

Charley Chaplin's Comic Capers

The Tea Leaves Were All Wrong

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TELEPHONE THREE-FOUR-OUIGHT

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.

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

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. 39-5t-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. 35-4t-8467

FOR SALE. Household goods including a Victrola, on account of leaving Alliance. Phone 893 or address or call at 904 Box Butte avenue. 40-1t-8610

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. Position as chamber maid at hotel or rooming house. Phone 406 and ask for Jacobson. 40-1t-8576

WANTED. For office work. A young lady who wants to work; one who can operate a typewriter, do collecting and other outside work; one who wants work because she needs it and who will appreciate a real job. Address Box 4231, care Herald, or phone 340.

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. 37-1t-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. 34-1t-8469

LOST. An automobile crank for a Crow-Elkhart auto. On Alliance street. Reasonable reward for return to The Herald office. 38-1t-8516

LOST. Auto casing, inner tube and rim complete. Size 32x3 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 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. 34-1t-8471

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. 37-4t-8510

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. 34-1t-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. 37-1t-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 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. 31-13t-8446

The Gossip Say-

"IF THE SHOE FITS YOU— THEN WEAR IT"

By ADAM LIAR

O, Say!
A charming young creature named Anner Can certainly play the planner. We've stood up seven days. For all that she plays Is a tune called "The Star-Spangled Banner."

S. O. S.
There was a young lady from Denver Who stooped to examine some clover. A bee fell down her neck. Soon her dress was a wreck, Through giving herself the once over.

A Little Hash
But talking about limericks—did you ever go to the city and ride in a street car and notice the funny little advertising signs, along both sides of the car, some in verse—and others worse. Here is a sample:
A woman that's pretty is sure to please. Our three-dollar pants don't bag at the knees.

Silly thing, isn't it. It brings me back to the days when I used to recite "poultry" at school. You know I can't help but think of it when I see all the little boys and girls tripping in the schoolhouse. That "tripping" is a good word, don't you think. But to get back to the subject. I am reminded of how fearful I was that I would get tripped up when I got up to do my elocuting. Imagine, if you can, how scared I was when I had to recite the following in elocutionary style:
The lady stopped the little boy. And raved and bawled and scolded. His little pants were patched. "Why did they patch with white?" she said.

"And use no brown instead?" The small boy scowled and touched the spot. "That ain't no patch," he said. Those were the happy days. I'll never forget when the teacher asked Johnny Montgomery to give her a sentence with the words "horse sense," and Johnny answered: "One night pa forgot to lock the stable door, and he hasn't seen his horse sense." But school isn't the only place for fun. Last week I went up to the corner with Lloyd. He was going to buy me a drink. I took an egg maited milk. The man behind the counter held up the egg and cracked it into the glass. Lloyd asked him if it was a good egg. (You see Lloyd ordered one of those things, too.) I have been still wondering about that egg, for the Russian Kaiser replied: "Yes, sir, it is as pure as I am."

Just Hooverizing
Economy is the big thing these days. They're trying to practice it in both Alliance and New York city and I guess maybe the Germans are getting a dose of it. They say that before the war the Germans ate seven meals a day, but now they only eat three. I like to read the economy hints in the papers. There is so much food for thought in them. If you'll just try to digest these I'll promise you that you will have gone a long way toward solving the H. C. L.

In peeling potatoes, do not throw away the potatoes. If you don't like onions, eat a lot of them and you will lose your appetite for other food. A substantial meal can be made from porterhouse steak and potatoes. Of all foods, soup is one of the easiest on false teeth. If you want a pie to last a long time, make it of plaster of Paris. To economize on bacon and eggs, use only eggs one morning and save the bacon for the next. You can ever appreciate the importance of bread crumbs until you find them in your bed. Coffee and tea cost very little if you don't drink it.

Just Like That
"How much a pound are your sausages?" inquired a woman at the

counter of a local store this week. "The price is now 40 cents a pound," was the reply. "Nonsense," said the woman. "Why, I can get them at — for 37 cents." "Well, do so." "Don't be impudent, my good man, he was out of them." "Oh well," smiled the butcher, "if I was out of them, I'd let you have them for 37 cents, too."

Couldn't Open Up
The wife was up in the air. She had threatened to horse-whip the other woman and also to pull all her hair out. She made it so hot for the "other" woman and watched her so constantly that the "other" woman finally became tired of waiting for an opportune time and left the city, remarking, "There's no use waiting here for business. I'm going where I don't have to fight for it."

An Unwise Love
Friend wife seems to have "got wise" to the goings on and now they are all having a heluva time over it. He is thinking of taking a trip and she is going to change her location. Maybe they can smooth it over—and maybe not.

Lloyd's Column

Forgot His Mission
Doc McClue came into the office yesterday, laughing like a gargoyle. "Whence the mirth?" we inquired. "Wait till I tell you," procastinated Doc. "You know old Harry?" Yes, we knew him. Approaching middle age, married but still talkative. That was the fellow. "Well, old Harry comes into my office this morning and I said, 'Hello, Harry,' and he said, 'Hello, Doc.' And I said, 'What's on your mind?' and he said, 'Nothing much, I guess.' So I told him a story I heard last night and that reminded him of one he heard last week, and so it went. And finally he said he guessed he'd have to be toddling along toward the office."

"Well," says I, "run along then. Family all well?" "Oh, that reminds me," says Harry. "That's why I called. My wife's had some kind of a stroke, and I was sent down here to tell you to go right over. Darn it, your stories make me forget what I came for." —EX.

Beware the Restaurant Stew
Amsterdam—A Prague newspaper relates the sad story of an artist who found it impossible to kill himself with a knife or a rope and was only able to "shuffle off this mortal coil" finally by eating a restaurant stew. The newspaper's account of the tragedy is as follows:

"Tired of life at 45, the artist procured a portion of a violent poison and tried to kill himself with it. In vain he awaited a fatal effect, and on the following day had the remains in the vial analyzed. It was a 'war' substitute poison. He then procured a rope and hanged himself but the rope was made of paper pulp and it broke.

"The twofold failure of his attempt at suicide the man regarded as a sign of fate, and a fresh joy in life inspired him. Proceeding to a restaurant he ordered and consumed an alleged meat stew. It was a 'war' substitute stew and two hours later he was dead."

Taste in Music
The banjo it goes plink-plink-plink. And it sounds pretty good, I think. But some prefer a touch of gloom. And the bass fiddle's zoom-zoom.

Quite True
One of the attractions of the church fete was a fortune-teller's tent.

A lady took her 10-year-old, red-haired, freckled son inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal ball.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough," she murmured in deep, mysterious tones. "Oh, how nice!" gushed the proud mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?" "For old age," replied the fortune teller slowly.—Knoxville Sentinel.

An Injustice Done
"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" moaned wife, in tears. "I wish I'd taken poor mother's advice and never married you!" Hubby, the strong, silent man, swung around on her quickly, and at last found voice. "Did your mother try to stop you marrying me?" he demanded. Wife nod-

ded violently. A look of deep remorse crossed hubby's face. "Great Scott," he cried, in broken tones, "how I have wronged that woman!" —Lloyd's Column.

Not With Him
A woman's dressmaker sent home the other day a skirt that was, really, too short altogether. The woman put it on. It was becoming enough, but it made her feel ashamed. She entered the library, and her husband looked up from his work with a dark frown.

"I wonder," she said, with an embarrassed laugh, "if these ultra-short skirts will ever go out?" "They'll never go out with me," he answered in decided tones. —Lloyd's Column.

The Price of Publicity
The lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case, the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy. I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for \$500." She looked at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things done right, so he hastily revised his figures.

Convincing Proof
A woman owning a house in Philadelphia before which a gang of workmen were engaged in making street repairs was much interested in the work.

"And which is the foreman?" she asked of a big, burly Celt. A proud smile came to the countenance of that individual as he replied: "Oh am, mum."

"Really?" continued the lady. "Oh kin prove it, mum," rejoined the Irishman. Then turning to a laborer at hand, he added, "Kelly, ye're fired."

Lloyd's Column
Minnie, a child of four years, stood watching the cook draw and clean a chicken. As one thing after another was drawn out and laid on the table Minnie looked up in the cook's face and asked: "Did you find what you were looking for, Nora?"

Gertrude, aged 3, sat in her high chair at the dinner table, turning about in her fingers a small ear of corn from which she had been nibbling a row at a time. Suddenly she burst into tears. "What is the matter, dear?" asked her mother. "I've lost my place!" sobbed the little one. —Lloyd's Column.

Out at the front two regiments, returning to the trenches, chanced to meet. There was the usual exchange of wit. "When's the gloomiest war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad. "Dunno," replied one of the southsiders. "We've planted daffodils in front of our trench." "Bloomin' optimists!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted ecorns."

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT
Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if Bladder bothers you—Drink lots of water. Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation. The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then set fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders. —Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; it is a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance. F. E. REDDISH, Reddish Block. 15-1t-6727