

"IF THE SHOE FITS YOU— THEN WEAR IT"



The Gossip Say-

—By—
ADAM LIAR

Playing Bank Pool?
He says that if his friend keeps taking him down the line this week as fast as he did last week, that it will be reasonable to assume that before long the friend's name will be over the door instead of the present owner. At that, ten bones a throw is some stiff, and especially so when you are losing. What sayest thou?

Tit for Tat
The subject of birthdays came up during the conversation. The elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 23d of April. Her husband, who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the 1st of April."
"People might well judge so," responded the lady. "In the choice I made of a husband."

Keep up the Gate
It isn't often that I go to church, but somehow I was persuaded to go Sunday. There was a bunch present, I don't know whether it was because of the fact that a new star was in the box or not. Anyway there was a stand of boosters there and they seemed anxious to get a line on his work. He is certainly there with the goods and performed to the satisfaction of all present. In spite of the fact that he is somewhat new on the local grounds he got to going good right in the first inning. Encouraged by the coaches in the "Amen corner" he let himself loose and had them well in hand at all times. His new Jerusalem slow-ball is a peach and when he turned loose on eternal punishment his speed was terrific. As this was the first time I ever saw him work out I can't predict the future for him, but if he can keep up the gait he has started with it's him for the big league next season.

The Old Story Told Again
I had to promise that I'd "never tell," if she let me print it. I promised. Here it is:
My lover came down to the gate in front and he whispered so soft to me—
"O, well I remember, the hour was late, and we stood by that great big tree; and he gathered me up in his arms so strong, and his eyes were alight with love; and little we cared for that robbin's song in the limbs of the tree above. His voice was soft as a golden lyre, as he whispered his thoughts to me, and his eyes were filled with heroic fire, that was grand for a maid to see. And what were the words that my lover said, as we stood by the gate alone? O, how gently he lifted my drooping head, as he said in his manly tone—
"O, I seem to stand at the gate again, as I stood in that night this June, while the robbin murmured its happy strain in the light of a happy moon! And the glad, glad thoughts that came to my breast as he whispered those words to me! The sun was hid in the golden west, sunk low over the beautiful hills. And my lover sighed lest his words should meet a short and cruel rebuff, as he cried in a voice that was strangely sweet, "Well has it been hot enough?"

Smaller Portions, Maybe RESTAURANT MEN MEET TO DISCUSS FOOD SAVING PLAN.—
Headline.

Just a Health Hint FROM TOE to crown THE BUZZING fly IS LOADED down WITH BACILLI. HE CREEPS and squirms THE GARBAGE through AND WITH foul germs HE COVERS you. AND YOU fall ill! AND SOME fine day THE DOCTOR'S bill YOU DUCK or pay IN THESE here climates THE SCUMDREL fly A MILLION times WILL MULTIPLY. BUT IF you swat EACH FLY you see HE SOON has got TO CEASE to be. SO HUNT him through YOUR LOWLY cot. PURSUE! PURSUE! AND SWAT, and swat. AND HYE and bye THE USMMER breeze WILL BRING no fly TO SPREAD disease.

And Good Stuff It Is
We may not have a big army, but we certainly got the making on June 5.

You Bet
And now we've got 'em, we know what to do with 'em.
Rare Display of Judgment
Most of the slackers made up their minds they would rather be registered by a government registration clerk than by Sheriff Cox.

Forethought
People are learning that a little forethought often saves them a big expense. Here is an instance: E. W. Archer, Caldwell, Ohio, writes: "I do not believe that our family has been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since we commenced keeping house years ago. When we go on an extended visit we take it with us." Obtainable everywhere.—Adv-June

TELLING ONE ON STEVE MALONEY OF OMAHA
"I understand that Steve Maloney, chief of Omaha detectives, bought a Liberty Bond when he was at Chadron," said Patsy Havey to his friend,

Michael Dolliban. "How's that?" asked Michael. "Well," replied Patsy, "you see he put up a \$500 bond and got his liberty, didn't he?"

MONEY TO LOAN ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Those who think of building, this spring, should see us at once.
F. E. REDDISH & SON,
202 1/2 Box Butte Ave.

COMMERCIAL CLUBS MET AT CHADRON

Clubs of Western Nebraska Alive and Making Effort to Do Their Bit—Big Banquet
A meeting of the Associated Commercial Clubs of Western Nebraska was held at Chadron on June 13. The business meeting was held in the afternoon at the Chadron Club rooms the meeting being presided over by H. M. Bushnell, Jr., of this city, who besides being secretary of the Alliance Commercial Club, is president of the Associated Clubs. The war and war problems are reported to have been uppermost in the minds of those in attendance, seemingly.

In the evening a banquet was held at Chadron Normal, the Normal orchestra, of which Paul W. Thomas of Alliance is director, furnishing the music for the banquet. Following the banquet a number of speeches were made. Senator Reynolds, H. M. Bushnell, Jr., of Alliance, J. W. Burleigh of Crawford, Dr. M. B. McDowell, W. P. Rooney and President R. I. Elliott of Chadron, made talks. W. S. Bostler of the Normal was toastmaster. The next meeting of the Associated Clubs is to be held at Gering in September.

THE NEGRO NORTH AND SOUTH
All good citizens in the South as well as in the North deplore lynching lawlessness and hope to see it come to an end, but very few will fail to recognize that Rev. R. C. Ransom, colored, of New York, is as insincere as he is absurd when he intimates that with a record of lynching in our own land we have no right to object to the massacre of Armenians or the devastation of Belgium, and with pompous insincerity declares that "while negro soldiers are carrying liberty and freedom across the Rhine let us carry it down the Mississippi."

The need of carrying freedom "down the Mississippi" is no less imaginary than the present transportation of that blessing by negro soldiers "across the Rhine." An average of considerably less than a hundred negro criminals or suspected criminals are lynched in a year, while more than nine millions of that race are left in the peaceful pursuit of prosperity and happiness, and, on the whole, this pursuit is more successful in the South than in the North; for in the former, where he is less embarrassed by labor-union discrimination and personal dislike, the negro has a wider industrial opportunity. In the South negroes guilty or suspected of atrocious crimes are occasionally lynched; it is only in the North, as the Chicago Tribune observes, that negroes as a class are ever "mobbed, beaten and run out of town."

"The real race prejudice is ours," says the Chicago paper. "Our very philanthropists betray it. They say to the black man, 'God bless you, good-bye,' whereas, the South says,

Why Telephone Rates are Lower in Smaller Towns

Telephone rates are usually lower in small towns than in large places.

In large towns it costs more to furnish telephone service than in smaller communities.

The switchboard and other central office apparatus necessary in a large town to connect the greater number of subscribers costs much more per telephone than the equipment used in a smaller place.

The distance each subscriber lives from the central office is greater as the town is larger, necessitating more wire per telephone.

Also, expensive underground construction is generally required in larger towns, thus increasing the cost of operating the plant.

Then, too, wages, rents, etc., are higher in larger places.



you, come here.' Or put it this way: The northerner is a great friend of the negro but not of a negro; the southerner is a great friend of a negro but not of the negro. In the North the negroes escape barbarous punishment for their occasional crimes while winning no appreciation for their habitual virtues. They are disliked. When their presence becomes a burden, as at East-St. Louis, Ill., they are abused. Our observation goes to show that the negro is happiest when the white race asserts its superiority, provided that sympathy and understanding accompany the assertion. Not long ago a Virginian noticed a very gloomy black porter in a northern hotel, and learning that he had come from Virginia, said, 'You—black fool, go back to Virginia.' The reply revealed much: 'Oh, Cunnel, dem's de fust kind wuds dat's been spoken to me since Ah come up Noff.' Southerners enforce the color line, yet they will work side by side with negroes, befriend them in adversity, and overlook their minor failings. Gradually they are working toward better surroundings for the negro. They do not hate negroes. In their hearts they like them."

Rev. R. C. Ransom, who is too discreet to accuse the North as well as the South, would do well to ponder the sage remark of Mr. Dooley: "I's

naught troubled when the naygur is amongst his oppressors, Hinnessy. What troubles me is when he falls into the hands of his liberators."

WELL LOVED MOTHER CALLED OVER DIVIDE

Mrs. A. M. Miller Died at Home at Hemingford Following Stroke of Apoplexy Here

Mrs. A. M. Miller of Hemingford, who suffered a stroke of apoplexy at the Burlington depot in Alliance early Monday morning of last week, died at her home at Hemingford Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. She did not regain consciousness from the time she was stricken in Alliance until the time of her death. The funeral was held 5. 1. 7 afternoon at the M. E. church at Hemingford. Burial was made in the Hemingford cemetery.

Mrs. Miller had been visiting a daughter in Lincoln and when she left her home had intended remaining in Lincoln over last week, attending the semi-centennial exercises there. She, however, changed her mind and left Lincoln on Sunday night, arriving in Alliance about

7:15 Monday morning. She had intended taking the noon train from here to her home. She had left the train and had started for the depot when she suffered the attack which resulted in her death. Following the attack, she remained until removed to her home at Hemingford Wednesday.

Deceased was born in Iroquois county, Ill., sixty-six years ago. She came to this county in 1886, in company with her husband, settling on a homestead two miles southeast of Hemingford. Later a tree claim was added to the holdings, all of which was exchanged later for the roller mills at Hemingford. This was in the year 1893.

On moving into Hemingford a spacious home was built and the family have lived there since that time. Mrs. Miller was hospitality itself, and she never neglected an opportunity to make herself a pleasing hostess. She delighted in having young people about her, and there was hardly a time when some young people were not gathered about the good mother. Mrs. Miller was a student and was well versed in current events. The Miller home is blessed with one of the best private libraries in this section. Always an active worker in Methodist circles, she will be sadly missed, not alone by her immediate family, but by a host of co-workers

and innumerable friends. She is survived by her husband, A. M. Miller, and by two children, Melvin L. Miller of Colorado and Mrs. Alex Muirhead of Hemingford. Has your HERALD subscription expired?

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