

Random Shots

Hint to Parents: A Scottsbluff young couple feed their baby garlic, so they can find him in the dark.

We've discovered the man who put the "putter" in "sputter." In order for this golf shot to work out just right, it ought to be reversed, but just now we don't see how it can be accomplished. If those left-handed clubs were only here—

We understand now why it is called a "green." It takes considerable of the "long green" to make one of them.

From Hartington comes a dispatch to the State Journal, which that sedate newspaper has headed in this fashion: "Shoot boys in melon patch."

About the time President Garfield was shot, a Washington landlady was telling one of her roomers about the tragedy. "He was shot right down in the rotunda," she explained. One nice old lady who was listening to the story broke into the conversation: "In the name of heaven, Mrs. Rodgers, what is a man's rotunda?"

The kid who "takes 'em out of the folder" each Tuesday and Friday afternoon got confidential with Eddie the other day. "Do you know why I like this job?" he asked. Eddie admitted that he didn't know. "Because I make enough money to take Marie to the picture show," the kid said. "Marie's a girl I know," he added.

He's waiting until Thursday night, that kid, so that he and Marie can take in the thrilling serial. This Marie, we understand, likes the Moon Riders better than any of them.

That's one the Office Romeo never misses.

A judge of the circuit court in Denver recently was much embarrassed during the trial of a damage suit in which a woman was suing a railroad company for an alleged injury to her ankle.

The woman had been subjected to a grilling cross-examination and was showing signs of becoming "peeved," when suddenly the attorney for the plaintiff asked:

"Will you please show your arm to the jury?"

Indignantly the woman replied:

"No, I'll not. I'll not show it to you, the jury or any other gentleman—but I will show it to the judge."

A variation of the "you should see the other fellow" story took place after the last automobile accident. One of the injured was getting sewed up, and the members of the family were worried about the permanence of the impairment to his looks. The young man didn't worry a bit, however. "You think I'm damaged?" he asked. "You ought to see the cow we hit."

Sheriff Miller was greatly excited the other day over a report that some miscreant had stolen the new county club golf links, but somebody gave the joke away before he had time to arrest any suspects.

Today's Best Story

A rather plain woman was waiting the steps of a London bus. The wind was blowing pretty hard, and the breeze caught her skirt and whirled them upward. She grasped them with both hands and held them in place. She took another step up and again the wind raised her skirts. Again she put them down. A third step this was repeated. She continued the ascent, stopping every step to force the skirts down. The caddy, who was in a hurry to be on his way, spoke up: "Urry up lady," he urged. "Myke it fast. Lay aint no treat for me."

A little information on this point: Why is it that all the ouija boards are silent on the results of the forthcoming election.

Maybe politicians are tongue-tied when they reach the ouija plane.

A truthful ouija wouldn't attempt to issue a forecast until after the candidates get back to the front porch.

Maybe there is something to those boards, after all. Their present reticence is a big point in their favor.

We offer the suggestion that a ouija board of proven probity be called upon to settle the circulation question. It's as good evidence as any that has been produced.

For years—even after that fearful day in July, when drouth descended upon the entire country—the demand for snake bite remedies has exceeded the biting capacity of all the snakes, according to one paragon who is a perfect fiend for statistics.

Chief Rees was passing out a few hints to a man who is known to be fond of his morning's morning at all times of the day and night. "You want to watch yourself," the chief told him. "I hear the federal agent are going to stop illegal drinking, that they're going to watch the dealers less and the drinkers more closely." For an instant the face of the Thirsty Man darkened. Then it suddenly cleared. "Guess I'll have to turn dealer, then," he said with the air of one who has solved a perplexing problem.

Herald want-ads cost more—but more people read them.

Romantic Richard had a fearful experience yesterday morning. Three minutes after he went to work he pulled out his watch. He did it so ostentatiously that the other boys noticed it. They found that he had pasted a picture of his Heart's Desire inside the lid.

He took out that watch every ten minutes during the morning. But at 10:17, to be exact, he found it had stopped. Repeated shaking wouldn't make it go. It was out of commission.

Here's the mystifying thing about the whole performance: The watch wasn't broken, but when it was removed, it was found to be outstretched—way outstretched.

His own theory is that the hands tried to get around the waist of his Beloved—and when they found the crystal in the way, they simply died of grief.

It beats us.

One Alliance member who had affection on the part of the high school students, found a watermelon (but not overripe) watermelon on his back porch Thursday morning. Various watchers reported that it remained there all day, and the man didn't even take it in. "I'll bet he eats it before morning, though," one of the studes declared.

The next time they'll bring decayed eggs and ancient cabbages as a mark of affection—if they dare.

How could a man refuse to look at a peace offering?

The illustrated lecture given by Dr. R. W. Taylor of Scottsbluff at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening was well attended and much enjoyed. The views shown were exceptionally good and on the imaginary tour with Dr. Taylor as guide, points of interest from within nine miles of Alliance to historic places in devastated France were visited. It was regretted that through unavoidable circumstances it was necessary to curtail the lecture somewhat, but the audience hopes to have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Taylor again.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

I am the democratic candidate for the office of county commissioner from district No. 1. If elected, I pledge you my best efforts in promoting good roads in all parts of Box Butte county, and promise faithful and efficient service.

JOSEPH DUHON,
Marsland, Neb.

96P



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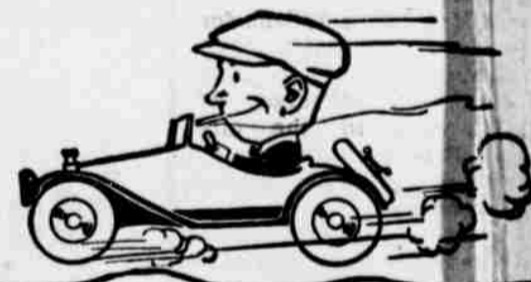
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