

LOCAL NEWS

From Thursday's Daily:

Dr. Slagle went to Hemingford today on business.

Johnny King went to Hot Springs today to visit his mother.

Mrs. Fred Vaughn is very ill, and has been about a week.

Mrs. H. A. Cunningham expects to go to Mitchell tomorrow to visit Mrs. A. H. Pierson.

Mrs. Hoffman and daughter of Marsland were in Alliance today on business.

Mrs. L. F. Sarbro stopped off in Alliance today enroute from Denver to Great Falls, Montana.

Miss Della Watson, who has been visiting friends here for a couple of weeks, returned to her home today at Berea.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lynch stopped off in Alliance today between trains, enroute to Great Falls, Montana, from Nevada, Missouri.

Mrs. F. A. Green stopped off in Alliance today enroute to Sanford, Montana, from McCook, where they have been visiting Mrs. Green's parents.

Mrs. C. E. Mae who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Vaughn for a couple of weeks, returned to her home today at Broadwater.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Downey stopped off in town today enroute from Bear, Nebraska, where they have been visiting, to their home at Upton, Wyoming.

Mrs. C. E. Stown and daughter stopped off between trains today on their way from Trinidad, Colorado, where they have been visiting relatives, to their home at Great Falls, Montana.

From Friday's Daily:

John Wiker went to Chadron today on business.

E. R. Dawson was in the city today on business.

Mary Egan of Hyannis is in town visiting friends for a few days.

James Feagins left this noon for Denver on a business trip.

Rose and Agnes Annen of Dunlap were visitors in Alliance today.

E. H. Boyd left today on 44 for Omaha and Chicago on a pleasure trip.

Joe Vaughn left last night for Los Angeles, California, for a thirty days visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Graham came down from Hemingford Thursday to visit Miss Della Reed.

Josephine O'Donnell went to Denver Wednesday for a two weeks stay at the milliners wholesale house.

The girls' basket ball team left today for Sidney to play there tonight, and will go to Kimball Saturday night.

The boys' basket ball team and a car of rooters left today for Scottsbluff to play there tonight. They will play at Mitchell Saturday night.

Mrs. H. Shepard of Valentine came down Wednesday for a few days visit with her mother Mrs. Curren. Later Mrs. Shepard and Mrs. Curren will go to Hot Springs.

Mrs. Nels Pederson and two children returned today on 44 to their home at Ravenna after a pleasant three weeks visit with parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bullock.

Cal Cox returned this morning from his trip to Kearney and Denver. He brought Charles E. Brennan from Denver, wanted for abandonment, at county court.

The Daughters of Isabella's ball was a grand success, financially and socially. There were about two hundred people present. The music was of the best, and Father Maloney was presented with a purse and traveling set from the congregation. He has been promoted to Valentine.

The little daughter of Mr. Daniels foreman of Pete Becker's ranch near Hyannis, had the misfortune to fall from a horse and break her arm in two places Tuesday. Mr. Daniels brought her here for medical treatment Wednesday, and she is doing nicely at present.

From Saturday's Daily:

Mrs. E. S. Brower has been ill yesterday and today.

Mrs. H. Shepard and mother, Mrs. Curren, left today for Valentine.

Prof. Van Housen of Hemingford was in the city today on business.

Mrs. Dick Kenner, who has been ill for some time, is greatly improved.

Commissioner J. M. Wanek returned this morning from his eastern trip.

Mrs. Ben Johnson of Hemingford was in town yesterday between trains on business.

Warren Lotspeich went to Hemingford today on 43 to visit Leo Walker over Sunday.

Miss Nora Parks of Crawford is at St. Joseph Hospital recovering from a severe siege of sickness.

Dean Cross, who has been visiting at the home of Dean Ware, returned today to Sheridan, Wyo., on 43.

Alphonso Pool and H. J. Ellis went to Bridgeport today on 303 to play for the firemen's dance tonight.

C. A. Newberry and family returned today on 41 from Lincoln where they attended the Hardware Dealers Convention.

Albert Martinez and Mr. Hill of Deadwood spent yesterday in our city calling on friends. Mr. Martinez is a former Alliance boy.

Mrs. L. E. Cox who has been confined to the hospital for some time, is much improved. Her daughter from Edgemont came to visit her today.

Dr. Evans of Crawford was in Alliance yesterday between trains, accompanying Mr. Fitzgerald whom he placed in St. Joseph Hospital for treatment.

W. M. Robinson, general manager of the piano department of Orkin Bros., will arrive here Sunday on business and to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. J. Wiker.

Mrs. C. L. Gutterson of Broken Bow left on 44 for home today after a very pleasant visit of two weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Curry.

Mrs. Michael Byer returned last night from Sioux City, Iowa, where she went some time ago to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Katie Reinke, who has been very low.

Josephine and Robert Acheson, children of Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Acheson, went to Denver on the early morning train yesterday to join their mother, who has been visiting there.

The following cases operated on this week at St. Joseph Hospital are reported by the attending surgeon as doing very well: Miss Reinmuth of Dalton, Mrs. Blume, Mrs. Twilliger and Mrs. Baachky of Alliance.

C. A. Balew, Mr. and Mrs. Dan O'Keefe, John Kinsella, John Jellinek, G. W. Loer and Adolph Nikount arrived on 44 from Hemingford and are transacting business and visiting in Alliance this afternoon.

IS SHIPPED IN CRATE LABELED "ONE HOG"

Boy Shipped With Household Furniture by Parents to Save Passenger Fare

McCook, Nebr., Feb. 25—Phillip Beals, aged ten, passed through here today on his way to Burke, S. D., where he will join his parents. He was found in a crate labeled "one hog" at Lincoln by a state veterinarian.

It is said that his parents shipped him in this way with the carload of household furniture in order to save his passenger fare and save freight on the car as cars containing live stock go cheaper. The parents forgot, however, that live stock must be examined in going from one state to another.

GENUINE RED RIVER OHIO SEED FROM MINNESOTA

In case we receive sufficient encouragement from Box Butte county growers we will, about April 1st, have on track at Alliance a car of small size, selected seed at 95c per bushel sacked. Don't plant diseased stock. Buy quality regardless of price. Write us amount you wish reserved. Ask either of your banks about us.

EASTMAN-MINOR,
212 South 13th, Lincoln, Nebr.
12-51-3271

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I have given my son Wencel C. Lackey his time with full power to collect all moneys due him, and that I will not be responsible for debts of any kind or description hereafter incurred or contracted by him.

MARY T. SCHRAUTEMIER,
3268-41-8

FASHIONS

By Walt Mason

I wear the same old trusty hat I bought six years ago next May, and no one shies a brick therat, or calls me down in any way. With tollers in the busy mart I mingle, as I always did, and hold discourses heart to heart—and no one seems to note my lid. I go to church on Sunday morn, to hear the eminent divine, and no one speaks, with blighting scorn, about that good old tite of mine. I wear it always out of doors, though it is old and out of style; my credit's good at all the stores, and people greet me with a smile. But Sister Jane must buy a hat when'er new styles are advertised; if she should make refusal flat, she surely would be ostracised. They'd freeze her out of all the clubs, and she would get, to her distress, the ice tongs from the lady dubs who never think of aught but dress. And so I'm glad I'm not a dame, that I can wear just what I please in ancient hats, and clothe my frame in shelf worn hand-me-downs like these and still be greeted by my friends with cordial grasp and cheerful smiles; for all our dear bought freedom ends, when we are martyrs to the styles.

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WALT MASON.

SUPERSTITION

By Walt Mason

Last night, to my intense despair, a black dog howled beneath my easement; and at his head I threw a chair, and all the stovewood in the basement. And still he howled to raise the dead, as though his soul were torn by devils, while I kept throwing at his head old hammers, planes and spirit levels. This is a sign, as all men know, that evil luck is coming, surely, and morning found me full of woe, and sick at heart, and feeling poorly. "When howling bandogs are abroad," I said, "there's dire misfortune due me; all things will travel wapperjawed, and I shall harvest prunes, bestrew me!" Then I went down to get my mail, and found four checks from eastern journals, and also sundry chunks of kale from Matthew George and other colonels. Then dire forebodings flew away like mists before a zipping zephyr, and I sent up a roundelay, and kicked my heels like any helifer. And nearly all our dread and fears of coming evil are as baseless; joy cometh to the man who cheers, whose cheeks are of the briny traceless.

WALT MASON.

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SUPERSTITION

By Walt Mason

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," said a famous sage of old; but his wits were running wild, or his heart was hard and cold. It was taught in school and church, long ago, that every dad should equip himself with birch and assault the growing lad. In the olden foolish days boys were whipped for every lapse, and it only served to raise mutiny in many chaps. So the boys ran off from home, where they looked for love in vain; and as phates they would roam up-and-down the Spanish Main. Or they learned to lie and sneak, in their fear of oaken stave, and with teardrops on the cheek, longed for an untimely grave. I would rather that I had portion in the brimstone fire than be parent to a lad who could fear and hate his sire. And no boy his dad can love if his heart with fear is sore, of the cudgel poised above, and the whip behind the door. Spare the child and spoil the rod—put the darned thing in the fire—and the son will see a God in the person of his sire.

WALT MASON.

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SUFFRAGISTS

By Walt Mason

The suffrage dames who play their games just like the whiskered fellows, who bravely stand and make demand for votes, are city dwellers. The squawky ones behind the guns have homes that need attention; they run outdoors, neglecting chores too numerous to mention. The city wife an idle life of ease and sloth is leading; no more she makes the ginger cakes, no more the dough she's kneading; she pulls with vim her husband's limb for rhino for her spending, and spends her days in useless ways, in foolish schemes unending. The farmers' fraus have hens and cows to keep them sane and busy; they fix the coops nor give three whoops for movements vain and dizzy. They sell their ducks and earn some bucks to buy ten yards of gingham; they henfruit sell and husband well the money it will bring 'em. The farmers' wives lead useful lives, and not an hour is wasted; the city ways, the slothful days, they have not learned or tasted. They drive to town in modest gown behind old Prince and Polly,

with cash to spare, and do not care for votes or other folly.

WALT MASON.

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SPRING POETRY

By Walt Mason

The Spring is coming—let her come! The bees will soon begin to hum and buzz around on gauzy wings, and jolt us with their red-hot stings. The boy who is too tired and worn to help the old man plant some corn, will shovel for a fortnight straight to get a good supply of bait. The women will once more arise, the light of battle in their eyes, and clean the house, from room to room, with mop and duster, rag and broom, while patient husbands seek the barn, and say such words as "Gee" and "Darn." The Spring is coming—let her come! The hobo leaves the city slum, to roam through country fields and bogs, and dodge the same old farmers' dogs. The agent, rested, full of zeal, comes forth with his impassioned spiel, with specious wiles and nerve to burn, and sells his patent safety churn. And now, by almost every mail, seed catalogs come by the bale, and men who deal in rust-proof oats come forth and bear away our goats. Such ills the vernal months will bring, and yet we're honing for the Spring! For sunny skies and budding flowers, soft winds and plain and fancy showers! For warbling birds and growing grass, and heaps of nice fresh garden sass!

WALT MASON.

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FINDING FAULT

By Walt Mason

The kicking game will bring you fame unpleasant, grim and ghostly, so call a halt if finding fault is what you're doing mostly. Some men seem born distressed, forlorn, then nothing ever pleases; in every cause they find the flaws, the spavins and diseases. They kick at home and when they roam about the town they grumble, and every talk they make's a knock, and every step a stumble. They scree, they scowl, they hoot, they howl, at every forward movement; they hurt the town and hold it down, and balk at each improvement. There is a trail of woe and wail where'er they've gallivanted; the booster hates such moldy skates and thinks they should be planted. They are a bore, the town grows sore beneath their ceaseless wiggings; the band will play some music gay when they have skipped the diggings. Just look around and note, cogs wound! how much the grouch is hated, then make a vow to clear your brow, and keep your bile abated. So call a halt if finding fault is now your daily pastime; let out a roar just one time more, and let that be the last time!

WALT MASON.

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ABE MARTIN

Th' feller who's prominent enough t' be criticized is pretty well fixed. A failure must have a hard time trac'in' his downfall in a dry town.

Miss Fawn Lippincott will filmize eight hundred an' fifty-four feet o' her novel, "Th' Lost Heiress o' Red Stone Hall," fer th' movies. Th' ole time mother who used t' wonder

For making quickly and perfectly, delicious hot biscuits, hot breads, cake and pastry there is no substitute for

Dr. PRICE'S

CREAM
BAKING POWDER
MADE FROM GRAPES
Sixty Years the Standard

where her boy is now has a grandson who wonders where his mother is.

Mrs. Jack Sneed, whose husband quit smokin' New Years, has asked t' have her ole name restored. An onion a day 'll keep your friends away.

No matter how hard times git th' wages o' sin are allus liberal an' on th' dot. Politics makes strange postmasters.

Some folks are called "jakie" when they're only respectable. What has become o' all th' child wonders we used t' know at school?

Soot on th' chest is one o' th' aggravatin' problems that confronts th' up-t'-date girl. Look out fer th' feller who lets you do all the talkin'!

NOTICE

This is to certify that I the undersigned have resigned as being president of The Mid-West Development Company, of Hemingford, Nebr., on the 23 day of Feb., 1914.

Signed C. O. ROSENBERGER.
12-31-3275

LAND TO TRADE

I have 160 acres, 3 1/4 miles from Bayard, under the Tri-State canal, to trade for Box Butte county land. J. C. McCORKLE, Alliance, Nebr. 121f3276

Fortune Teller Reveals Murder

Paris, Feb. 25—A great sensation has been caused by the discovery of the body of an engineer named Cadiou, manager of a factory near Brest who mysteriously disappeared last December. The story of the discovery of the body is a remarkable one. A brother of M. Cadiou, after making unceasing efforts to solve the riddle of the disappearance, received a letter from a relative at Nancy, in which was an account of a conversation the writer had with a fortune-teller. The missing man, the fortune teller had said, was murdered by a tall, dark, bearded man of about thirty-five years, who had hidden the body in a ditch in a wood not far from the factory, and covered it with earth. The dead man's brother, although incredulous, made a search in the place indicated and at the exact spot described by the fortune-teller the body was discovered. The latest development in the case is the arrest of a partner of the murdered man on an accusation of having committed the crime. The accused is said to answer the description of the murderer as given by the fortune-teller.

Latest Music

Look—3 for 35c
POSTPAID

Secret Thoughts—Waltz
Aloha O E
Rastus Rag
Cotton Rag
Bud—Rag
Black and Blue Rag
SONGS
In the Shadows of the Maples on the Hill
Clover Blossoms
The Girl You Love
In Dear Old Dixie Land
I have waited a long, long time
I Don't Want the Morning to Come
Jack and Jill
Red Moon
Somebody Else Will if You Don't
Some of These Days
Since you called me Dearie
There never was a girl like you
When the Orioles Come North Again

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