

DON'T HAVE TO STEAL MONEY

Janitor Had Double Reason for Remembering Old Adage, "Honesty is the Best Policy."

"Left that money at the office, by accident," said Mr. Lewis aloud to himself when inquiring jobs at coat and pocket pockets had proved him walletless. "Must get it—late now—company for dinner—can't be helped—getting old," he mumbled as he hastened back to his office. He found the janitor sweeping. Now this functionary, Dave by name, had two species of sweeps, one the cleansing spirit of honesty, the other an ingratiating sweep of favors to be asked. It depended upon whether Mr. Lewis had a favor, or was to be asked, for the sweep-to-be-repaid loan of a dollar.

This afternoon Dave swept thankfully. His benefactor had "lent" him five dollars to help pay the carriage bill for his late sister's genteel and long-remembered funeral. His sister had ranked high in her church, and was a dignitary in two societies, therefore the extortionate carriage bill of \$50. "It was a grand funeral, Mr. Lewis," the bereaved brother had said, "she pocketed the five and reached her broom."

Therefore, when Mr. Lewis poked his forgetting head inside of his office door, Dave's gratitude was expressing itself as raising dust and moving furniture. "Stop sweeping, Dave," he called through the veil of germs between them. "Forgot something—had to come back—late—company coming. I left my billfold. Seen it?"

"Yes, sah, hit's a settin' on de suspiore, top ob de hat-rack, ober yonder," the janitor directed.

Mr. Lewis clutched the pocketbook, started to the door, then paused. "Dave," he questioned, standing on the threshold—"why didn't you take this yourself, when you had the chance? You know that carriage bill—"

"Yes, sah, I ain't forgittin' dat ere bill, but I ain't got ter steal from you, Mr. Lewis. You'll len' me de money, see any time I axes yer."

Heal by Color's Aid.

H. Keap Prosser, who designed the two interiors in the French play "L'Amazigette," thinks persons who wish to retain their vitality and normality in war time should avoid certain colors.

"Cardinal red," he said, "is the symbol of murder, hate and cruelty. Sage green means villainy and brown decay."

"Lemon yellow, on the other hand, suggests to persons who are sensitive to color influence, light and life. That is why I suggest this color should dominate color schemes in hospitals and homes for wounded soldiers."

"In my rest room at Chelsea for soldiers the symbolical colors used were lemon yellow, mauve, sapphire, turquoise and blue. A golden piano was draped with a lemon-yellow curtain, on which were embroidered a dove bearing the emblem of peace, an Egyptian symbol expressing the keys of life and a white rose, emblem of power and silence. Beautiful lamps separated the colors blue, mauve and turquoise."—London Correspondent New York Herald.

Hen Mother's Brood of Quails.

L. Knotts, who lives near Tipton, has a Plymouth Rock hen of such motherly instincts that she has adopted a family of quails when she has only one chick of her own.

The hen was sold to a huckster last February and when being taken to market escaped and took up her abode in a woods near the Knotts home. She was found again late in the spring, but was so wild she could not be caught.

Again in June Mr. Knotts was in the woods, and to his surprise found that the runaway had one chick and sixteen young quails. During the summer she cared for the brood and succeeded in raising everyone of them. Going to the woods at night a short time ago, Mr. Knotts succeeded in catching the hen and chick by throwing a blanket over them, but the quails escaped.

The chick is about two-thirds grown and is becoming domesticated. The quails are old and large enough to care for themselves and will live in the woods, but it will be some time before they will forget the cluck of their foster mother.—Indianapolis News.

Leprosy Colony For Holland.

Holland is to have a leprosy colony. The country is exposed to the leprosy danger owing to the considerable traffic with its East and West Indian colonies, and there are estimated to be roughly between 30 and 40 sufferers from the disease already within its borders. Plans are on foot to found such a colony in the Veluwe region, between Epe and Heerde. It will be under the control of officers of the Salvation Army who have had experience of this work in the Netherlands East Indies.

Mango Introduced into Florida.

Forty-five selected grafts of mango plants have been shipped from Madras, India, to an American horticulturist who, it is understood, will transplant the trees in Florida. It is believed that the importer intends to graft the Indian mangoes on Florida stock or else develop a special plantation of East Indian mangoes in Florida. The experiment is regarded with interest, as mangoes produced in India have a high reputation for excellence.

The Reason.

"Jags is continually getting tipsy, but I believe he has a screw loose." "Then do you blame him for getting tight?"

HER INVITATION
By C. F. WILLIAMS.

She was alone. The impatient snapping of the kitchen fire and the murmurous monotone of the rain were the only sounds that broke the dreary silence of sullen gray November. And it was Thanksgiving day.

"The boys," her two middle-aged sons, were in the town somewhere. They would be home to dinner and away again. She hoped they were having a good time.

There was a rap at the door. Grandma's eyes were red and she would rather not see anyone just now. "Come in," she finally called, not knowing what else to do.

"All alone?" cheerily sang out the visitor, the daughter of an old-time friend.

The aged woman turned her back to her caller for an instant and furtively wiped her eyes.

"You haven't anything to do today, have you?" asked the visitor.

"Nothin' but git dinner," was the reply. "I'm gittin' a nice dinner for the boys."

"Can't the boys cook?" was the abrupt question. "Anyway," she added, "I've come to carry you away for the day."

Grandma's back straightened up just a notch. "Where?" she panted, looking scared. She couldn't remember when she had been away from home at meal time.

"Out to sister Jane's," was the reply. "You know mother lives with her, and you two can talk over the times when you were girls. We're going to have a real old-style Thanksgiving and I know you'll enjoy it."

It was just what grandma had been longing and yearning for—to be invited out where she would be installed in a comfortable rocking chair and visited with as if she were still a human being and not just a run-down old plow horse.

"I'd like to go," she began, "but John and Harry—"

"Oh, don't worry about John and Harry," interrupted the visitor. "It'll be a lark for them to get their own dinner for once. You'll go, won't you?"

A guilty look crept over grandma's face, but she finally said: "I never do such a thing before in my life, but I will go jest this once."

"That's right," smiled the friend. "Be ready by eleven. We are going early to help with the dinner."

Back to the kitchen grandma tottered. Hurriedly and nervously she scrubbed herself, and smoothed her scanty hair to the sheen of white satin. When she was all ready she looked at the clock. It was only ten. She would have time to begin dinner for the boys.

Soon her trembling hands were mixing the pastry. But her thoughts—they were playing truant, traveling step by step backward over many Thanksgivings to the time when her good husband was alive and 11 children were all at home.

At length the pumpkin was prepared and in the crust, and grandma was carefully putting the pies in the oven, hoping they would be good. Suddenly, as if seized by the sharpest pain, she cried: Oh—o—o—o! If I hadn't clean forgot the spices! I'll hev to stir 'em in now!"

It was not long before the spicy aroma began to diffuse its fragrance through the house. And what a difference it made! It was like the spirit of Thanksgiving. The fire crackled merrily. The dull varnish on the old chairs and cupboard put on a brighter luster. The ten kettle began a real anthem, and—at last—grandma's heart warmed up, too, and began to sing with it.

She was just singeing the turkey—a fine plump yellow-skinned one her farmer son had sent by parcel post—when a rapping on the front door nearly caused her to drop it into the fire.

Near the door of the living room hung a picture of the entire family—mother and father and sons and daughters—all standing in three straight rows. As grandma passed it, she noticed every eye gazing at her with keenest scrutiny.

"Are you ready?" cried her friend's voice from the well-filled automobile at the curb.

"I declare I can't go. The children would think I was crazy if I run away on Thanksgiving," grandma quavered with one of her sweet smiles.

"Too bad," was the rejoinder, and the car whizzed away, leaving the solitary figure standing in the doorway, a picture of heroic resignation.

She started for the kitchen. As she passed the picture she stopped. And lo! where before were only cold stares she now saw smiles. To any eye but hers they might not have been visible, but to hers they were real, and she smiled back in gladness that she was still able to give pleasure to her children.

"If I could only hev some of them around me jest for today," she thought with tremulous lips. "It ain't real Thanksgiving when you're all alone."

By any by, after a long, tedious series of processes, the turkey was ready for the oven. Suddenly there was the noise of footsteps on the back porch. The door opened, and to grandma's great surprise in came the boys. John drew a package from his raincoat pocket. "Here's some letters for you, maw," he said gently. "Guess every last one in the family has written."

The old woman seized the letters eagerly and pressed one after another to her withered lips. It was "real Thanksgiving" now. (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DAVIDSON WOULD DISPERSE POLICE

(Continued from page 1)
tion of this kind and that it is necessary in time of war when the patriotic spirit is aflame. A. T. Linn spoke for the proposition, telling of the need of a city park for the boys and girls who now spend their Sunday afternoons wandering over the surrounding prairies with no place of particular interest to go. He considered the park a good community center.

Secretary Bushnell stated that there had been as many as five hundred people at the concerts. Councilman Johnson caused much laughter by stating that this was more than he had been able to get out to clean up their lots—he is chairman of the committee on streets and alleys. The matter of the appropriation was laid over until the special meeting to be held next Tuesday evening.

Chairman Johnson of the committee on streets and alleys stated that he had been very busy getting them cleaned up and that another week of good weather would see a big improvement in their condition. Chairman Hills of the committee on fire and water stated that the city drinking fountain on the bank corner had been running since May 1, when it became an absolute necessity—the prohibition law taking effect on that date. He also stated that the fire department needed 1500 feet of new fire hose. He promised to test out the hose now on hand and report its condition at the next meeting.

Steve Jackson, official dog catcher for past administrations and ex-officio blackface comedian, was present with a report showing nineteen dogs killed in the past ten days. It was suggested that there were dead dogs at the city dump which had not been buried. Steve said he buried all the dogs he killed and asked if he was supposed to bury dogs he did not kill. The mayor stated he guessed he was, as he had more time than anyone else. Said Steve, "For nothin'?" That don't sound good to me."

Councilman Hill jokingly asked Steve why he hadn't put a tag last year on Dr. Bellwood's dog, Sandy. Steve came back with the query, "What about your dawg, Mr. Hill?"

The joke was on the councilman who played safe and purchased a tag before leaving. It was announced that Steve would continue to be a hold-over from the last administration and that he could not be officially reappointed until his bond was presented and approved. The amount of the bond was fixed at \$250,000.

Mayor Rousey brought up the proposition of having an official city fumigator for the purpose of seeing that houses in which there had been contagious diseases were properly fumigated. He also believed that the prices for this work should be regulated by ordinance. The committee on health was instructed to investigate and report on the matter.

The salary of the sexton of the cemetery was raised from \$60 to \$70 per month. Ordinance number 231, drawn up by former Councilman Heipbringer and known as the chicken ordinance" was read and passed. It is published elsewhere in The Herald today. The proposition of curbing and gutting Box Butte avenue was brought up. The mayor stated that the city could not afford to advance the money for this purpose for from seven to nine years, but that if the parties who desired the work done would pay cash for the same, when the work was completed he was in favor of it. Also, that this work could be so done that it would not interfere with paving when the street is paved. A resolution for gutting and curbing on Toluca avenue in district number 9 was adopted. Bids will be asked for. The clerk was also ordered to advertise for bids on sewers in districts 13 and 31.

The movement to enlarge the corporate limits of the city, taking in outlying portions which now have the benefit of city sewer, water and lights but do not pay city taxes, received considerable attention. The mayor said that the additional taxes to people brought in under the extension would not amount to more than \$3 to \$4 per year and that it was worth that much to be a citizen of Alliance. Snyder, Johnson and Davidson were appointed a committee to consider the enlargement of the city boundaries and to report at the next meeting.

K. E. Doyle was awarded the contract for sprinkling the city streets this summer for \$100 per month, his team to be used on other city work when not needed for sprinkling. Vern B. Musser was granted a plumber's license. The occupation tax of \$30 from John R. Snyder and the same amount from John Wallace for dray lines was reported received.

A special meeting of the council was called for either Monday or Tuesday evening of next week to consider unfinished business.

Color printing done by expert printers attracts attention and brings prompt results. Try The Herald's job department for your next job—Phone 340.

MISS MARY REGAN TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS

Owing to poor health, Miss Mary Regan, proprietor of the Regan store, has determined to terminate her business in Alliance. With this idea in mind she has secured the services of O. T. Butterfield & Co., merchandise adjusters, of Minneapolis, to handle her "going out of business sale."

The fixtures as well as the merchandise will be sold. The sale starts Saturday of this week, May 12, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and will continue for fifteen days. Elsewhere in this issue is a display advertisement announcing this great selling.

Rheumatism

If you are troubled with chronic or muscular rheumatism give Chamberlain's Liniment a trial. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv-may

CONDENSED STATEMENT
of the condition of

The First National Bank of Alliance

at the Close of Business, May 1st, 1917

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts	Capital
\$ 687,983.70	\$ 50,000.00
U. S. Bonds at par	Surplus
51,000.00	50,000.00
Federal Reserve Stock	Undivided Profits
3,000.00	332.90
Banking House	Reserved for Taxes
10,000.00	2,074.95
Cash and Sight Exchange	Circulation
277,743.38	49,997.50
\$1,029,727.08	Deposits
	\$77,321.73
	\$1,029,727.08

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

R. M. HAMPTON, President. CHAS. E. FORD, Vice President.

S. K. WARRICK, Vice President.

EUGENE E. FORD, Ass't Cashier. FRANK ABEGG, Ass't Cashier.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$100,000

Fair List Fair Treatment

Bigger and Better Ford Car Tires

GOODRICH

375 SIZE (31 X 3 3/4 INCHES) 375

BLACK SAFETY TREAD TIRES

THE balance line for the Ford car is drawn, and the sum total of its perfection struck with that new Goodrich tire, the bigger and better Ford car tire—Goodrich's "Three-Seventy-Five."

OF SUPER-SIZE and SUPER-STRENGTH it not only meets the INDIVIDUAL NEEDS of the Ford car, —but DOUBLES its VIRTUES.

New as today, it is nevertheless already familiarly known by the knowing as—

Goodrich's "Three-Seventy-Five"

That's its size: Three and seventy-five hundredths inches in the cross section. And it's an inch bigger too in the circumference.

Its heroic size, however, is designed to fit 30-inch rims on Ford cars. It is made solely with the five-finger safety tread.

It costs but little more than ordinary tires at the outset; and the natter appearance and added comfort it gives your Ford car, and its own greater dollar ECONOMY, make it the better buy in the end.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

"Best in the Long Run"



Where You See This Sign Goodrich Tires are Stocked

Ask Your Dealer for It

TEXTAN The GOODRICH
fiore sole for shoes

Outwears leather-comfortable-dressy-water-proof