

RANDOM SHOTS

The next time anyone suggests that some preacher, or any person other than the editor of this sheet, has written any article appearing in The Herald's editorial column, you have our permission to call him as hard as you like, or to make any sort of a bet on the matter that you can get him to put up. We're willing to guarantee that the man making the claim will lose. For while we're naturally inclined to be a trifle indolent, and are willing to encourage any industrious scribbler to contribute for the news columns or this melange of mirth, we draw the only line at the editorial column. Anything that appears therein is our own. It may be that others might do it better, but we never have given any of them the opportunity, and don't have any intention of ever doing it. If any preacher, shyll admits that he wrote or planned any editorials, or a treaty of peace between Alliance and if he'll say it in our presence, the brother who brings him in may select any box of cigars that Glen Miller has in stock, and we'll pay the bill.

Ole Buck rushes in where angels fear to tread. "Guess I'll have a trip to the west end of the state and negotiate a treaty of peace between Alliance, Chadron and Bridgeport editors," he says.

If Ole will guarantee to make the fighting parsons of this city sign a peace treaty, we'll give him a percentage on the space saved in our newspaper columns.

In the good old days when we used to read proof on the Journal, before we ever attained the editorial heights, we used to look on with ill concealed amusement when Doc Bixby used to rave when the linotypists made hash of his Daily Drift. A few months later, when we were running a typewriter, we wondered at his self-restraint. If there was ever an excuse for murder, it is when the linotypist balls things up in his inimitable way. The worst feature is that here we have to read proof ourself, and there's no one to jump on beak end down.

If you want your life spared, don't so much as snicker when a pair of those flopping galoshes crosses your path of vision. Keep your face straight and burst inwardly if you must burst at all.

But why shouldn't guffaws go with galoshes?

THERE, THERE, DON'T CRY
Honest, now, we feel sort of guilty when we understand how deeply we have wounded Leo Lloyd, Chadron's scribbler of doggerel, and his poetical brother, Gatenby. We never thought, when we pounded out a few words telling what we thought of all home grown poetry, and their stuff in particular, that they'd take it so to heart. Now we feel just like a man who has convinced some heartbusted child that her dollie was stuffed with sawdust. Our estimate of that sort of poetry still stands, but, now that a softer mood has come upon us, we wonder whether there's any gain in destroying the happiness of either child or poet.

Remorse, as another poet said, is ourn.

What an avalanche of rhyme we have brought upon us. The Journal's column conductor joins in the chorus this week. If this keeps up, we'll have to order our poets to the firing line to order more. And if we do, we'll steel our great, big heart and let them continue until the massacre of the innocents will have its modern parallel. Just read the following, and see where our heartlessness has landed us:

O, Herald of Alliance, you are breaking Leo's heart. You have caused a separation betwixt his labor and his art. You have trimmed his sails completely and are causing him to jib, and are losing for this paper a valuable contrib. Don't you feel a trifle penitent, regretful or morose? Haven't you a guilty feeling or a pity lachrymose? Has your manhood fled entirely and deserted your tall frame? Have your passions held you chilly at the mention of his name? If you scorn his last production, written this week for "The Galley," we will load our trusty hootchgun and will meet you in the alley.

"Now that the proper setting has been laid," as Doc Peet said of the barn-yard provider, we will proceed with Leo's latest:

DYING GROANS
In the life of each man there is just one time.
When he feels poetic and babbles in rhyme.
When his soul gushes forth in the tone of his muse
'Tis this period known as "Poetical Blues."
The Box Butte writers have all had their spasms
And have taken the leap down "Oblivion's Chasms";
They have forded the stream, the dire river "Styx."
And no longer with mortals are privileged to mix.
The fate of Gatenby and Leo Lloyd are dreams of the past, a great "Aching void."
"Peace be to their souls," "God pity their bones"
When each to his pet spirit meekly atones.
We hope for forgiveness, if wrongly we've striven.
We're forgiving all poets; may we be forgiven?
No longer we'll dabble in meter or verse
Since upon heads devoted there settles a curse.
The wrath of the poets we simply despise.
Let the public pass judgment, "Silly or Wise."
Poetic license, probably.—Ed.

According to Mr. Tumulty (do you remember who HE was?), this was the

favorite limerick of President Woodrow Wilson, who like all the rest of us lesser mortals, amused himself in writing and reading them:

"For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar."

ONE GREAT DAY.

This is now going the rounds: "In appreciation of the life work of a well-known editor of our acquaintance for the community in which he lived a bunch of citizens recently presented him with a bouquet. On the same occasion a quartette from a local church sang a few sweet songs and a minister made a little talk. After the minister's talk six husky men carried the popular editor from the house and placed him tenderly in a 1922 model plumed sedan and the whole town formed in parade behind the editor's expensive car. After the parade the crowd returned to their homes serene in the thought of having provided one bright day in the life of their local purveyor of news even if they did wait until he was dead to do it."

TODAY'S BEST STORY.

An old sergeant was noted for his ability as a drill-master and was invariably assigned to the task of breaking in new recruits. There came to the company a captain with advanced ideas, who quickly noted that the sergeant was as proficient in profanity as he was in the I.D.R. He took him to task.

"Sergeant," he said, "I have no complaint to make of your ability, but I want you to realize that you are to teach these men how to drill and not how to swear. And I want you to realize that explanation is necessary before calling them down for inferior work. Now I expect to see some improvement in your methods."

"Very good, sir."
The following day he overheard the sergeant at instruction.

"Now I want to see you step out lively, my sons. And keep your eyes straight to the front, my sons. And hold your heads up, my sons. You know the kind of sons I mean."

TODAY'S HOCH STORY.

The man who had struck one of those rare not-so-very-prohibition parties and didn't want to leave it had made two unsuccessful attempts to get into the telephone booth, he dropped his nickel in.

"H'lla, h'llo, h'llo," he cried. "Say, gimme Line's Busy, thassa good girl. H'llo, whassat? Line's busy? Aw right."
He staggered out.
"Lord knows I tried to get her anyway," her murmured.

A special matinee at 4 o'clock Thursday evening, January 19, will be held for all school children in the grades, at which time there will be a three reel comedy film and "The Toy Shop," by Mrs. Dunning's expression class. Admission 10 cents. In the evening the complete program of pictures, also part, "The Toy Shop," and part 2, "A Little Excitement," by the high school expression class will be given at the popular prices, 50c for adults and 25c for children.

Fine for Possessing Hooch Practically Broke Colored Man

L. W. Englis, colored, was arrested at the Burlington station Thursday morning, when the officers investigated a suspicious bulge in one of his pockets, which turned out to have been caused by a quart of hooch. Englis' grip contained another quart of the precious fluid. In police court Thursday afternoon, Judge Berry proved that he had a kind heart. The colored man was possessed of but \$101.07, and the fine for illegal possession amounts to an even \$100. This sum, with the costs, was several dollars more than the prisoner possessed. Judge Berry was equal to the occasion, and threw out a bit for cash, so that when the colored man left the court room, his tangible assets amounted to \$1.47 and a railway ticket. He took the next train out.

All the cigarettes made in the United States last year end to end would go around the earth 1,848 times. This we regard as a matter of tremendous unimportance.

Railway Travel Is Growing Safer As Years Go By

Thirty years ago, Mr. Average American, you took eight annual railway journeys, and now you take twelve. Then you rode 24 miles each trip and now you go 38 miles. Notwithstanding you ride half as many more times now, half again farther each trip and doubtless spend half as much more time in railway travel, yet the danger to your life is less than half as great as it used to be. If you have ridden once in the last 33 years, your chances of being killed were one in 91,000,000. Or, if you have taken one trip each year during that period, you came as near losing your life as one is near to 2,760,000. One ride taken last year imposed a hazard on your life of only one in 5,637,000, and on your twelve customary journeys, you were as far from jeopordy as 473,000 is greater than one. Altogether the railways of the United States carried in 1920 about 1,300,000,000 passengers, with one killed for each group of 5,673,000 carried, while in 1889, the death rate was one in 1,523,000. The danger to life of railway travelers in 1920 was therefore less than one-third of what it was in 1889, most of the reduction accruing since 1907. To be sure, there have been bad years, also exceptionally good years, but the general trend throughout the whole period has been decidedly towards the increasing safety of the traveling public.

The foregoing figures are the result of statistics compiled by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

LAKESIDE

Mrs. I. D. Whaley and son, Harvey, went to Alliance Thursday.
Lou Trester and Ray Cameron were in town after coal last week.
Mrs. Frank Westover came in from the country last week to send her little daughter to school here the balance of the term.
R. C. Brunson and Chris Mosher were in from the Star ranch Friday.
Edward Jameson was an Ellsworth visitor Thursday.
Mrs. George Lindley entertained the ladies' kensington club at her home here last Thursday.
Roy Stoen drove in from the Star ranch neighborhood the latter part of the week.

Mr. Litteros of Antioch was in Lakeside on business Friday.
Mrs. Leo Berry and daughter, Grace, drove out to the Ralph Shrewsbury home Friday evening.
Fred Speer was in town Friday afternoon.
Peter Kicken drove in from his ranch northeast Friday morning to bring his sister, Ella, to the station, where she took No. 43 for Alliance, to spend a few weeks with her cousin, Mrs. Clair Wilson.

A. W. Tyler and son, Walter, were shopping here Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hyland went to Hoffman Saturday to take charge of an eating house at that place.
Will Seebaum was up from Ellsworth Saturday.

Charles Barneby and children, Olin and Thelma, drove to Alliance Saturday to have some dental work done, and on the return trip when a little way from Antioch an axle broke. A man from Antioch brought them on home.

Gene DeFrance came in from the ranch Saturday evening after a load of corn. Sunday morning while hitching up the team they became frightened and ran away, upsetting the wagon and scattering the corn. Fortunately Mr. DeFrance escaped uninjured.

Max Moserip was in town Sunday. Messrs. I. D. and Harvey Whaley and Master Dale Pollard and Wilton Whaley went to Alliance Sunday and returned Sunday evening in the car which has been undergoing repairs at that place.

Bruce Hunsaker was a Hoffman business visitor Sunday afternoon.
Martin Mulhall a rancher near Ellsworth was injured one day last week. While climbing a ladder to his hay loft his foot slipped and he fell backwards across a manger, injuring his back in such a manner that he had to be carried to the house. At the time of this writing he is reported to be in a pretty bad condition.

The Messrs. A. E. Olson, Will Brown and Wilbur Goodrich went to Hoffman to work Sunday.
Mrs. Walter Rice and son, Wm. McKinney were in Lakeside Sunday.

The Cody brothers were in town from northwest of town Sunday.
Henry Stoop drove to Hoffman Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied on the trip by his wife and sister-in-law and Mrs. Baker and two children, who are visiting here at the present time.
Jack Ballenger was up from his home near Bingham Sunday and was a guest at the R. A. Westover home in East Lakeside.

SCOTTSBLUFF TEACHER KILLED BY AN AUTO

SCOTTSBLUFF—Mrs. Grace Montross, a teacher in the Scottsbluff schools, and daughter of W. W. Quivey

of Mitchell, was struck by an automobile in Scottsbluff Friday evening and died a few minutes later. Her father an attorney of Mitchell, was also struck but aside from a severe shock and a number of bruises, suffered very little. The auto was being driven by a son of Thomas Suratt, a farmer living in Funston precinct. Evidently the car was going at considerable speed, for Mrs. Montross' body was carried more than forty feet, and the headlight and fender was badly bent. Mrs. Montross was a widow, and she leaves one son. A daughter died some months ago at Kearney.

CHURCH SOCIETY MUST PAY FOR LOST FINGER

LINCOLN—The woman's society of the Westminster Presbyterian church here must pay Mrs. Stella Hensley, a

cook, \$15 a week for thirty-seven weeks for the loss of an index finger from blood poisoning growing out of a cut on her finger while peeling potatoes at the society's fair grounds booth last fall. This is the first state compensation award against a church society, according to Secretary of Labor Frank Kennedy.

THINGS EVEN UP.

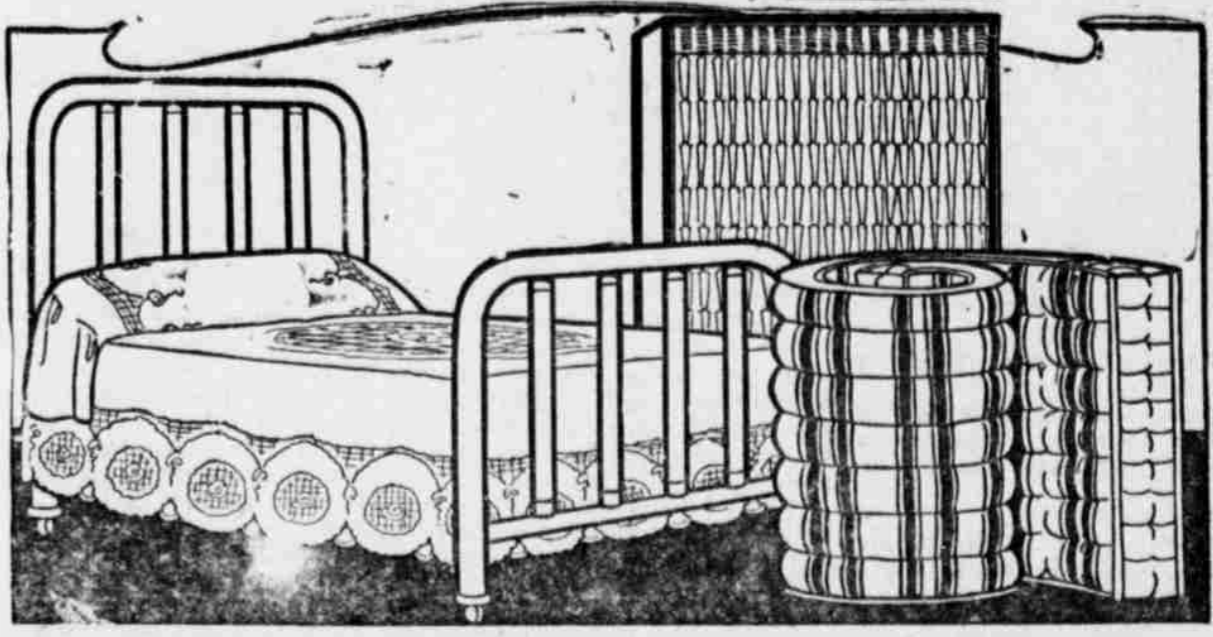
"Some of these jitney drivers crowd in passengers so that a girl has to ride on a man's lap."
"It doesn't seem right to make the girls pay full fare."
"Oh, things even up. The young man isn't charged anything additional."

Herald Want Ads—Results.

Reducing Stock Sale Furniture and Housefurnishings

We find that our stock is too large; we must reduce our investment. We have gotten busy. Cut prices are the result.

Look over the list below. It gives a partial outline of what we are offering. Come to the store and see how low we have marked our goods. Everything in the furniture and housefurnishing lines is reduced in price 20 to 33 1-3%.



BED ROOM FURNITURE

Bed in Ivory Finish	\$16.00
Dresser in Ivory Finish	31.00
Chiffonier in Ivory Finish	29.00
Dressing Table in Ivory Finish	29.00
Bed in Ivory Finish	\$28.00
Chiffonier in Ivory Finish	36.00
Full Vanity Dressing Case in Ivory Finish	68.00
Dresser, Walnut Finish	\$33.00
Princess Dresser in Genuine Walnut Veneer	47.00
Dresser in Genuine Mahogany Veneer	59.00
Dresser, Golden Oak, Top, 18x36, Mirror 14x20	\$19.00
Dresser, Golden Oak, Top 18x36, Mirror 18x24	24.00
Dresser, Golden Oak, Top 19x40, Mirror 22x28	\$29.00
Dresser, Golden Oak, Heavy Colonial Top 20x38, Mirror 22x26	\$32.00

DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Extension Table, six foot, 45 inch top, Golden Oak	\$19.00
Extension Table, six foot, 42 inch top, Golden Oak	21.00
Extension Table, six foot, 45 inch top, Golden Oak	25.50

KITCHEN TABLES

Wood top, 26x42	\$ 6.00
Porcelain top, 26x40	9.95
Porcelain top, 27x42	12.75
Porcelain top, 28x48	16.75

BUFFETS

Solid Plain Oak, with mirror back	\$29.00
Solid Quartered Oak, with Mirror back	39.00

SIMMONS STEEL BEDS

Two inch Post Bed	\$ 9.00
Two inch Post Bed	11.00
Two inch Post Bed	13.00
Two inch Square Post Bed, Wood Finishes	\$19.00 and \$22.00

CHAIRS

Solid Oak Dining Chair, for 6	\$19.00
Solid Oak Dining Chair, with leather seat, for 6	29.00
Solid Oak Dining Chair, with leather slip seat, for 6	32.00
Ivory Enamel, Lady's Writing Desk	14.00
Bird's Eye Maple, Lady's Writing Desk	\$14.00
Mahogany Finish Windsor Arm Rocker	\$11.00
Solid Mahogany Cane seat and back	20.00
Genuine Leather Overstuffed Fireside Rocker	34.00
Tapestry Overstuffed Fireside Rocker	41.00

SPRINGS

Simmons Slumber King	\$12.50
Way Sagless Spring	12.50
Link Fabric Springs	7.00
Link Fabric Springs	8.50

ROCKERS

Fibre Rocker, with arms	\$12.00
Fibre Rocker, with arms, upholstered seats and backs	\$19, \$21, \$23, \$25
Rocker, quartered oak, waxed finish, genuine leather seat, with arms	13.50
Rocker, with arms, quartered oak, waxed finish, auto cushion seat, in genuine leather	14.50
Rockers, with arms, large and comfortable, with genuine leather seats and backs, in Golden Oak waxed	\$20, \$23 and \$26
Sewing Rockers, Wood seats, low as	2.65
Sewing Rockers, with compartment under seat	\$7.50
Wood Seat Arm Rockers, as low as	3.50

MATTRESSES

45 lb. All-Cotton Mattress	\$ 7.75
50 lb. Layer Cotton Mattress	12.00
55 lb. High grade Felt Mattress	
Fancy Tick	16.00

Look for the Red Tags
DON'T BUY UNLESS YOU SEE A REAL BARGAIN.

George D. Darling

115-117 West Third Street

Alliance, Nebraska

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VIA THE **Burlington**
—the pleasant way to travel.

Now, is the time to go. Start right — take the Burlington; enjoy both the trip and the service.



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