

RANDOM SHOTS

Back on the job.

Paraphrasing Doc Morris' version of Kipling: "Oh, heat is heat and rest is rest, and always the two shall twain."

At least they always twain when we take our vacation.

A Columbus woman has solved the problem of keeping her husband home nights, and passes on her formula for the benefit of suffering womanhood: "I ask him, every night, to take me out some place," she confesses.

Cynical cuss was crabbing about the convention of medical men. "I stuck my head in at the door," he said "and the speaker was talking in Latin."

Sad thought for today: Hay fever season is just around the corner.

Happy thought: We aren't subject to hay fever.

Tried to find out who wrote this column while we were away, but not a man in the shop will plead guilty. Therefore, there's nothing to do but take up the white man's burden.

We don't know how other editors of the Big Sixth district feel about it, but we refuse to believe that Uncle Mose is really out of the race until he makes an affidavit and swears to it on a stack of Bibles a foot high.

Even if he does this, we won't be sure about it until his successor is elected and has qualified.

But it isn't fair to insinuate that the grand old man is slipping mentally, just because he has difficulty in making up his mind. Why not say he's growing efeminate?

Life's little thrills: When the wife, who is piloting the flivver over a rough road, approaches a dangerous curve and you hear her say: "What a perfectly beautiful moon!"

A Nebraska City man is so ignorant that he thinks the Epistles were the wives of the Apostles.

As a dear old lady once said: "Well it may not have been true about Sodom and Gomorrah, but from all I can hear, if they weren't married they should have been."

Two days at home and the scales showed a two-pound gain. However, the ride through the sandhills took it all away, so we're holding our losses, again.

TODAY'S BEST STORY.
(Nebraska City Press.)

At a lodge meeting in Nebraska City a few short years ago John Miller who is very observing and watchful of the comfort of his fellows, arose in his place and made a motion that went something like this: "Mr. Chairman, I move that the lodge set aside money for three cuspidors to be stationed at proper places." And then he sat down. And a member who was quite deaf stood up at the rear of the hall and said, "I second the motion, Mr. Chairman, and I move that John Miller be made one of them."

A town—a certain one—of western Nebraska has a blacksmith whose name is not Otto Winkiehardt—but we'll call him that. A tenderfoot ranchman whose name isn't Squint Taylor nor anything like Taylor led Pansy one day to Otto's shop door, asking that her hoofs be trimmed. But Otto said there was too much work ahead. Taylor urged, but Otto said he just couldn't; and Otto added, "It'll take half an hour." Next day

Taylor was back to have the work done. "All right," said Otto, "you hold her." "But I have an appointment," said Taylor: "I'm due right now." "Oh, grab the halter-strap," ejaculated Otto, "and keep hold; I won't take but a minute."

Jimmy is no expert—yet—but so far he hasn't capsize his canoe.

In these real hot days the golf is bound to suffer. If a man takes one swim, he's lost.

Ole Buck hastens to explain that he really likes strawberry shortcake, but that he doesn't want the berries mashed and the cake soggy. Now we aren't worrying about his sanity quite so much.

The only friend of ours who ever went crazy showed it in a peculiar way. Along about 2 a. m. he got out of bed, dressed and started playing the trombone. When his family besought him to quit, he never even heard them.

There's a couple of players we have in mind now who'd better stay out of the heat.

Now they say that Bandit Fred Brown may be headed this way. The last car he stole was a flivver, and if he did turn north at Sidney, he's probably marooned out in those eternal and infernal sandhills.

The boys in the office tipped the niece off to ask the Woman Hater to teach her to swim. She did, and it was worth a quarter to watch the color of his face when he told her that he didn't know how.

On the trip we heard but one or two events that were fit for this immortal colm. In an eastern Nebraska town there is—or was—a high school teacher who wore 'em rolled. One day she invited a preacher to talk to one of her classes. He came and talked. In the middle of the discourse his roving eyes caught a glimpse of a set of crossed legs. He saw the rolled hose and a bit above them. His strained eyes looked still harder, and he discerned, on each knee, a tattooed butterfly. He looked a couple more times to make sure, finish his speech left the building and—walked straight to the board of education and entered a complaint. The offending school teacher was notified to wear hose supporters. She did for the rest of the year, apparently. But the story got out, and now the whole town is wondering whether the tattooed school ma'am will be hired for next year. Her application is in, but there are some women on the board. However, there are no preachers, and the odds are about even.

There are two Nebraska editors who have our grudging admiration for getting away with worse than murder. Ole Buck writes just one column a week, and George Snow takes as many vacations as though he were holding a county office.

Our kid niece, who made the drive back with us, was considerably excited over being the first of the tribe to get west of Kearney. The sandhill roads thrilled her—at least the first ten miles did. She firmly decided that she'd elect the other uncle to drive her home. But after two hours of those roads, she sighed gently and remarked that if her uncle didn't insist, she'd just as soon go home on the train.

One of the doctors at yesterday's convention referred to the welcome signs in the store windows. "Most people seem to hate to see the doctors come," he said. Glen Miller was on his feet in a flash, explaining that the reason one of those cards was in the windows of his undertaking office was because some boy who passed

them out made a stupid error.

The doctors have never got on the same business plane as the lawyers, who say glibly, after a two-minute consultation, "Five dollars, please." The doctors don't do it that way. They use the tactics of the good waiter, who always lays the check face down on the table. They wait a month, and then send in a bill for \$10.

Someone once asked a waiter why he never turned the check up. "If a customer were to die of heart failure," he said, "business would suffer. I always want them to be well fortified with food before they know the worst."



AT THE RIALTO.

J. Warren Kerrigan, star of many romances, is seen to advantage in "The Coast of Opportunity," which shows at the Rialto tonight. This is one of the most entertaining plays this popular star produced in many months and is well adapted to his dashing, romantic type. He plays the role of a venturesome young mining engineer who drifts into a lone-some desert region of Old Mexico in search of his fortune in copper. Finding a rich deposit, he starts building a railroad to transport the ore. A rival mine operator endeavors to prevent the laying of the road and throws a myriad of obstacles in the newcomers' path. With the aid of a resourceful young girl the engineer finally outguesses his competitor and the road is put through.

"Handcuffs or Kisses," with Elaine Hammerstein as the star, will be the Rialto attraction for Wednesday. The story was written by Thomas Edgewood and first appeared in "Young's Magazine." It deals with life in a girl's reformatory and the fiction piece closely resembles some of the actual happenings that have transpired at Bedford Reformatory and other large institutions. Miss Hammerstein's interpretation of the part assigned her is both artistic and human. As the abused inmate who was unjustly committed to a two-year term she at once wins the sympathy of her audience and holds it until she is finally cleared of the false charges that have been lodged against her. There also is a pretty love theme that culminates as all pretty love plots must end, and the action throughout is both swift and dramatic.

Thursday the Rialto presents "The Lure of Jade," with Pauline Frederick in the leading role. The story is saturated with the atmosphere of the

South Seas. A society woman, the daughter of a rear admiral, who has abandoned her luxurious surroundings because she was made the unwitting victim of a scandal, goes off to the South Seas, seeking surcease from her troubles. There she becomes a different woman. She is exotic and languorous, conducts a rooming and gambling house and is known as a mysterious woman. This role fits Miss Frederick snugly, to be sure, and she gives one of the most brilliant performances of her career on stage or screen.

AT THE IMPERIAL

Tonight and Wednesday, the Imperial has an exceptionally good bill, including two features. There is a Tom Mix picture, "The Big Town Roundup," which tells the story of a wild, wild cowboy in New York City, and is chock full of action, with more thrills to the minute than the Cheyenne frontier days. Charlie Chaplin in "Pay Day," a feature scheduled for last Sunday which failed to arrive, came in twenty-four hours late and will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thursday the Imperial will present "Coincidence," a Metro feature with an all-star cast. Billy Jenks comes to New York to storm the fortresses of fortune. But he discovers that it takes time, and meanwhile he gets a job counting not his own, but other people's money in the cashier's cage of a Fifth Avenue department store. One day a bill blows out of the window into the hat of a pretty girl passing by. In a jiffy, both Billy and Phoebe Howland are head over heels in love. But their meetings impair their business efficiency while polishing their day-dreaming faculties. Out they are thrown, jobless and penniless. Billy registers his mental state the next morning by hurling his alarm clock out of the window; it falls, not painlessly, on the head of the clerk seeking to apprise Billy that his aunt has died and left him a fortune. Soon he is minus the money and girl. How this happens, through a series of harum-scarum, thrilling events, makes this story brimful of adventure and romance.

Thursday is also vaudeville night at the Imperial. Four acts, including Bill and Hattie Car in a musical novelty using violin and guitar in something that is entirely new and different. Miss Ethel Vaughn, one of the best comedienne that has ever played on the circuit, has a little act entitled "Smiles and Songs of the Day." Cooper and Valli in "Ain't She Rough" present one of the acts that went big while they were with Ringling's circus. Almond and Hazel, in "From Summer to Winter," offer a novelty act which keeps the audience entertained and wondering what is coming next.

"THE COOLEST PLACE IN TOWN"
Imperial Theatre

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13-14

TOM MIX in
"THE BIG TOWN ROUND-UP"

Full of action. More thrills to the minute than the Cheyenne Frontier Days.

Charles Chaplin in
"PAY DAY"

MATINEE, 10 and 13c—NIGHT, 10 and 27c

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

"COINCIDENCE"

A romance of youth, love and the fickle jade, Fortune, with an all-star cast.

4--Acts Vaudeville--4

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