

HAPPENINGS IN OUR NEIGHBORING VILLAGES

J. C. BENNETT STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS SUNDAY

Marsland Man Taken Seriously Ill While Eating Breakfast—Formerly Agent

(By Herald Correspondent.)

MARSLAND, Dec. 30.—While J. C. Bennett, who lives four miles east of Marsland was eating breakfast Sunday morning, he was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Willis was called as soon as possible and he pronounced it a paralytic stroke on the right side. At this time he is getting along as well as could be expected. Mr. Bennett is quite well known as being agent for the Burlington for about fifteen years. He retired about eight years ago, going on the farm.

Conductor Kenner arrived with two brakemen at Marsland Monday to handle the ice business for ensuing month. Mr. Gregg expects to get out about 400 cars.

Engineer Austin arrived Monday afternoon to take the helper engine. Engineer Harbottle, who has had the helper, has gone to Alliance.

Hugh Beal and Wade Curry made a flying trip to Alliance between trains Tuesday.

Bob Woody returned Tuesday after spending a few days in Alliance. Tom Poole dropped in Tuesday to spend Xmas with home folks.

Zeke Wilburn came in on 43 last Tuesday for a short visit with friends.

A niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bennett arrived Wednesday from Montana for a visit over Christmas with them.

The following took in the dance Xmas night at Ardmore: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Graham, Hugh Beal, Miss Gordon, Will and Dorris Gregg, Leslie Flaney and Mr. Wright. They all report a very enjoyable time.

True Miller left for Alliance Saturday morning.

Rev. Burleigh and wife took Xmas dinner with their daughter at Crawford, returning Friday morning.

While coming down stairs about 7 p. m. Tuesday, little Vera Graham in some way tripped and fell, cutting her hands and face quite badly on an empty fruit jar which she was carrying. The jar was broken in many places, and that she was not hurt more is a miracle.

MAY START NEW DAILY

Bridgeport Newspaper Man Preparing to Incorporate Business and Extend Field

(By Herald Correspondent.)

BRIDGEPORT, Nebr., Dec. 29.—From present reports it is believed that the business of the Bridgeport News-Blade is to be incorporated shortly after the first of the year, new capital taken in, and a daily started as soon as the plant can be properly equipped. Mr. Lynch, the proprietor, has been figuring on a daily for some time. He believes that the North Platte valley in western Nebraska should have a daily and would like to be the first in the field.

BINGHAM NEWS

BINGHAM, Nebr., Dec. 26.—Mrs. S. R. Edmondson's father, Mr. Knight, who left here last Thursday for Hot Springs, Ark., died very suddenly in Hot Springs Monday. The body was shipped back to Bingham and the funeral will be held here today. Rev. Kramer came up from Clark, Nebr., to preach the funeral sermon.

Mrs. M. L. Kincaid and son are spending the holidays in York.

C. E. Mason and family have moved to Analely.

Mrs. Frank Adair went to Chicago to spend the holidays.

Grover Cameron, who has been ill

Much Sickness From Coal Gas Fumes

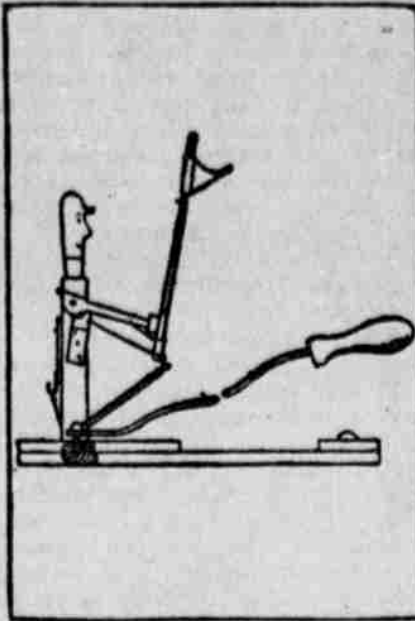
By Ernest W. Woods, Milwaukee, Wis.

The increase of sickness which usually accompanies moderating weather may be partly accounted for in this way: The rise in temperature outside causes closing of the draft damper in the smoke pipe. This in turn permits the brick smoke flue to chill and the gas, which the smoldering coal must throw off, instead of continuing upward and out into the air, is pressed downward by the heavy, cold outside air and comes through the crevices (usually loose door fittings) into the rooms. The fumes may not be perceptible to the sense of smell.

NEW TOY IS QUITE AMUSING

Manikin Makes Lusty Swipe at Baseball When Spring Is Released—Bats Like Ty Cobb.

An ingenious and amusing toy has been designed by a Massachusetts man and is shown in the illustration. A manikin, with pivoted arms and a bat in its hands, is fixed on a base-board. On the other end of the board a ball rests in a shallow hollow. A spring reaches from the manikin's hands to his feet and there is a catch in the back by means of which his hands can be pulled up and the spring stretched. A cord with a handle on it is attached to the catch and releases it when pulled. When the catch is released the spring pulls the figure's hands down



Manikin Ball Player.

and the bat, which has a wing on the end, makes a sweeping slam at the ball. Usually it hits it, being adjusted for an accurate shot, but a miss is no more than even a Ty Cobb might do.

WANTS THINGS FOR HIS OWN

Desire to Possess Property is Inherent in All Mankind—Boy Desires No Partnership Affair.

The average boy believes firmly in the principle of the private ownership of personal property, writes Thomas W. Lloyd in the Mother's Magazine. He would rather be the sole possessor of a broken handled knife with no blades than a pearl handled, four bladed affair in partnership.

In fact, the desire to own something—to possess property—is inherent in all mankind. And mothers should endeavor to foster this desire. It will not only increase the boy's happiness, but will teach him the value of acquisition within proper limits. He should have his own playthings, his own tools, his own books, his own clothes and a place of his own in which to keep them.

A boy who is permitted to do this will take better care of things than if owned in partnership, and he will learn eagerly to have a place for his things and to keep them in their place. And this is a valuable lesson. Do not make a younger boy wear his older brother's clothing which the latter has outgrown. If it can be avoided. Of course in some families, where every cent counts, this cannot be helped. Every boy, and we speak from experience, hates to wear another's clothes. He wants his own.

Give him his own bureau drawer and at least a portion of a closet and teach him habits of orderliness and system in the care of his possessions. These habits are easily learned when young and their value to the man of business is incalculable.

BICYCLE ON LAND OR WATER

Pair of Inflated Floats of Nearly Cubical Shape Are Used as Supports—Has Propelling Vanes.

A bicycle that is designed to run either on land or water is shown in the illustration. A pair of inflated floats of nearly cubical shape support each wheel when the machine is used for water travel, and a rud-



A Hydrocycycle.

der, connected to the handlebars by a light cable, is attached to the rear. The rear wheel is equipped with propelling vanes.

Others Beside Johnny.

Johnny, fishing for a nickel in the bottom of one of them, has emptied the contents of both pockets on the dining table.

Papa—For heaven's sake, son, what makes you carry all that plunder around in your pockets. Where on earth did you get it?

Johnny—Huh, this? Sis straightened up her handbag this mornin' and gimme what she didn't want no more.

Important!

Barber—Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut? Little Fred (aged six)—If you please, sir, just like father's; and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through.

MORE THAN BIG BROTHER

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

"It's too hot to dance any more," Dorothy pushed open the glass doors that led to the veranda. She knew her way around the house better than Allan. It was his first visit to Sanibel Island and her fifth. She felt vaguely superior and motherly toward this stocky, tanned youngster just fresh from South America. Constance had told her to take care of him, and when Dorothy took care of a young man she rarely left him heart, head, or will power.

"I love to walk down through the palm grove in the moonlight," she went on, tripping ahead of him under the great shadowy fronds. "Don't you like the sea at night, Mr. Forbes?"

"Rather. After months in the Andes I can't get enough of the water. It was bully of old Nat to ask me here for the holidays. You know I was bound north to Washington. No thought of loafing at all. Wonder why he did it."

"I know." She hesitated, and held aside a mass of shrubbery heavy with fragrant blossoms. "He had a letter from Mrs. Carruthers. She's Nat's second cousin, and married to that queer little Lawton Carruthers. I think he's a lawyer in New York. Anyway, he's made scads of money since she married him. And Adele, that Mrs. C. told Nat you were bound this way, and for him to waylay you for the Christmas party here on the island. What's the matter?"

Forbes had stopped dead short, his head thrust a bit forward like a fighting bull, his eyes sparkling in the darkness as she looked up at him.

"What is it?"

"Nothing special," he returned shortly. "Only you've saved my life. Where is the nearest cable station?"

"Across the bay at Tampa. It's a three-hour trip in the motor boat. Why?"

"I've got to reach it tonight. Listen. I've known you just three days, haven't I? I know you'll think I've gone mad tonight if I tell you that I never intended staying here more than a day. I had to get up North to keep this same little Lawton Carruthers from making a straight steal on our concessions down there in Peru. Our option expires the 20th at 9 a. m. I wrote Washington the day I came here, telling them to get an extension of time until I could get there. I didn't know any one besides ourselves knew of the plans to put the railroad through Perez to Quallipoco. Can you see what it means now to me to hear this—this—to know that Carruthers has stolen a march on us, had his wife get near old Nat even to pull me off my course and stay over here while he steals the thing right under my nose. Would you mind telling Nat that I had to take his boat. I've run one before, up at Newport last summer. If you'll go back and tell him—"

But Dorothy stood and looked at him gravely.

"I want to go with you."

"It's impossible. I couldn't be—"

"You couldn't be bothered with me. I know that's what you were going to say. But I'm going. I told Nat I'd look after you, and we'll make sixty miles an hour by air, fifty by water. I don't mind it one bit. We'll run over the bay, send your message and get back. I want to go, Allan."

He laughed shortly, ran his fingers through his thick, crisp hair, and took her outstretched hand.

"You witch. You've held me here with your island holiday enchantment. Perhaps it's right for you to share this with me. But do you know what it means, Dorothy; do you? Do you know why I've stayed on here?"

"You hurt my hand. Let's run before we're missed."

She pulled her hand away from his clasp and ran like a child over the hard silvery sands. Forbes reached it first, and wakened the boy. He stumbled out, hitching up his suspenders, and waited for the message Dorothy wrote on a scrap of paper torn from Forbes' note book. She said:

"Come to Tampa with A. F. It's all right. Just like a big brother to me. Special business demands trip tonight to reach telegraph station before closing. DOT."

In less than fifteen minutes they were ready, and she took her seat in the cockpit, every nerve tingling for the coming flight.

It was twenty minutes to 12 when Mr. Forbes walked into the telegraph office and sent his wire north, the message that stopped Lawton Carruthers' game, and kept the control of the railroad concession in the hands of Forbes' company.

He went back to her down the old street to the water front. She knew the place where her brother made his landings and had guided Forbes to it. Her hood had fallen back from her head. Both hands reached out to him swiftly.

"Did you get there in time?"

"We must get back to the island," she began, but Forbes gave a little unsteady laugh, and drew her close in his arms.

"You said I was just a big brother, didn't you? Am I now, Dot, am I? I'm going back with you tonight and tell Nat I've stolen you for good, you plucky, trueblue sweetheart."

Dorothy closed her eyes as his arms crushed her close. The great winged bird boat waited for them, the bells pealed out their message. She drew back her face and laughed, her hands rumping his hair.

"We forgot, Allan. Wish you merry, merry Christmas!"

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R. C. GARRETSON

PHOTOGRAPHER

Daily Market Report

BUTTER CREAM PRICES

New York, 36 to 37
Chicago 36
Elgin 35 1/2
Price paid for butter fat delivered at stations 30
Price paid delivered at Creamery 32

RETAIL BUTTER

First class country 30
Alliance Creamery 40

PRODUCE BUYING PRICES

Eggs, strictly fresh 35
Butter 30
Live spring chickens, lb. 10
Old hens, per lb. 10

SELLING PRICE

Eggs, strictly fresh 40
Eggs, storage 30
Bananas, 3 lbs. for 25
Cooking apples, box 1.26 and . . . 1.50
Eating apples, 3 lbs. for 25

POTATOES

Box Butte Co. spuds, bu. 75
Pd. by O'Bannon Bros. for potatoes in bulk for shipment 50

FLOUR AND FEED SELLING PRICES

Hay, per bale 60
Oats, cwt 1.60
Wheat 1.55

Bran, cwt 1.35
Shorts, per cwt. 1.45
Chop 1.75
Salt, cwt.30
Rock salt, ton lot, cwt.30
Flour, patent, sack 1.35
Alfalfa meal90
Alfalfa hay70

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Don't Kick Against a Stone Wall

KICKING a stone wall does no good and only prevents further progress. As a pastime it may furnish some exercise, but it is extremely wearing on the nerves, shoe leather and temper. The parcel post is a stone wall that the small merchant thinks falsely he has reason to kick. It has brought him increased competition with the mail order houses, according to his view.

But the parcel post stone wall has a hole in it that leads the small merchant into a fertile country where his erstwhile competitors can only follow after considerable delay and at greater expense. The "hole" is the zone system, which makes every merchant the center of a circle whose diameter is 100 miles, within which he can deliver goods much more quickly and at a lower postal rate than any mail order house.

The parcel post is no longer a theory, but a fact; and facts, like stone walls, are futile things to kick. Take advantage of what it offers instead.