



Joseph Hennebery, who plays the role of Lincoln in **THE BIRTH OF A NATION**, which will be shown at Imperial Theatre, Alliance, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, October 16, 17 and 18, twice daily—2:15 and 8:15.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. James Walker have gone to Deadwood, S. D., to reside.

Miss Dorothy Smith has returned from Omaha where she visited for two months.

Ray Foss of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. D. Ray Stansbury.

Dr. H. H. Bellwood heard President Wilson in Omaha during the president's recent visit to that city.

Mrs. J. B. Carns returned to Alliance Saturday from Rapid City, S. D., where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Cox.

Rev. H. J. Young of the Christian church is attending a convention of his denomination now being held in Des Moines, Iowa.

P. Schott and M. Nolan returned Saturday from Omaha where they attended the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities and greeted the president.

The Hord Alkali Products Co., of Lakeside, is installing three large boilers. Evaporators and driers also are being put in. When completed this plant will be thoroughly equipped for the work intended. The boilers will be fed by automatic stokers.

A. D. Fisher, formerly secretary of the Alliance Commercial club, has accepted the secretaryship of the commercial club at Boise, Idaho. Mr.

Fisher has been secretary of the commercial club at North Platte since leaving Alliance. The Boise Commercial club is a leading booster organization of the state of Idaho.

The Elks club of this city has decided to do away with the sale of liquors containing alcohol, the new order of procedure to go into effect Saturday night. This action is taken by unanimous consent of the lodge. Soft drinks and lunches will take the place of the former refreshment service.

Bud Betzold has completed the digging of his crop of potatoes. He had thirty-seven acres in potatoes this season and reports a yield of 4,480 bushels. He got from 90 cents to \$1.25 per bushel at his place. He sold about 400 bushels for seed to be used by growers in this part of the country.

Senator Kenyon of Iowa, who was billed to make an address at the Phelan opera house Saturday night, received a message shortly after arriving announcing the death of his mother, at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and of course his engagement here could not be filled. The senator motored to Hay Springs in order to catch a Northwestern train to Omaha.

Mr. Business Man, on your next trip take along some artistically printed business cards. The expense is light and they are business getters. The Herald's job printing department will turn them out promptly. Page 316 and we will call.

A DIFFICULT MISSION

By NAPOLEON S. ZARICK.

Both Rowley and Hart have long honored me with their confidences. Even when we were chums at school I was the repository of their secrets, the mediator in their quarrels.

It was one day when I sat by my studio window that Rowley and Hart arrived together at my door. They sat down. Rowley looked at Hart. Hart returned the compliment. Silence ensued.

"Boys," said I, at length, "you had better toss up for who speaks first."

They looked uneasily at each other. Rowley, who is, perhaps, just a thought quicker than Hart, opened the conversation.

"Jack," he began, "you know Miss Annie Seymour?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Well," he continued, "it's about her. You see, we're both very much in love with her."

"And she?" I asked.

Hart took up the thread. "She has been nice—very nice to both of us," he said. "In fact, Jack, we cannot decide which of us she prefers. And we don't want to take any unfair advantage."

"But—" I began.

"You don't see what we're driving at, eh? Well, I'll explain, if Hart will allow me. We just want you to be the same kind old Jack you've always been. We want you to—well, dash it all—we want you to find out for us which of the two she really does want to marry."

I sat up, and lit a cigar.

"You see, boys," said I, "there's a little difficulty in the way which you don't seem to have considered. Miss Annie Seymour barely knows me."

"Oh, but she does, and likes you, too!" This from Hart.

"Boys," said I, "it's a ticklish mission, but I promise you I'll do my best."

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"Dear me, Mr. Winton! You have been an unjustifiable time about calling."

"My dear Miss Seymour, one cannot see lightly about important functions."

"You call on the muses daily, I am told."

"But they are never at home, I assure you."

"I wish I were a muse," remarked Miss Seymour, with an adorable smile.

"But you are," I protested. "You certainly are—the teath muse. The muse of—"

"Of afternoon tea, of course. Won't you have some tea, Mr. Winton?"

"By the way," was my first shot, "I saw John Hart yesterday."

"Indeed? Sugar, Mr. Winton?"

"And Bob Rowley, too. Saw them both together."

"Really? Cream, Mr. Winton?"

Both of my shots had failed! For a young woman supposed to be deeply interested in two young men, Miss Seymour's matter-of-fact reception of those young men's names seemed singular indeed.

It were useless to detail our conversation. Suffice it that, although I returned again and again to the charge, I failed to arouse in Miss Seymour the slightest evidence of interest either in Hart or Rowley.

And the odd part of it was that she changed the subject from my friends' affairs to mine—displaying, indeed, a flattering, if unaccountable interest in all my humble doings. In the end, I became desperate. Daring tactics, I felt, were the only means at hand.

"Miss Seymour," I said, "you do not seem to be enthusiastic over either Bob Rowley or Jack Hart."

Up went Miss Seymour's eyebrows.

"Well, hardly!" she exclaimed. "I don't see why I should be."

"Now suppose—just suppose—that one of them were to fall hopelessly in love with a certain Miss Seymour would there be any hope for him?"

Miss Seymour set down her tea cup and looked at me sternly—that is to say, as severely as she could. "Mr. Winton," she remarked, "you were asked to come here and put that question to me!"

"No," I said, "not that one—I have overstepped my mission."

I began studying the shape of my boots, and wondering which was the foot I had just "put into it."

Then there was a little final chat as I took my leave. I don't quite know how it came to pass, but just before I departed Miss Seymour asked me, "You don't read your Longfellow, do you Mr. Winton?"

"Well—no," I replied; "not Shakespearially, as one might say."

"There is some really excellent common sense in Longfellow. Good-by, Mr. Winton."

About half way down the street I stopped suddenly.

"Longfellow!" I remarked to myself. "Longfellow? Now what has Longfellow got to do with my little schemes? She is not a young woman who makes remarks without reason or connection. And then her look when she said—I'll swear there is some consoling message for poor Bob and John concealed between the covers of Longfellow?"

And then, all of a sudden, a presumptuous thought set my mind awirl.

I hastened home and took down a copy of Longfellow's poems from my library shelf. As fate would have it, I opened the volume at the line, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—It's Pure and for superior to sour milk and soda.

MURDER AND SUICIDE

CAUSED BY JEALOUSY

Sidney—Hiram Wiseman sent a bullet through the body of his wife and then turned his gun upon himself here Monday night. Both died instantly.

Mrs. Wiseman appeared at the office of the county attorney yesterday afternoon to complain that her husband had attacked her. She said jealousy was the cause of the trouble.

Deputy County Attorney J. L. Te-well swore out a complaint and gave it to Deputy Sheriff William Krueger to serve. The deputy sheriff arrived at the Wiseman home.

Mr. Wiseman was preparing to go to bed when he heard a noise at the door. As she fell to the floor their two children fled, screaming.

Krueger made a dive for Wiseman but as he did so Wiseman sent a bullet through the kerosene lamp and the room was in darkness. Wiseman then ordered the deputy from the place. Krueger, unarmed, was compelled to comply. When he returned he found Wiseman dead.



For Women Who Think!

You are interested, almost as much as we are, in extending the use of the Safe Home Match.

It is the most reliable, the most efficient and the safest match that can be made. It is absolutely non-poisonous. It is made under conditions that forever do away with one of the worst of occupational diseases. It removes a poison from the reach of children in American homes.

We ask you to use this new non-poisonous match and to urge others to do likewise.

See All grocers. Ask for them by name.

The Diamond Match Company



Quality First

After Nov. 30, it will cost you just \$70 more to buy a 7-22 Chalmers. But the price on the 5-passenger 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers remains (for the time being) \$1090 Detroit

Until midnight of Nov. 30 you can get a 7-22 Chalmers for \$1280 Detroit—a car of rare ability, fascinating in body equipment, and, like a beautiful woman, of exquisite charm.

After that date the price becomes \$1350 Detroit—\$70 more. The \$70 is just a few dollars less than the increase in cost of manufacture of this car since its appearance in June.

To those who have longed for the 5-passenger 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—and have not yet possessed one, just a word of warning: the price remains unchanged just now—\$1090 Detroit; we do not know how long this low price will continue. We reserve the right to increase the price without notice.

Only those who are buying materials such as go into high-grade automobiles can begin to realize the steady, upward trend of the materials market.

Just one condition today prevents a rise in price of the 5-passenger 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—the fact that these cars are being made on a factory "work order" dating back several months.

Since the "work order" went through materials have jumped in cost again. When the current "work order" is completed and if materials remain at their present level or rise higher, only one course will be possible, an increased price.

Those who have been driving Chalmers cars know how diligent has been the Chalmers effort to set down cars of the quality kind.

They will understand how impossible it would be for Chalmers to dodge the increase-in-materials issue and maintain the prevailing price on the 7-22 Chalmers.

Lower the quality of the Chalmers car? Never. The Chalmers men take great pride, not only in the money the car makes for them, but in the car itself. And pride, as everyone knows, is a thing that can never be compromised.

It would be like Tissot trying to paint a picture to fit a price.

As long as there's a name "Chalmers", there will be a quality car, and as long as there's a quality car there'll be a price fixed—not by the Sales Department—but by cost accountants.

And there'll be a fair deal. Chalmers says these two 3400 r. p. m. models will be continued into next season. You can bank on that. So that a Chalmers car you might buy now will be exactly like the one you would buy next spring.

Remember the \$70 you can save now by anticipating the rise in price. There's an old Scotch proverb that says "A dollar saved is a dollar earned". \$70 buys a good suit of clothes, a good pair of shoes, a good hat and some good gloves. Also it just about pays your dues at the club for a year.

Or, if it's a 5-passenger 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers you want, our advice is to get one now.

We are not sure the price is going up and we are not sure that it isn't.

LOWRY & HENRY Agents,
Alliance, Nebraska