

Charley Chaplin's Comic Capers

Luke Believes In Preparedness

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TELEPHONE THREE-FOUR-UGHT

HERALD

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Do you want to Buy a dog? Rent a house? Find a ring? Sell a boat? Trade horses? Hire a cook? Secure a position?

If your want is worth wanting, it is worth spending a few cents in these columns.

For Rent

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms for rent, cheap. Suitable for light housekeeping. 623 Mississippi avenue. 39-11-8564

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, desirable for one or two ladies or school girls. Close in. Inquire at Herald office. 39-11-8568

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone Red 78 or call at 612 Mississippi avenue. 39-11-8568

FOR RENT—Two rooms. Will fit up for light housekeeping or will rent individually for sleeping rooms to suit renter. Frank Herbert, 524 Missouri avenue. 39-11-8561

For Sale

HIGH GRADE second-hand automobile for sale cheap. Nicolai & Son. 37-11-8571

FOR SALE. Re-cleaned seed wheat \$2.00 per bushel. Rye \$1.50 per bushel. J. A. KEEGAN. 38-11-8554.

FOR SALE—High grade typewriter carbon paper. The kind that gives you a clear duplicate. The Alliance Herald. Phone 340.

YOUR CHANCE to get a first-class, high-grade automobile for sale cheap. Used but in excellent condition. Nicolai & Son. 37-11-8571

FOR SALE—House, five rooms and bath, on Big Horn. Address Box 8542, care Alliance Herald. 37-11-8542

FOR SALE AT EXECUTOR'S SALE—Two residence properties located as follows: Lots five and six in block six, Wyoming addition to City of Alliance. The residences are composed of three and five rooms. These residence properties must be sold. Inquire of L. A. Berry, Room 9 Rumer Block, Alliance, Nebraska. Phone 9. 8287-23-11

Five Cents per Line—Count Six Words to a Line No Advertisement taken for Less Than 15c

FOR SALE—McCormick corn binder. Has cut only 50 acres. Price \$75. J. A. Keegan. 39-11-8560

FOR SALE. Good section of land. Located ten miles southeast of Bingham, Nebraska. Price only \$4,500. Address or see Louise Harp, Bingham, Nebraska, for particulars. 39-11-8515

FOR SALE—Typewriter ribbons for all makes of typewriters. Typewriter and pencil carbon papers. Typewriter paper and second sheets. Herald Publishing Co. Phone 340.

LAND FOR SALE CHEAP. The finest land in Box Butte county. Every foot can be plowed. Level. Four quarter-sections, 640 acres, in two tracts of 320 acres each. Located west of Hemingford. One tract has wind mill and good well. Excellent soil, fenced. The price is low, on easy terms. Owner will show the land. Address Box 8467, c/o Alliance Herald, for full information, or call at Herald office. 35-11-8467

For Sale, or will Trade for Farm

A practically new HART-PARR OIL TRACTOR: 40 on the belt, 27 draw bar.

"Money Maker" Thresher: 29 Special by 48.

Oliver No. 6, 6-bottom 14-inch Engine Gang Plow.

This is a bargain if taken at once. Write G. W. Little, Box 4th Ave. 35th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Wanted

WANTED—For office work. A capable young lady who can keep a simple set of books, whose penmanship is good, who can operate a typewriter with proficiency (short-hand not necessary) and who can handle collections and other outside work of that nature. Position is permanent to a capable person. Address Box 4231, care Alliance Herald, giving full particulars, or phone 340. 37-11-4231

Lost and Found

FOUND—Rim holder and nut from Stanweld automobile demountable rim. Owner may have same by calling at Herald office and paying for this ad. 37-11-8503

FOUND—SWITCH KEY and a bunch of keys. Owner may have same by calling at The Herald office, identifying the keys, and paying the cost of this want ad. HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY. 34-11-8469

LOST—An automobile crank for a Crow-Ekhart auto. On Alliance street. Reasonable reward for return to The Herald office. 38-11-8516

LOST—Auto casing, inner tube and rim complete. Size 22x3 1/2 inches. United States make, smooth tread, between Alliance and Hay

There's no false modesty about this want ad page. No legitimate proposition need hesitate to launch forth to find a response. Need not even sign your name or address. This office receives and holds replies for you.

Springs. Suitable reward for recovery. Return to Rumer Motor Company, Alliance, or W. H. Bell, owner, Gordon, Nebraska. 37-11-85103

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Three head of cows, branded O over S on left hip, and one red cow branded M on hip; also three head of calves with no brands. A good reward will be paid for any information leading to their recovery. Address any information to O. R. Roberts, Lewellen, Nebraska. 34-11-8472

FOUND—A casting, evidently part of a tractor or other large piece of farm machinery, on road leading to Alliance, by members of The Herald force. This casting is evidently badly needed by someone and anyone knowing to whom it belongs will confer a favor on the owner by advising him that it is at The Herald office, where it can be secured by calling for it and paying the costs of the insertion of this want ad. HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY. 34-11-8471

Miscellaneous

Calling cards for the ladies are printed promptly and neatly at The Herald office. The prices are reasonable. Phone 340 for samples and prices or call at the office.

MOVE FURNITURE SAFELY—We have equipped our dray wagons and auto truck with the latest appliances for moving furniture without marring or scratching or doing damage. Up-to-date wagon pads will be used by us on all moving jobs. JOHN R. SNYDER, Phone 15. 37-11-5950

The Government needs Farmers as well as Fighters. Two million three hundred thousand acres of Oregon and California Railroad Co. Grant Lands. Title reverted in United States. To be opened for homesteads and sale. Containing some of the best land left in United States. Large Copyrighted Map, showing land by sections and description of soil, climate, rainfall, elevations, temperature, etc. Postpaid, One Dollar. Grant Lands Locating Co. Box 610, Portland, Oregon. 31-131-8446

The Gossip Say—

IF THE SHOE FITS YOU— THEN WEAR IT

By ADAM LIAR
Wisdom of the Serpent
In the park lay Miss Annabelle Boves.
When a tiny snake crawled o'er her nose,
Did Annabelle mind?
No, she wasn't that kind—
And the snake was well pleased,
goodness knows

Zippo:
Once a much dolted-up dame from Casper
Was boasting o'er much of her hair,
When up sprang a breeze,
That rattled her knees,
And zippo, her hair wasn't there!

Ossifer, I'm Out Again
Ladies and Gentlemen— and fellow-citizens— zizz-zizz-zizz: As I write the above, I am overwhelmed with deprecation to have the benefit of so many of my fans. In the words of that great general, Eucalyptus Grant it is indeed a pleasure to be able to have my efforts read by so many fellow-shirkers—and the spirit within me cries out "E Pluribus Unum."

This is a gr-r-r-at age. Everybody in this age wants money. Alliance girls want matri-money; wives want pin-money; divorced women want all-money; the I. W. W.'s want anybody's money and the trusts want everybody's money.
They say that money is the root of all evil—but if I had some of that root in my back garden you bet your sweet American Star Spangled Banner I'd do my utmost to make it grow.

Just now there isn't much money in circulation. Dollars are scarce—dimes are scarce—nickles are scarce—and "coppers" are not as plentiful since the city fathers decided to cut down expenses.

They say that money talks, but all it ever says to me is "goodby."
Different nations have different kinds of money. England has pounds and shillings, France has centimes and louis, and Germany has marks. Of course, we've got marks in this country, too—I'm a mark.

Last week I swallowed a piece of window glass which gave me a "pane" in my side, so I went to a doctor. After he examined me, I said: "Well, doc, what do you make of it?" He said: "Before I get through with you I'll make five hundred dollars out of it." Then he operated on me—he cut out my liquid refreshments and cigars. He would have cut out my appendix, too, only I had it in my wife's name.

But I've got to continue this column. If this is providing you with amusement or entertainment, I thank you. This is one way I make a living—getting up this line-o-dope. There's more of another kind coming.

Baby Advise

You know I've got a neighbor, there are two and a half of them. That is there is Papa Neighbor, Mama Neighbor and Baby Neighbor. As a result I have been reading some of the articles appearing in some of the journals about the care of babies. I have accumulated a few sensible and easily remembered hints on this important subject which I would advise you to remember until they are necessary:

- DON'T wrap baby in a sealskin coat.
- DON'T put baby to sleep in an oven.
- DON'T stop its crying by stuffing its mouth with cotton waste.
- DON'T pick it up by the ankles; lift it up by the ears.
- DON'T give baby gin rickies in Nebraska during September or October.
- DON'T let baby stay out later until 10 p. m., no matter what its excuse.

To The Rescue

I found this advertisement in an exchange:
Wanted—Immediately!—By a gen-

tleman sitting in the crotch of a dead tree located not a great distance from the big butte, a man who understands live stock and can persuade a large beef creature to quit pawing the ground beneath the tree and leave the premises for a few minutes. Good pay. Apply Harold Smythe, South Pasture, Nebraska.

A Heluva Note

The one above, Ladies and Gentlemen, concludes my minstrel first part. I'll get down to business now, with some of the more serious local stuff. In an attempt to appease your growing appetite for something real rich and sweet.

Enough is Enough

Talking about sweet stuff. What could be more sweet than the sight of two lovers strolling in the night air and trying to keep warm on a night like some we have had this week? Fine, you say. It might be fine for the lovers, but it sure is agony for one walking behind, according to the complaint of one little fairy I know of.

Wasn't Guilty At That

The argument as over the price of a railroad ticket to a certain point in another state. It waxed warm. There were several in the party including a certain husband and wife. Husband said, "Well, I know the fare to—was so many dollars when I bought Miss—'s ticket for her. Friend wife sat up straight in her chair and said, "You bought—'s ticket for her? You say you bought—'s ticket. And that's about the time I came home." But he wasn't guilty, at that.

In These War Times

I know a wife who is practicing economy by making the doughnuts all hole.

Don't Be Surprised

There is always someone to give it away. The other night a lady who had been out riding a few nights before, called at the home of one of Alliance's automobile owners. "I say your husband and three others at Hemingford the other night," she said. "I was wondering where you were." "Why my husband was at lodge that night," she said. "If anything happens, don't be surprised."

Lloyd's Column

Might Be Either

Rural Editor (reminiscing)—"I remember when my first subscription came in—it brought tears to my eyes."

Friend—"Tears of emotion, or was the first subscription paid in onions?"

Lloyd's Column—Cleaned Out

"I hear that you lost your temper at the poker party last night?"
"Well, that was the only thing I had left to lose."

Lloyd's Column—Not Ablicted With "Adults"

"Read the directions on the bottle, Mandy."
"I sez, 'for adults, one teaspoon—"
"Thunder! That ain't what ails me—what else does it say?"

Lloyd's Column—Nature Fakes

"So Farmer Hawbuck has sold his pasture to the golf club."
"Yes, where his old brindle cow used to roam we now see a lot of plaided calves."

Lloyd's Column—Unkind

Mrs. Flynt E. Biskett—I want to join the army. I think I'll enlist as a cook.

F. S. B.—Sh-h! Hush, my dear. They're arresting person for making threats against the army.—Judge.

Lloyd's Column—Change and Rest

A postcard bearing the following message was sent by a vacationist at a popular summer resort:
"This is a great place for a change and a rest. The waiters get the change and the hotels get the rest."

Lloyd's Column—A Long Trip

British Officer (to a raw recruit trying to ride)—Where the deuce are you going to go?

Raw recruit (vainly trying to control his steed, which is making a bolt for the doorway of the riding school)—Don't know, sir. But the horse's home is in Canada!

Lloyd's Column—Lure of the Apple

The tailor's sign in a little inland town was an apple, simply an apple. The people were amazed at it. They came in crowds to the tailor, asking

him what on earth the meaning of the sign was. The tailor, with a complacent smile, replied:

"If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the clothing business be today?"—Everybody's Magazine

—Lloyd's Column—
A Boy's Tribute
Prettiest girl I've ever seen
Is Ma.
Lovelier than any queen
Is Ma.
Girls with curls go walking by,
Dainty, graceful, bold and sly,
But the one that takes my eye
Is Ma.

Every girl made into one
Is Ma.
Sweetest girl to look upon
Is Ma.
Seen 'em short and seen 'em tall
Seen 'em big and seen 'em small,
But the finest one of all
Is Ma.

Best of all the girls one earth
Is Ma.
One that all the rest is worth
Is Ma.
Some have beauty, some have grace,
Some look nice in silk and lace,
But the one that takes first place
Is Ma.

Sweetest singer in the land
Is Ma.
She that has the softest hand
Is Ma.
Tenderest, gentlest nurse is she,
Full of fun as she can be,
An' the only girl for me
Is Ma.

Bet if there's an angel here
Is Ma.
If God has a sweetheart dear,
Is Ma.
Take the girls that artists draw,
An' all the girls I ever saw,
The only one without a flaw
Is Ma.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Press.
—Lloyd's Column—
His Specialty

A man who limped painfully stood near the station, where he saw a car that seemed to be filled with boys.

"What's that?" he asked a bystander.
"That is the corn boy's special."

"Corn boy's special?"
"Yes, the boys have all won prizes by raising corn, and they're being given a free trip to Washington."

The man made a grumbling remark.
"What did you say?" the other inquired.
"I was just saying to myself," the first speaker explained, "that I may not be much of a corn raiser, but when it comes to bunions I challenge the whole world."

—Lloyd's Column—
Powerful Law

"Say, mother, what keeps us from falling off the earth when we're upside down?"
"Why, the law of gravity."

"But how did we stay on before that law was passed?"
—Lloyd's Column—
His Age

Allan, on his second birthday, was told by his mother that he was 2 years old. That same day his mother weighed him, and as she lifted him off the scale she said:

"You weigh just thirty pounds."
That evening, when the little boy's father came home, he said:

"Well, Allan, how old are you?"
Allan hesitated a few seconds and then replied:

"Two years and thirty pounds."
Clear Away the Waste

Bowel regularity is the secret of good health, bright eyes, clear complexion, and Dr. King's New Life Pills are a mild and gentle laxative that regulates the bowels and relieves the congested intestines by removing the accumulated wastes without griping. Take a pill before retiring and that heavy head, that dull spring fever feeling disappears. Get Dr. King's New Life Pills at your druggist, 25c.

Adv-3
The boys' band of Scottsbluff has been asked to play at the Wyoming state fair, to be held at Douglas, September 13, 14 and 15. Most of the boys in the band are high school students and have been trained under the leadership of B. W. Morris.

Hebron Boy Writes Prize Essay
Hebron.—In a contest open to all boys under 16 in the United States, first prize was won by Louis Schieferdecker of Hebride, near here. Louis submitted to the Poland China Journal of Kansas City the best article on "Boys' Pfg Clubs." He is a member of the Thayer county Boys' Pfg Club, supervised by J. Clarence Harey, county club leader.