

Random Shots

H. B. Alter is responsible for this one: He, too, was in the movie when the crowd began to pour toward the doors. There wasn't any great amount of excitement on his part, or that of other groupings, but two little girls, who were in back of him, were fidgeting to beat the band. One of them spoke up: "I don't see why they don't let the children out first."

The Herald's cub reporter was just walking down the Imperial aisle when the lights went out. A second later he saw the reflected flare of the flames in the operating booth. A second later he heard a voice call "Get out!" He was telling the shop his experiences. "The fellow wasn't standing anywhere near me," he said, "but somehow, I knew I was the one he was talking to."

After the excitement had died down, somewhat, a feminine voice called Harry DuBue to the phone. "Will there be a second show?" the voice asked. "Not this evening," said Harry. "Will we see 'Mother O' Mine' tomorrow?" asked the voice. "I'm sorry to say," said Harry, with genuine emotion in his voice, thinking of the nine reels that had gone up in smoke, "I'm sorry to say that 'Mother O' Mine' is no more."

NOT THIS SEASON

Doc—"So you've taken up golf?"
Friend—"Yes, I knock 'em about a bit."
Doc—"What do you go around in?"
Friend—"Oh, just my regular clothes."

One of the tragedies of life is to be invited to eat up a dinner prepared on a hen party, and to suddenly recall that the diet won't let you enjoy it.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

Little Wilbur, to papa: "Father, what was a bock beer sign?"

"If a man had put a hundred dollars in a savings bank twenty years ago," said the statistician after dinner, "it would amount to over two hundred dollars now, and he could buy almost as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save."

MOTHER JUICE

(American Legion Weekly)
Sing a song of sissence,
A pocket full of seedless raisins,
And let your conscience be your guide.

One of those fool little items that go the rounds—you know, the two or three-liners that are used to fill up the tag-ends of the columns—says that many Arabian ladies spend as much as \$500 to \$1000 a year on perfumes.

If movie impressions of the harems are any good, that's about all they wear, and they're entitled to some sort of a clothing allowance.

Ole Buck, however, will probably insinuate that the great perfume expense is due to the fact that water is quite scarce in Arabia, and kinsequently bathing—but let him say it if he dares.

REMEMBER WHEN?

Sons of democrats used to recite those stirring lines, always the signal for a fight:

Bryan rides a white horse;
McKinley rides a mule,
Bryan is a wise man;
McKinley is a fool.

Jimmy Maxfield indignantly denies the charge that he's dieting. He isn't even thinking of it. "Of course," says Jimmy, "I would if I were at all overweight."

The Rev. Steve Epler is another man who has absolutely no ambition to get thin.

THERE IS NO DEATH—

An exchange comments: People have quit dying now; they merely cash in, cross over, go to their reward, pass on, join the vast majority, sink to rest, go home, climb the golden stairs, sing their swan song, sound taps, vamoose, absquatulate, bite the dust, shuffle off this mortal coil, cross the great divide,

drink hooch, hold up an auto, give up the ghost, wink out, take a rest, ride the white horse, vanish, take the long, lonesome trail, sleep with their fathers, go to the happy hunting grounds, find Nirvana, dip their paddle in the River Styx, wander down the Valley of the Shadows, exit to Valhalla or the Vale of Avalon, so long!—in short, do everything but die.

The office devil, who has time and again declared himself to be a Woman Hater, has been overheard singing several lifting love ballads, and the whole force is keeping all eyes open. This morning he wore a new necktie. When he takes to shining his shoes and plastering his hair down, we shall know that Another Good Man has Gone Wrong.

However, if there's any time that advice is futile, this is it.

Odds are being offered, two to one, that She is a Blonde.

Sarpy reports progress, thereby getting out from under the suspicion that he's a back-slender.

There's no joy in the world quite equal to that of sending the trousers over to Brad to have another four inches deleted from the waistband.

The Printer with the Pompadour had a haircut yesterday, but the shop refuses to believe it until he gets a certificate from the barber.

Get set to attend the Legion's boxing show Saturday night. Those bantams sure pack a lusty wallop in both paws.

Besides this, they are the envy of all the dieters and others who take their exercise on the side-lines.

The Village Queen is leaving the city over the week-end for a few days' stay in The Metropolis, and her friends are wondering whether, on her return, she will be wearing the rep-topped Russian boots, which were once-mail-ordered, but were changed to pink T. B.'s.

TODAY'S HOOCH STORY.

(The Gorion Journal.)
Little Willie had been reading an old but popular story that quite thrilled him, so as he said his prayers and had reached "Give us this day our daily bread," his mind went back to the days of Captain Kidd and he added, "Yo ho and a bottle of rum." He was startled back to consciousness when daddy added a fervent "Amen."

The rector of St. Paul's church at Elk Rapids, Minn., is on a strike. He refuses to preach for a congregation which comes out for a good time. The chief item in his complaint is that the young people in the congregation use the hymn-books to conceal the holding of hands. Also, the male members of his congregation play horseshoes just outside the edifice, and two or three times he has had to postpone beginning his service until a match was finished.

Some day the college stars will note the difference between the world of football and the world as football.

A telegraph messenger has been arrested for speeding, but so far no plumber has thus smudged his record.

LAKESIDE.

Mrs. Jess Coleleser and daughter, Ruth, of Rushville, who visited Mr. and Mrs. Jack Craven here a few days last week were west bound passengers Saturday.

Harvey Whaley went to Mullen Saturday and drove a truck back Sunday for C. M. Barneby.

Donald Goodrich is on the sick list at the time of this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Leishman and children attended church here Sunday and drove on out to the Ralph Shrewsbury home northeast of town for a visit.

Dick McConaughy, foreman of the VanAlstine ranch, was in town on business Sunday.

Milo Rose, who is working on the Leishman ranch, visited friends here Sunday.

E. J. Nelson of the Star ranch was in town after freight for the ranch Sunday.

Mr. Buckley went to Bingham's the latter part of the week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank DeFrance entertained a number of their friends at a card party at their ranch home south of town Friday night. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McGinnis, Mr. and Mrs. George Lindley, Bruce Hunsaker, and Mrs. Beryl Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. George Hunsaker, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilson, E. B. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Black, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Herman, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Achie Phillips, the Misses Johnson, Mote and Schill. First prize was won by Mrs. Beryl Reynolds and Archie Phillips, Mrs. O. E. Black and Mr. Jesse Wilson won the consolation prize. A delicious lunch was served consisting of chicken sandwiches, pickles, coffee, Eskimo pie and three kinds of cake.

J. H. Graybill stepped on a spike while working at the oil well Sunday, running it through his foot.

The eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stoop, who live near the Star ranch is reported to be very sick. Dr. Moore of Antioch was called out to attend her.

When the cow bell rings in the modern jazz orchestra it's a wonder the calves don't bawl.

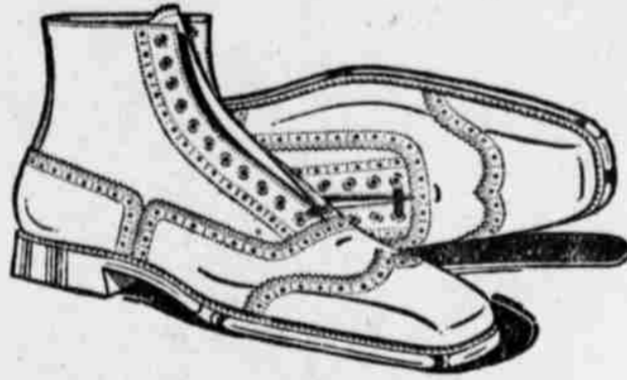
Secretary Weeks has forbidden army stunt flying. One more joy fades from military life.

Once upon a time, in the old-fashioned days, the woman who used powder tried to keep it dark.

Poetic justice is done when a woman who thinks she knows it all marries a man who thinks he is pretty.

Trotzky's trouble with Karelia reminds you of the old song "Bedelia" that had something in it about "steal you."

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