once. They'd be nervous wrecks.

They resembled the western Nebraska traveler in one way—they didn't know where they were going.

But they didn't care.



AT THE RIALTO.

Movie fans have given an enthusiastic reception to "Turn the Right," the feature photoplay which closes a three-day engagement at the Rialto with tonight's performance. The play is taken from Winchell Smith's great success, and combines a number of good themes into one stupendous production. The theatre has been filled at every performance and the spectators have reported themselves as exceedingly well satisfied with the production.

Eugene O'Brien in "The Prophet's Paradise" is the attraction for Wednesday at the Rialto. The story tells of the adventures of Howard Anderson, a young American, who is on a sight-seeing trip in Constantinople. For the purpose of swindling the youth, Hass and el Maroun and his tool, Kadir, arrange a fake slave auction, and lure the daughter of an American professor to the place. Threatening to kill the girl if she tries to get help, the conspirators place her on the auction block, knowing that Anderson will pay well to save a compatriot from the fate of the harem. Their plans work out perfectly to a certain point, but Anderson declines to submit tamely to the extortion, and fights the guards. In the battle, both Anderson and the girl escape, but they are separated, and as he does not know her name he is unable to find her. How they discover each other again is a fascinating final chapter to a thrilling story.

Thursday, the Rialto features "At the Stage Door," with a superb cast including Billie Dove and Elizabeth North. The story has to do with the adventures of a country-bred girl who comes to the city after her pretty and younger sister wins the older girl's fiancé. She obtains a position in the chorus, and is subjected to all manner of temptations. Life swirls about her in a mad rush and she is almost engulfed, but fate carries her through in triumph. Mr. Cabanne, with the hand of a master director, has invested "At the Stage Door" with plenty of delightful thrills, rare humor and a homely philosophy that is bound to get under the skin of all those who see it.

HEMINGFORD

G. M. Jenkins who has been transacting business in Wyoming returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Lotspeich was an incoming passenger from Alliance Thursday. Eugene Andrews assisted at the O. Wynkoop ranch last week.

A heavy rain visited our vicinity Wednesday evening which the farmers were all glad to see, but some of them were visited with a hail storm, which did but slight damage.

Word was received here that a big hail and wind storm visited near Crawford and Harrison Wednesday afternoon, many buildings being destroyed by wind.

Mrs. Arthur Carroll, who has been under the doctor's care is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Meade is assisting at the Arthur Carroll home during the illness of Mrs. Carroll.

Heleen Andrew, who has been taking a commercial course at Chadron normal, but now spending her summer vacation with home folks and friends, received a junior membership certificate in the Order of Artistic Typists, and also a gold O. A. T. pin for an award for her speed and accuracy in the work.

June Walker assists at the Farmers union store on Saturdays.

Alice Miller of Belmont was visiting friends and attending to business interests in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Kiester were Alliance shoppers Friday.

Mrs. Rustin, Mrs. Watson and daughter, Doris, Irma Wright and Blanche Oliver of Chadron, motored over Friday evening to spend the week-end with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Wilt, and Mrs. John Cahla were Alliance shoppers Friday between trains.

Clyde Whelan motored to Chadron Friday and the Misses Loyola Whelan, Bertha Carter and Margaret Kiester returned home with him for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll returned home Friday after an extended visit with their daughter at Haigler.

Walter Jones of Alliance visited in town Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Clark and son and Hattie Oliver were Alliance shoppers Saturday.

Mr. Andrew motored to Alliance Friday evening.

Bill Moyer of Harrison is assisting Bob Wright with his farm work.

The L. O. O. F. held their memorial services at the M. E. church Sunday afternoon.

Rev. A. J. May supplied at the pulpit at Berea Sunday evening.

The M. E. Children's day services were held Sunday evening.

George Jenkins motored to Hot Springs Sunday taking the daughter, Mary Margaret, to the doctor.

Mrs. Mabel Lackey and little son, who have been visiting with home folks, returned to their home at Grand Island the first of the week.

Our vicinity was well represented at the Alliance-Hemingford game Sunday.

George Walker was in Alliance Thursday having his eyes tested.

Mrs. Mary Kinsley was an Alliance shopper Thursday.

Genevieve Barrows has resigned her work at G. M. Jenkins' and Miss Myers

of Dalton is filling her vacancy. Mrs. Tony Kuhn and little son, who have been visiting in town, went out to the ranch Sunday.

Mr. Mann of the Standard chautauqua was a caller in town Friday.

Mrs. Nellie Wilson was a caller in town Thursday.

The Misses Francis Potter and Tessie Plahn, who have been visiting at Logan, Ia., were incoming passengers Saturday morning.

Francis Potter departed Saturday evening for Lima to attend normal. Mr. and Mrs. Plahn accompanied her to Sidney.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Walker visited at the latter's parents over the week-end.

Miss Francis Stites of Chadron normal visited in town over the week-end.

Black Birds Are Playing Hob With Corn in Cherry

IRWIN, Neb.—The blackbird, the petted and protected beauty of eastern Nebraska, is the scourge of the corn grower in the northwestern part of Cherry county, the largest county in Nebraska. Corn fields in this part of Nebraska are not as plentiful as farther east and a flock of blackbirds, unless driven away quickly, will get away with the larger portion of a farmer's corn crop out here in a few hours.

The state law which imposes a heavy fine for the killing of blackbirds and other "insectivorous song birds," in the opinion of many of the farmers and ranchmen in this part of the state, works a distinct hardship and an organized effort will be made during the next session of the state legislature to have this law repealed or modified. Fines have been imposed on two ranchmen for shooting this local "pest" with shotguns. And the blackbird makes good fish bait. The violators were caught by State and Federal Game Warden Otto Gewinner while using the carcasses of the birds for fish bait at Gay lake, in Cherry county. Warden Gewinner is known as the "gumshoe scout" for he camps his tent in a blowout in the sand-dune in the game districts and usually kills, while he scouts around with a pair of field glasses and watches for visitors.

Herald Want Ads—Results

A Certain Young Man

A certain young man, at 25 years of age, is getting \$100.00 a month salary. He is not married, but would like to be. He has not saved a cent. The future looks blank. All he has earned, all these years since high school, has somehow, "gone"—nothing to show for it. He is not "getting ahead" at all.

Ten years from now he will be in just the same condition, unless the following appeals to him:

Let us take \$7.70 out of his next pay check and the same for 120 pay checks, once a month, and deposit it in an

Insured Savings Account

If he lets us do this, he will have in ten years, \$1,000.00. Much less has been the foundation of many a family fortune. Carnegie started with less. With \$1,000.00 "nest-egg," a careful man can work wonders.

Suppose this certain young man dies before the ten years is up? Before he has realized his ambition of \$1,000.00 saved? Before he reaches his goal? Under this plan IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. The coveted \$1,000.00 is paid to his folks just the same, and in addition the savings balance at death. For instance, should he die the eighth year, the total paid would be about \$1,750.00.

If this young man lives, therefore, he WINS. If he dies, he also WINS. He cannot lose.

Up to advanced ages this plan, for anyone, virtually amounts to free life insurance, as the interest on the savings and the insurance dividends pay for the policy.

—ASK—

The First State Bank

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.



An Invitation

We have secured the franchise to represent the good Maxwell, and most cordially invite you to visit us in the new Maxwell quarters.

We are particularly desirous of welcoming all Maxwell owners to the good Maxwell's new home.

We believe you will find the good Maxwell the most interesting motor car you have ever inspected, or driven.

The good Maxwell holds a unique position. In richness of appearance, and in performance, it takes rank as one of the very finest light cars America has produced.

Prices of the Good Maxwell

Table with 4 columns: Car Type, Price, Car Type, Price. Touring Car \$885, Sedan \$1485, Roadster 885, Coupe 1385.

F. O. B. Factory, War Tax to be Added

A. H. Jones Company

Third and Cheyenne

Alliance, Neb.

The Good

MAXWELL