



PART IV.

The Ascent to Mars.

When Mr. Robert Henry Randolph, alias Sam Hervey, chairman, vice president...

Two considerations, however, stood from the anti-social tendencies of the world...

As he entered the car he had a brief second look into the pleading eyes and adorably eager face...

"I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I had honor more."



"Touche," said Mr. Randolph, "I'm through."

Wheels of my wagon on the curb in front of the Poppy club...

"Through, Sam? What do you mean?" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"You don't understand," he said.

"I've lost my nerve."

"Lost your nerve?" repeated Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"You don't get you," murmured Touche.

"A look of pity followed by one of sympathy went into his eyes."

Factor had they could have got a copy of a letter they had written...

Mr. Randolph's widely placed blue eyes narrowed as an effort to ascertain the proposition...

"Yes!" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I guess it's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his support.

"Certainly, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, apathetically.

"I beg your pardon, Touche," said Robert, "Mr. Barclay Mityuna; Mr. Touche O'Shaughnessy."

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Mityuna delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading...

"It's no use, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, at last.

Mr. Mityuna wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me impudent, Robert," he said meekly.

"I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Mityuna.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

But Mr. Randolph allowed him an hour for reflection in quiet mirth.

"That's what I want," he continued, "to meet Miss Thornton face to face and discontinue it for ever."

He made his head be thought for a moment.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he said, "that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon."

"That's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I guess it's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his support.

"Certainly, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, apathetically.

"I beg your pardon, Touche," said Robert, "Mr. Barclay Mityuna; Mr. Touche O'Shaughnessy."

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Mityuna delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading...

"It's no use, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, at last.

Mr. Mityuna wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me impudent, Robert," he said meekly.

"I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Mityuna.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

of the most interesting situations ever seen in pictures.

The Wednesday feature is "Out of the Storm," a photoplay taken from the novel by Gertrude Atherton.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he said, "that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon."

"That's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I guess it's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his support.

"Certainly, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, apathetically.

"I beg your pardon, Touche," said Robert, "Mr. Barclay Mityuna; Mr. Touche O'Shaughnessy."

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Mityuna delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading...

"It's no use, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, at last.

Mr. Mityuna wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me impudent, Robert," he said meekly.

"I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Mityuna.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

Leaving is accounted for embarrassment and Margaret is thrown upon the world with her scanty assets.

The Wednesday feature is "Out of the Storm," a photoplay taken from the novel by Gertrude Atherton.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he said, "that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon."

"That's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I guess it's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his support.

"Certainly, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, apathetically.

"I beg your pardon, Touche," said Robert, "Mr. Barclay Mityuna; Mr. Touche O'Shaughnessy."

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Mityuna delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading...

"It's no use, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, at last.

Mr. Mityuna wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me impudent, Robert," he said meekly.

"I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Mityuna.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

Her choice makes the story.

"In the Heart of a Fool," which is the Thursday attraction, the story deals with a girl's problem in marital relationship.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he said, "that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon."

"That's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I guess it's all right, Touche," said Sam wearily.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his support.

"Certainly, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, apathetically.

"I beg your pardon, Touche," said Robert, "Mr. Barclay Mityuna; Mr. Touche O'Shaughnessy."

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Mityuna delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading...

"It's no use, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, at last.

Mr. Mityuna wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me impudent, Robert," he said meekly.

"I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Mityuna.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph.

"I don't care whether they think they've got to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

Why Keep Advertising?

"Things are slow this time of year; why should I advertise now?" is the question a man asked me one day last week.

That man has driven an automobile. He knows that you can't start an automobile on high.

Why is this? Because an automobile is a heavy load weighing thousands of pounds.

In the same way you can't advertise today and have the orders you want on your desk tomorrow evening.

Some Herald readers are just as anxious to buy your goods as you are to sell them.

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Telephone 340. Masonic Temple Bldg.

Don't Miss the Big Championship WRESTLING MATCH

At the Roof Garden, Alliance, Neb. Friday, February 18 COMMENCING AT 8:30 P. M. SHARP

Clarence EKLUND

of Sheridan, Wyoming

Light heavyweight Champion of the World has once more agreed to defend his title against Fred Mortensen, "The Terrible Dane," of Alliance, Nebr.

Fred MORTENSON

of Alliance, Challenger

Light heavyweight Champion of Denmark, better known to mat fans as "The Terrible Dane." He lost one fall to Eklund January 18, 1921.

IT TOOK CHAMPION EKLUND ONE HOUR AND FORTY-SIX MINUTES TO WIN ONE FALL, JANUARY 18. IF YOU WANT TO SEE A REAL WRESTLING MATCH, DON'T MISS THIS ONE.

NOTICE: This will be a finish match, two best out of three, no time limit, for a purse of \$750, winner take all.

TICKETS: Ringside, \$4.00; reserved seats, \$3.00; general admission, \$2.00, including war tax.

The Wrestlers have both agreed to have Dr. G. H. Hand of Alliance, Nebraska, to referee the Championship Match.

BRING THE LADIES—WRESTLING WILL BE CLEAN.