

THE ALLIANCE HERALD

LLOYD C. THOMAS, Business Manager
JOHN W. THOMAS, Editor
HARVEY E. RHODES, City Editor

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WILL MAKE GOOD HOBOES

Alliance, like many other towns, has its quota of boys from sixteen to nineteen who refuse to obey their parents and who, instead of being in bed where they belong after ten o'clock at night, are found roaming the streets. Some of them are confirmed cigarette fiends and because of this are unable to get or hold positions. Once in a while one of them will get a job and earn a dollar or two—but the money thus earned, instead of going to the hard working parent, is spent foolishly. Oftentimes a hard working mother and father are forced to give from their slender means to support such parasites, who threaten to leave home and break the mother's heart if not treated like a prince. Luckily, Alliance is not pestered with many of these wayward young men. Parents who find it impossible to control their children of this kind should feel that it is for their own good to ask for the help of the authorities in keeping the boy in hand. If taken in time, many of these boys can be made into men who will respect law and order—if not taken in hand the chances are about ten to one that they will continue to follow their evil ways until they become hoboies and perhaps criminals.

STEP IN RIGHT DIRECTION

The committee of Alliance ladies who called on the city council Tuesday evening brought out two important matters which will receive the attention of Alliance people—the proposition of sales of tobacco to boys under eighteen and the enforcement of the curfew ordinance. Our city attorney has held that the present curfew ordinance, as it stands on the books, cannot be enforced. Our worthy police matron states that she has her hands full from nine to twelve o'clock at night keeping the youngsters who stay on the streets out of trouble. It certainly looks as though something should be done, if nothing more than asking that parents keep their children at home after nine o'clock. If many mothers realized the dangers which their boys and girls encounter they would see that these children are kept at home after nine o'clock.

The sale of tobacco to boys under eighteen is an offense under the state laws. The Herald does not believe that there is a dealer in Alliance who would purposely break this law. The co-operation of tobacco dealers with the authorities will go a long way in preventing these youngsters from obtaining tobacco.

GET THE APPLE HABIT

We have been advocating the eating of apples because it means better health for the people, and health means happiness—ought to, at least. There is an unusually big apple crop in eastern Nebraska this year, apples should be reasonably cheap even in the western part of the state, and now is a good time for Herald readers to get the apple habit, those who have not already acquired it.

One of the last articles written by Elbert Hubbard before he went down in the ill-fated Lusitania, if not the last, was entitled, "Get the Apple Habit." It was printed in The Omaha Daily News, of which Elbert Hubbard was a regular contributor, on the Sunday following his drowning. Here it is:

A doctor's bill doesn't always have to be paid at once. Apples are generally bought for cash. But in the long run apples are much cheaper than medical service.

The old maxim still holds: "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

As a people, we have never eaten enough fruit. We have lived too much on meat and white flour.

Any doctor will tell you that there are a hundred diseases that would absolutely disappear if we would adopt a fruit diet, say for one meal a day.

Apples are a form of fruit that agrees with everyone. Apples tend to modify the demands of the meat trust, increase the flow of bile; and their plentiful use will add to our happiness and length of days by eliminating the dregs of much pessimistic theology that yet clogs our social system.

In the apple season, when you saunter through an American orchard and see a pile of nature's health nuggets, you think of a painting by Turner.

Old Sol has dipped his brush into Mother Earth's palette and colored them with gold, russet and vermilion drawn out of the soil, and flavored them with an Elysian essence.

Later man learned to co-operate by spraying the trees, irrigating, plowing and loosening the soil. And it came to pass that the world learned that art in apple culture paid.

The apple growers of Oregon, Washington and Colorado were the orchard teachers of this country. They made the farmers of the east realize that apples might well be taken seriously—that they were not a sort of garden truck—woman's work.

Some of their apples have attained an international reputation. They are grown in the most picturesque and beautiful sections one can imagine. The cool nights and the warm sunshine of the days seem to contribute exactly the right conditions for apple culture.

However, there are many other districts that can produce just as good fruit as the sun-kissed valleys of the western slope, provided the same amount and quality of effort are brought to bear.

I admire these fruit growers. They have brought genius to bear in the business of apple culture and apple salesmanship.

They know how to prepare their wares for market in the most attractive shape.

Many American apples command a price in England. I have paid a shilling for an American apple, and had it brought in on a silver platter with the original wrapper upon it, duly served by a flunky in side whiskers, who expected a tip for his genius in selection.

And really I was a little proud of the fact that people in America occasionally do their work superbly well.

And, as the years go by, apple culture will receive a degree of attention that it has never had before.

Fruits, vegetables and poultry are now being regarded just as important as corn, wheat and oats, and, perhaps, a little more so.

But foremost of all stands the great American apple.

It is better to buy our doctor by the barrel than by the "call."

BINGHAM

Bingham, Nebr., August 14—The Woman's Club in this vicinity held a social and business meeting at Mrs. Burton's recently. A large crowd was present. Election of officers occurred and new members were added. Mrs. J. G. Beck and Mrs. (Dr.) A. G. Emerson were the new addition to membership. Mr. Burton treated the members and visitors to a ride in his new car. Mrs. Burton served elegant refreshments. The next meeting of the club will be with Miss Burgess, Aug. 13. Mrs. A. D. Conner and children of

Central City are spending a month's time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beck, near Bingham.

Mrs. J. W. Burton and Mrs. Jos. Fallor united in giving Charlie Burton and Mable Fallor a surprise birthday party at the home of Mrs. Fallor, the surprise and party being a grand success. Their ages are 10 and 11 respectively. About forty mothers and children were present. A number of beautiful gifts were left and a cafeteria lunch was served at the noon hour.

Ralph Shrowsberry drove a bunch of fine horses through to Ellsworth recently.

A number of children in this community have whooping cough or have been exposed.

The Diamond From the Sky

By ROY L. McCARDELL

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The excited crowd watched the titan struggle of the centaurs in tense silence for a brief moment, but above the sounds of struggle rose the hoarse voice of the sheriff as he struggled excitedly to loosen himself from the handcuffs with which the tricky Quabba had bound him to Blair.

On his part Blair held back, as though the steel manacle on his wrist was a prophetic stigma.

The bold eyes of Vivian Marston were directed in frank admiration toward the superb feats of horsemanship and strength of Arthur's efforts.

Fascinated also as they watched the struggle below them, Esther and Hagar had forgotten the sting of the humiliation they had been subjected to in being snubbed and ignored by Mrs. Lamar Stanley, her cousin, Mrs. Randolph, the society leader from Richmond, and Vivian Marston just at the moment when Arthur as the masked victorious knight had come to crown fair Esther.

A wild cry rose in unison from the crowded stand, and men, women and children arose excitedly and shrieked



Mrs. Stanley, Mother of Blair.

as Arthur suddenly wheeled his horse and drove it to the far end of the grand stand and up the lower stairs and right in among the spectators.

When the horse reached the center aisle, the crowd in panic breaking the seats and benches as they gave way before horse and rider, Arthur turned the gallant Starlight up this central passage, waved to Esther and Hagar as he thundered by, then, breasting his horse at the back rail of the stand, he plunged with Starlight down from the back of the stand to the ground, some fifteen feet below.

Never had such a wild feat of horsemanship been beheld in Fairfax, home of wild riders.

As with one accord the panic passed and a tumult of curiosity succeeded. Men and women who had shrunk in alarm from the hoofs reverberating through the wooden ways of the grand stand now rushed in one accord up the aisles and over the benches and in wonderment beheld steed and rider, the dizzy leap made in safety, disappearing in the distance.

Among those who had rushed up the aisle were Mrs. Judge Stanley's party and Hagar and Esther. As the gallant horse and rider disappeared in a cloud of dust down the road Vivian Marston turned and, with heaving breast and flashing eyes, openly voiced her admiration.

"There is a man," she cried, "who is worth a woman's while!"

Esther shrank back at the words, spoken, as it seemed, to her. She felt a chill at her heart, and from that moment she realized that this woman had crossed her path in life and Arthur's like some baleful and yet beautiful serpent.

The mounted knights charged through the gateway in pursuit. The sheriff, tossing the key of the handcuffs to Blair, had gained his horse and had followed after the pursuers.

Shielding and hiding the dangling handcuff as best he could, for in his nervousness he could not open the lock upon his wrist, Blair cursed Quabba, the grinning hunchback organ grinder, and rejoined his mother and her friends.

He had loosened the handcuff at last, but the mocking Vivian had insisted it be retained as a souvenir of what she termed "the leap of the white knight."

So ended the last masked tournament of the knights of Fairfax, and the excited dangers and makings were driven to their homes recounting the exciting events of the day, while

their husbands, brothers and fathers, who had come on horseback, were far on their way in hot pursuit of the fugitive.

The day had been too much for Mrs. Burton Randolph's "poor nerves," as she expressed it. She regarded her Fairfax relatives with smoldering animosity.

What had the Fairfax Stanleys done but break up her ball in Richmond with a shameful attendant notoriety? And now when she had come to Fairfax to forget another horrid contretemps had occurred to further rack her already shattered nervous system.

She resolved to return to Richmond and seek seclusion and, if possible, forgetfulness there.

Some twenty miles away the Monticello hunt was riding to hounds. The Monticello hunt, a rival social organization of the next county, made it a point to hold a fox hunt always upon the day that the elite of Fairfax county held their masked old time tournament. If you were socially prominent in Monticello you must consider that no such thing as the Fairfax tournament ever took place. In turn, the old families of Fairfax likewise ignored the Monticello hunt with its throng of fox pursuers.

Arthur's daring and dramatic escape had given him considerable lead over his pursuers. This lead he increased considerably, and he had quieted Starlight to a less strenuous pace on an unfrequented road some fifteen miles from Fairfax when he beheld the Monticello hunt in full cry after a wary old dog fox crossing the fields some several hundred yards ahead. Starlight was an old fox hunter.

Roused to renewed life and his fatigue passing from him at the baying of the hounds and the crying of the huntmen, Arthur's no longer jaded horse turned briskly from the road and made after the chase.

Arthur let Starlight follow his bent, noting that the way he was taking across the fields was a shorter route to the safety and shelter of the Smith farm.

A small colored boy driving a fractious pig beheld with much interest and some alarm the travel stained man and the horse join in the fox chase as he had drawn to the side of the road to let Arthur pass.

The colored lad had been nearly bowled over by the hunt stirred Starlight when that eager animal's legs had encountered the rope which was attached to the hind leg of the fractious pig.

Just ahead of him, in a hollow at the bottom of the field by a sunken fence, Arthur beheld the last of the huntmen make a leap upon his horse, only to come a nasty cropper and to lay in a huddled heap, strangely still, against a storm felled old tree.

The hunter's horse stopped with an abrupt jerk as the fallen reins caught and held him tightly by one of its gnarled branches.

Arthur rode over and dismounted. The hunter was dead, his face bruised and disfigured where it had struck the log, breaking his neck.

Then Arthur remembered the colored boy with the pig and the pursuit that he had outdistanced. The colored boy would tell which way he had gone. He had been a fool to leave the highway.

Then a wild idea seized Arthur. This man was dead and beyond all aid. He hurriedly changed his coat, with its white scarf, and his plumed hat for the red hunting jacket and velvet cap of the dead fox hunter.

Then, engaging the bridle of Starlight to the gnarled limb from which he had released the dead hunter's horse, he changed his mount and cantered away.

When Sheriff Swain and his posse of tournament riders reached the scene, directed by the colored boy with the

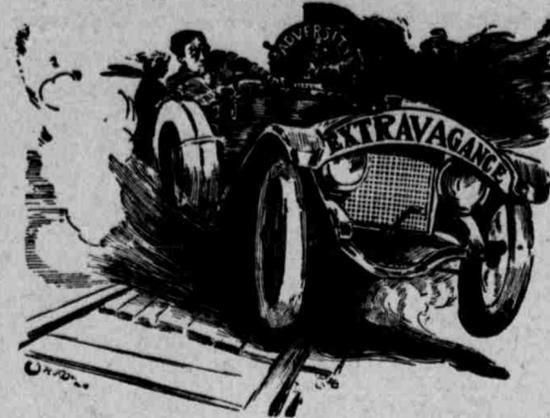


Arthur Finds the Dead Fox Hunter.

fractious pig, they saw a fox hunter in his red coat riding away far off, but at their feet lay, as it seemed to them, the body of Arthur Stanley, killed by a fall from the horse he had ridden so gallantly at the thrilling Fairfax tournament.

Cropping the grass near by the log against which seemingly his rider had fallen, the bridle rein caught in a gnarled branch of the fatal tree, was the horse that they all recognized as the very steed that had made the leap

EXTRAVAGANCE IS A DANGEROUS CAR
IT RUNS TO RUIN—THE "PRUDENT MAN"
PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE BANK
HE DOESN'T TAKE WILD CHANCES.



The man who stands still long enough will have something come along and hit him. He will run into something if he travels too fast.

The safe, sane way for a man to live is to work hard and always save a PART of what he earns from his work or business and BANK that part.

Nothing can stop the SUCCESS of that sort of a man. Are you that kind?

Make OUR bank YOUR bank.

First State Bank

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SECOND ANNUAL

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Sept. 9, 10 and 11, Crawford, Nebr.

CASH PREMIUMS AND PRIZES

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Races First Day	\$ 700.00
Races Second Day	750.00
Races Third Day	1,000.00

PREMIUMS	
On all classes of HORSES	250.00
On all classes of CATTLE	200.00
On all classes of HOGS	50.00
On all classes of SHEEP	50.00
On all classes of POULTRY	35.00
On all classes of AGRICULTURE	150.00
On all classes of FINE ARTS	50.00
On all classes of CULINARY	50.00
SPECIALS	750.00

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from the grand stand, a leap long to be remembered in Fairfax.

That night while Arthur, who has told all his story to Farmer Smith, is being sent upon his way with hearty yet sad farewells and expressions of good-will by the farmer and his family the body of the dead huntsman with the bruised face is borne into Stanley hall.

WITNESS my hand this 11th day of August, A. D. 1915.

FREDERICK A. CRITES,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

37-11-639-5946

Serial No. 017164.

Notice for Publication—
Isolated Tract
PUBLIC LAND SALE
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Alliance, Nebraska, August 14, 1915.

NOTICE is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of James E. Rice, Serial No. 017164, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$2.50 per acre, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 12th day of October, next, at this office, the following tract of land: The W 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 33, T. 23 N., R. 47 W., 6th P. M.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

T. J. O'KEEFE, Register,
J. C. MORROW, Receiver.
Aug 19-81-5974

(Continued next week)

IN THE DISTRICT COURT

of the United States for the District of Nebraska, Chadron Division

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN B. KENNEDY, BANKRUPT.

CASE NO. 26. IN BANKRUPTCY. VOLUNTARY PETITION.

Publication Notice to Creditors of Bankrupt's Application for Discharge

At Chadron, Dawes County, Nebraska, in said District, before Frederick A. Crites, referee in Bankruptcy, August 11th, 1915.

On the 21st day of August, 1914, John B. Kennedy was duly adjudicated a bankrupt, and on the 9th day of August, 1915, said bankrupt filed his petition for discharge. It is hereby ordered that 21st day of September, 1915, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the date on or before which all creditors of and all other persons interested in said estate, and in the matter of the discharge in