

Case Automobile

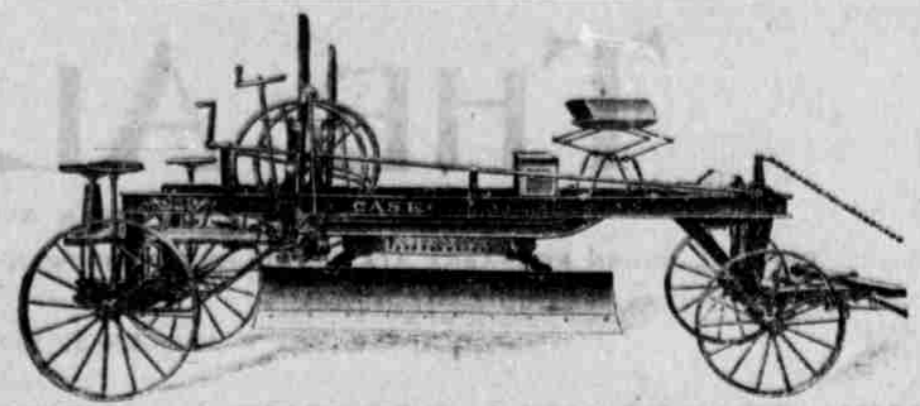
For seventy odd years the J. I. Case Threshing Machinery Company, of Racine, Wisconsin, have been sending into the markets of the world machinery that has stood the tests of time without faltering. It has always done exactly what they have claimed for it. Today there are thousands of men employed in their immense factories at Racine. The accumulation of years of honest, conscientious endeavor to produce machinery has inspired the confidence of the purchasers in their productions.

**FARM MACHINERY.** Today thousands of farms are tilled by means of Case farm machinery. The Case farm tractor, shown herewith, using oil instead of coal, is in general use all over the west. A complete plowing outfit was placed at Homingford just a few days ago.

**ROAD MACHINERY.** In making roads and doing grading much money and time can be saved by the intelligent selection of the machinery most suitable. Before buying machinery of this kind it pays to investigate that manufactured by the Case Company.

**AUTOMOBILES.** The adding of automobiles to the Case line of products did not burden them with the expenses of selling, for the immense Case organization simply took them over without the necessity of creating the immense executive, sales and advertising departments which are so tremendous to the ordinary automobile manufacturer. The Case line of automobiles consists of

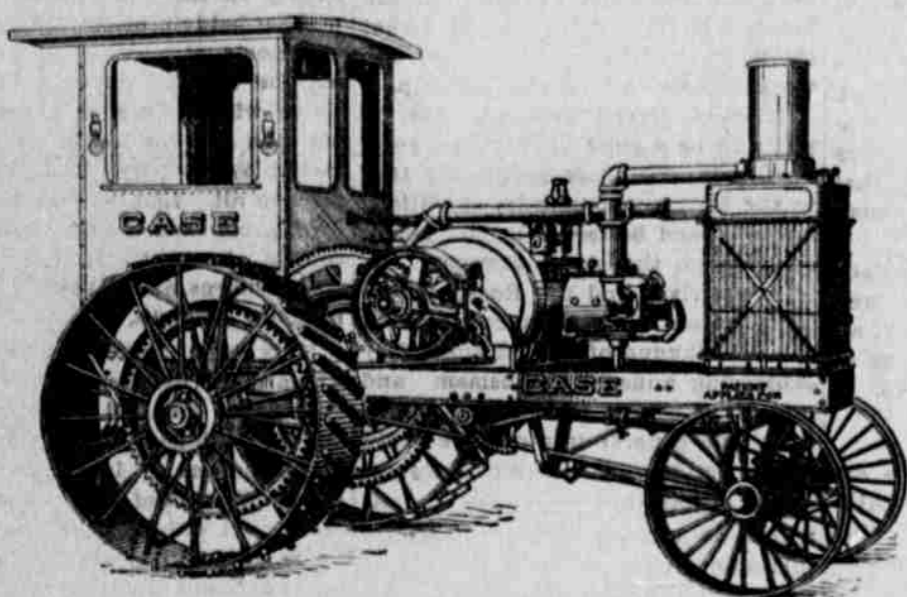
Case Complete Forty, Five Passenger,  
Price F. O. B. Factory \$2,300



Case Road Grader

Case Complete Forty, Seven Passenger,  
Price F. O. B. Factory \$2,500  
Case Complete Thirty-Five, Five Passenger,  
Price F. O. B. Factory \$1,850  
Case Complete Twenty-Five, Five Passenger,  
Price F. O. B. Factory \$1,250

An inspection of a Case car, different models of which can be seen at our salesrooms at the Speedway Garage, will convince you that these cars give you more real actual value for the money than cars which sell for much more money. We will be glad to give you a demonstration at any time. Case cars are classy, comfortable, speedy, reliable and dependable at all times.

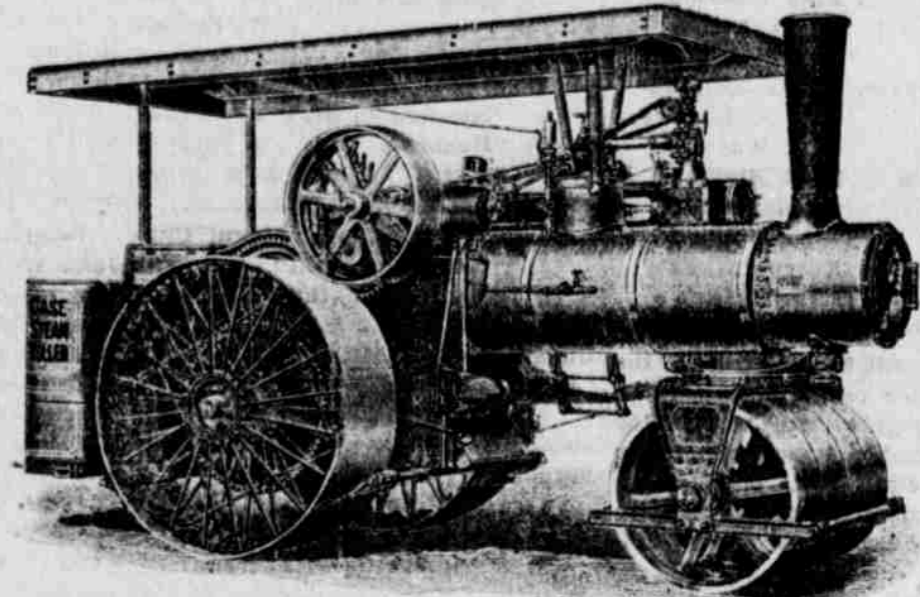


Case Farm Tractor

# LOWRY & HENRY

Speedway Garage

Alliance, Nebraska



Case Road Roller

### ECHOES FROM CLASS DAY

Two Selections from Program Given at High School Auditorium, Thursday Evening

Yesterday The Herald gave an account of the "Class Day" program rendered at the High school auditorium, Thursday evening, by the graduating class. So interesting were the papers read that two of them are printed below. "Class Prophecy" by Miss Grace Johnston, and the farewell address by Miss Hattie Renswold:

#### Class Prophecy

The prophecy of the Senior class which was given unto me to show unto the people things which must shortly come to pass:

I, Grace, who also am your friend and companion in the wondrous class '14, was in the assembly hall, being in the spirit of study, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, "What thou seest write in a book and send it unto the people." And I turned to see the voice that spake with me; and being turned, I saw in the clouds a vast stage decorated with maroon and cream and on the top thereof was seated six buxome lads and ten smiling lassies. And as I gazed thereon behold! a huge letter "T" appeared in the air above them, then another letter, and another until at last I saw in blood-red letters the words "The Glorious Class 1914."

And as I beheld, lo! the scene vanished. All things grew dim and hazy and I heard a voice from the clouds, saying, "Write the things which thou hast seen and the things which shall be hereafter. Your class shall be scattered far and wide; over many lands shall they wander; each shall follow his own profession—fill his own place in the world."

Again I turned mine eyes unto the clouds and saw, swinging down the path, a man short of stature, which looked withal a dude. A smart cap was perched on one ear, the gloved hand held a cane; a law-book was tucked carelessly under one arm. As he approached, I recognized him to be our class president and opened my mouth to speak but the mere words "Max Wilcox" had escaped me, when lo! the being vanished.

Immediately I seemed to be wandering in a vast jungle of the Orient. Amid the rank grass and matted trees I saw the crouching tiger and heard the roar of the lion. On and

on I went until I chanced upon a mission house. Being ushered in I found myself in the presence of a stately, dignified teacher who had several dusky heathen grouped about her knee. Utterly dismayed to find Mattie Workman in such a place, I again opened my mouth to speak but ere I could give utterance to my feelings the scene faded away.

In a twinkling I found myself in a room which appeared to be a private library. A young woman was working energetically at a paper-bestrewn desk. The lady's personality seemed strangely familiar and as she rose to greet me it was with that free, cordial air that belongs to Julia Frankie alone. In her pleasing manner she told me of her boarding-school life, of her journalistic work and showed me several splendid manuscripts which were the result of her pen.

But while she yet spoke all things fell into confusion. The heavens were sorely vexed. With a mighty noise as of a clap of thunder the clouds divided. In the distance appeared a little village, which, as the mists rolled away, became so distinct that I could see suspended above the hamlet an arch on which could be read the words, "Welcome to Angola, Nebraska." Then mine eyes were drawn to the little school house from whence sallied forth those sturdy Angorites, followed by their most worthy pedagogue, Ruth Glau.

But while I yet gazed on the sight I seemed to be floating down a broad river and ere I realized it I found I was in sunny Dixie. While wandering through a busy street in New Orleans, I came to a building which I learned was a High school, and was greatly pleased to meet the school's most successful principal and athletic supervisor, Willie Darnell.

I next found myself in a Chautauqua tent and saw Pauline Montgomery flitting about, first giving readings, now Domestic Science demonstrations, or perhaps telling of her experiences as a Red Cross nurse.

From here I went to the great public library of New York City and with delight I met the librarian who is our friend Helen Putman.

Again I heard behind me that warning voice as of a trumpet, saying, "What thou seest write in a book and send it unto the people." And as I looked, a face appeared above the clouds. The noble brow

being crowned with garlands I thought I was gazing upon a cherub, but as the mists rolled back, the lithe form of Michael Nolan was disclosed, and I heard a voice saying, "Behold the fanny man, editor-in-chief of the 'Hogville Bugle.'"

Then it seemed that I was traveling over the majestic Rockies and finally drifted into sunny California. I was immediately taken to Berkeley University where I found in the law college our studious friend, Edith Rowley. Scarce had I arrived when she seemed to drift out into the wide world and following her I first saw her in the legislature working in behalf of the laboring girl. And again I saw her on the platform giving eloquent addresses on the subject of socialism and woman's suffrage.

And behold! a door quietly opened in the heavens and instantly I found myself in a brilliantly lighted ballroom on Broadway. For an instant I stood dazed at the splendor of New York's select society but immediately I felt at ease when I saw approaching me our friend Cynthia Davenport.

And now I float into domestic realms. After viewing the neat home and we'll regulated fireside I was about to take my leave when a voice called me, and turning myself about I encountered the queen of the home—known to us as May Nation.

And then I looked upon one whose life seemed changeful and exciting. First I saw him rending the clouds as he tore past on the back of a raging broncho, then he seemed to be taking part in a roping contest, and at last I saw him in his car, running at full speed toward a moaning train. I stood paralyzed at the sight and endeavored to call out for help but had barely uttered the words "Ralph Lotspeich" when the agonist vanished.

At last the sky grew strangely quiet. I waited for further demonstrations but as the clouds continued calm and placid, I wondered within myself if that accounted for all the persons of our class but while I was musing thus, far in the distance I seemed to hear faint echoes of wonderful music. Nearer and nearer it came and me thought I had been wafted to the land of the sirens. Then I heard a soft mellow voice saying, "Behold the musicians of your class." And while it yet spoke there appeared notes in the air. Now whole notes, now half notes, quarter notes and dotted eighths until the very air was giddy with notes. And

yet uncertain as to the meaning of all this I saw Paul Thomas float by on a fiddle.

Two strolling figures came into view. As they approached I saw it was Hattie Renswold and Mr. Staccato, who kept a firm hold on his "staff." Weary, they paused to "rest," leaning against the "bars." With the "hesitation stop" Avis Joder drew near, singing a sweet ballad of love, vainly endeavoring to "beat" Hattie's "time."

Pain would I have lingered for the finale of this operetta but the musicians vanished and immediately I was in an ethnologist's shop. I watched a familiar figure bending over a winged boat. Suddenly springing in to this new electrical invention, he cried "Eureka" and instantly sailed away to the foot of the rainbow. Eagerly he grasped the pot of gold and sailed back to earth. When I saw him leap from this boat and hurry toward a fashionable dancing school I recognized our old friend Clarence Schafer.

As he faded from view, a voice was heard saying, "This is the prophecy of the class '14. As it has been revealed to you so show it unto the people."

As I pondered these things in my heart, I was aroused from my musings by the familiar droning of "Fourth Period Chimes."

#### Farewell Address

Friends, teachers, parents: It is with a mingled feeling of joy and sadness that I come to bid you farewell—joy because we are now ready to go out into the world to contribute our strength and resources; sadness because we are forced to sever the ties which have bound us so closely to the past.

These have been long happy years, filled with the lightheartedness and freedom of youth, untrammelled by care or sorrow. We have worked faithfully and tried to appreciate the efforts which our parents, teachers and alma mater have put forth in moulding our characters and shaping our lives. Many, many thanks are due these forces, and as representative of our class, I express gratitude and sincerely trust that they may be rewarded with earth's richest blessings.

We have lived thru the usual experiences, kindergartners, grade and High school. Children undergo in much the usual way. Many of our original number have fallen by the wayside, but no marked disturbance

has marred the even tenor of our way. As a class we have tried to be industrious, energetic, liberal in our views, patient in our endeavors and persevering in our school work.

So it is with regret that we resign from the High school career, give up our place to the oncoming class and proceed to the fields of higher learning.

I know of no words more fitting for this occasion than those of Lincoln in his farewell speech to his friends in Springfield, when he left them to go to Washington for his first inauguration. He said:

"Friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sorrow at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of these people I owe everything. I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever, I may return. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who watches over all, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Tom Rowland returned to Maryland Sunday after a visit in Alliance.

### GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to bring back color, gloss, thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." This avoids a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.



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