

RANDOM SHOTS

Helpful Hint No. 93746521.
Drowsiness in church is often caused by poor ventilation. Try to choose a seat where fresh air is assured. To keep awake in church when inclined to be drowsy, lift one foot a little way from the floor and keep it there. It is impossible to go to sleep with the foot poised in the air. This simple remedy is very effectual.

An Indiana golf player lost all of his front teeth when he was hit by a golf club. It is believed to be the greatest number of holes ever made at one shot.

The jitney starts a trifle harder these cool fall mornings. When it comes winter, we're going to have a h. w. b. handy.

Mincen is agitated over hiring a night watchman this winter in order to get ready to cope with the wave of crime. Any town that can't get two bootleggers needs an extra cop or

a kavern of the klan.
Far be it from us to crab about our luck, but we deem it worthy of note that within a week after we had let go of a bunch of Liberty bonds, the market price for them raised several points.

If it's a case of a revengeful republican party getting even with a poor democrat, we think it ought to be known that we are still holding the sack for the Cox-Roosevelt club.

If you haven't been invited to attend the meeting at the Kavern of the Klan, maybe it's because you haven't made a noise like a ten dollar bill.

Again, it may be that your street hasn't been worked yet.

Our Bridgeport contributor has been resting for nearly two weeks. Maybe he's sick; maybe he's on a vacation, or perhaps he's waiting till the new crop of home brew inspiration arrives. One thing's sure, either the Abe Martin of Bridgeport or some other contrib. will have to get busy, or else we're going to lay off for an issue or two and get caught up with the world.

Lies for Today.
County Commissioner George Carrell has handed in his resignation, effective at once.

The Nebraska Ku Klux Klan is passing out five hundred free memberships to deserving gentlemen of color. The Nebraska bureau of inspection has just issued an order reducing fire insurance rates in the city 50 per cent. The head of the bureau has written a letter thanking City Manager Kemmish for pointing out the bureau's duty in the matter.

The deputy state game warden arrested five Alliance people for violating the game laws, and there wasn't a preacher in the lot.

County Judge Tash listened to the plea of a bootlegger and suspended a \$100 fine.

Alibi Ike.
Teacher: "Why are you so late to school this morning?"
Pupil: "I think I must have over-washed myself."

Three high school girls, wearing the modish rolled stockings, gambled home from school the other evening. Girlishly they jumped and skipped around, and when they came to Central school, leaped upon the terrace and down two or three times. An elderly gentleman noticed something the girls didn't—that a couple of hard looking customers were following them, interested in the show.

Maybe the hosiery inspection at the high school is justifiable, after all.

But this tale makes us wonder if it is being done thoroughly.

If so, where do they roll 'em when they start for home?

Today's Best Story.
The mere pedestrian stepped squarely in front of the on-rushing automobile. There was a grinding of brakes, the smell of rubber scorched by friction, and the dull thud of a human body on the cold brick pavement. Men shuddered and even strong women fainted by the wayside. Tenderly they gathered up the crushed and bleeding semblance to mortal form and carried it into a nearby drug store.

A police surgeon responded to the call and took masterful charge of the situation. "Stand back!" he commanded the curious onlookers. "Stand back and give the man air—and you, proprietor, bring him a drink of whiskey."

The injured man's eye-lids fluttered and his lips moved. "Never mind the air," he murmured.

Remember the tale that comes to us from the French histories? Marie Antoinette hearing the starving thousands crying for bread. "They cry for bread?" she is said to have asked. "Why, why do they not eat cake?"

History repeats itself. The American Legion is interesting itself in getting employment for the unemployed veterans. A worker was explaining the condition of these men to a Los Angeles society woman. "Thousands of them are sleeping in the parks," he said. "Isn't it wonderful what the war has done for the boys?" she came back, enthusiastically. "If it weren't for getting used to that sort of thing in France, I'm sure they'd never be able to stand it."

Lace, Organdie and Crocheted Collars, 59c.
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Ladies' Kimonas, \$2.75.
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TRUST A YANKEE

By MYRA A. WINGATE.
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Dan had been resolute. "I'm a country boy, Cath," he had said. "The city has men enough. Don't urge me to go. I've a plan for building up a cunning business here. Every fellow ought to put something into his own town. The building site is mine already, and by next year I can begin in a small way. Let's do it together."

Here the quarrel had begun. Catherine could not bear that people should say her Dan was lacking in ambition. It had ended by her saying:

"I will never marry you so long as you stay in this town."

Dan had caught her hand when she would have removed the ring. "Take time to think it over, Cath. I shall take the assistant keeper's place at the light during his vacation. You won't see me for a month."

The girl moved restlessly, as if to shake off troublesome memories, and stepped from the shelter of the rocks out upon the headland, from which was visible the great, brilliant eye in the lighthouse tower, a mile beyond the harbor entrance. Braced against the storm wind, she gazed seaward.

The light—a stationary one—was winking and flashing in a manner to attract notice. After a bewildered moment it came to her that the winks and flashes were a clumsy adaptation of the Morse code, as familiar to her as the printed word, through her daily work as operator.

"SOS," she spelled, "SOS," "SOS."

The wireless distress signal!

She sped down the rocky path to the house, where her uncle, Captain Barrett, retired, sat before the fireplace blissfully anticipating supper.

"There's trouble at the light," she gasped. Possessed of the facts the captain agreed.

"Trouble, sure enough. Guess I'll have to go."

"I'm going, too. I can run the engine," announced Catherine.

Sure that the trouble was illness or accident they stopped on the way to enlist the young doctor's aid. At the shore, men who were discussing the unusual behavior of the light offered help. The captain chose shrewdly.

"Doctor's an able seaman, and Cath's a good engineer. I'll take Jack. He's tough as the toenails of Moses."

Drenched and weary, they reached the lighthouse at last.

Captain Hatch, head keeper, lay fashed to his bed, his eyes bright with fever, his mutterings incoherent. Leaving the doctor with him, Catherine ran up the winding stairs, Captain Barrett toiling after.

On the first landing, beneath the light, lay Dan—a white and exhausted Dan, only partly dressed, his head clumsily tied up, and one leg broken and helpless, though he had tied that up, too, with a makeshift splint.

The head keeper quieted, the doctor made swift examination and decided not to set the broken limb until morning. While he deftly bandaged the injured head, Dan told his story.

"Captain Hatch was taken sick this noon, with chills," he said. "He couldn't get warm. He lay down and I put hot things—flatirons and stove lids—around him."

"This afternoon he grew feverish, and later went completely out of his head and thought I was trying to get up into the tower to harm the light. He struck me on the head with a flatiron. Then we fought, and I tied him down, so I could leave him, to light the lamp. Coming down the ladder from the lantern to the top-stair landing I got dizzy and fell, breaking my leg. I tied it up as best I could. Didn't dare risk going downstairs, but managed to crawl back up the ladder with a spare tin of oil."

"How'd you make signals?" asked Captain Barrett.

"Throwing my coat over the lantern and jerking it off again. Thought Cath might see it."

"And the flares?"

"Cut off my trouser legs, soaked them and my shirt and sweater in oil, lighted them and threw them up on the roof," explained Dan.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Captain Barrett. "Trust a Yankee!"

"You stop!" cried Cath's indignantly. "He's a hero, and you know it!"

"Hero!" snorted Dan. "Clumsy idiot, you mean!"

"Thought you'd gone back on him," teased her guardian.

"I'd marry him this minute if there was anyone to perform the ceremony," said the girl hotly.

"I'm not a J. P. for nothing," returned Captain Barrett. "Brought my little black book with me, too."

Dan caught her hand.

"You will, won't you, Cath?" he begged. "I've the license, you know. You are all the folks I have. Don't leave me."

"I shall need a nurse here," put in the doctor. "Can't move my patients yet."

Catherine's eyes were like stars.

"Read the service, uncle, please," she said quietly.

"Well, by the everlastin' clam!" remarked the captain, as a preliminary.

"You said," reminded Dan, smiling faintly, "that you would never marry me so long as I stayed in Ledgeville."

"And I kept my word," laughed the girl. "Where are your wits, Dunny, boy? This island belongs to Rock Harbor, which is a city by virtue of its six thousand inhabitants."

"Trust a Yankee," announced Dan.

CHURCHES

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The school is gradually increasing in number and interest. Our new teachers are showing a determination to make a success of their work. The superintendent is rejoicing, and we hope to reach a much larger number before many weeks. Our great handicap is the lack of room to accommodate the new scholars, but it is better to be crowded than to have spare room. However, the need of more room is our greatest need at present.

Another addition was made to the church in the coming of a fine young man offering himself as member by

experience, brother Everett J. Johnson, who has been quite faithful worker for some time with the young people. We rejoice in welcoming young life into the church. We have had one addition each week for the last five weeks, this is a significant prelude to our meetings in November. Four are to be baptised next Sunday.

The pastoral year is drawing to a close with but three months to run, whether the pastor shall stay another year will depend upon the events of these next three months. Your faithfulness, or indifference will decide.
B. J. MINORT, Pastor.

Priscilla Dean Tams, \$2.00.
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