

## Nebraska State Volunteer Firemen's Association

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**A Department Devoted to the Interests of the Volunteer Firemen of  
 the State of Nebraska**  
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**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT ARE ALWAYS  
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 The Alliance Herald, Alliance, Nebraska

### RECENT FIRES AT CHADRON

The starting of fires in furnaces and stoves which have not been used since spring usually results in fires in the fall. Volunteer departments in towns over Nebraska find this to be the case every fall. The Chadron Chronicle of last week tells of three fires in that city, as follows:

Three fires in that many days were recorded for Chadron Saturday, Sunday and Monday mornings, although but two of them proved serious. Saturday morning the fire whistle summoned the department to the new Ford Planing Mill on King street, and the building and contents were blazing lustily when the boys arrived with the "go-cart." According to Mrs. Ford, the fire started from an oil stove in the kitchen, which, with a bedroom, is fitted up in the front of the building for living quarters for the family. She had just lit the stove and stepped out for something and upon returning, was met with a volume of heavy black smoke. She attempted to get in but was unable to, so closed the door and summoned help and turned in the alarm. A crowd gathered in quick time, but the fire had gained such headway that it was deemed impractical to open the door or windows to turn on a garden hose, as that would permit the wind to get at it. Owing to the rough, frozen streets, the antiquated fire cart was late in arriving, but Earl Hyde and other firemen were already on hand and made quick work of the blaze the moment they got hold of the chemical hose.

Both rooms were badly gutted and the damage to household goods has been placed at approximately \$325, which was not insured. The damage to the building amounted to 125, which was covered by insurance.

Sunday morning, about 8 o'clock, while walking down town for our mail, we spied a couple of fellows at the corner drug store with the chemical cart. Upon inquiry as to the cause of the early morning "airing" we were quietly informed that the eventual destination of the "go-cart" was our own. Having heard no whistle, the touching news came rather unexpected, but we lost no time in establishing a new record for a four-block marathon and when about half way home we were spurred on by the musical tones of the fire whistle. Numerous things ran through our mind enroute, principal among which was that if the house was on fire it was doomed to destruction, and there was nobody in sight who might deter the ambition of the prospective flames. Upon our arrival we found everything intact, except the nerves of our good wife. Investigation disclosed the furnace had "blown up," emitting flames through the cold air space, but had died out within a few minutes.

Monday morning a fire, which originated in the kitchen near the stove pipe, caused considerable damage to the Thida Wakeman home on the corner of Third and King streets. It appears that Mr. Wakeman and daughter were both in another room when the fire broke out and when discovered had gained such headway that they could not extinguish it. They turned in the alarm, but owing to the heavy condition of the streets, the fire equipment was a little slow in arriving. For awhile the blaze threatened the entire building and all the furniture and household goods were gotten out. The chemical cart arrived on the scene first, but as it proved inadequate to the task, a dray wagon was sent back for the hose cart. The end of the house in which the kitchen is located was badly damaged, while the remainder of the house was badly damaged by water. The house is owned by the Robert Burns estate and was covered by insurance. Workmen were immediately put to work repairing the damage.

### POTASH IS NECESSARY IN MAKING FERTILIZER

The Smithsonian Institution has issued the following:

In view of the present urgent need for the conservation of food and a greater crop production, a publication just issued by the United States National Museum on "Fertilizers—An Interpretation of the situation in the United States," by Joseph E. Pogue, of the Division of Mineral Technology, is timely. The author points out in a manner easily understandable by the reader without technical knowledge of fertilizers, what raw materials are available in this country and how they may best be recovered and manufactured, and he shows definitely what attitude should be adopted by the Government toward the new fertilizer industries growing out of conditions caused by the war. Dr. Pogue explains in a general way the theories of soil formation and of plant growth, and points out that the best progress in the fertilizer field will come through enlightened co-operation between the fertilizer industries, the Government, and the consumers.

The soil does two things: It forms a mechanical medium for supporting and protecting the growing plant, and it supplies the plant with some of the

chemical material to be built into its structure. In the normal course of events plants spring up, live their course, and die, giving back to the soil the elements employed in their life cycle. But where plants are removed artificially, the balance is destroyed and unless the necessary chemical elements are returned to the soil in some form, it is soon rendered unfit for further cultivation.

By long experience it has been learned that those elements of which the soil is most quickly depleted are phosphorus, nitrogen, and potassium. The fertilizer industry, therefore, is at present chiefly concerned with securing an adequate supply of the raw material of these three substances.

In concluding his interpretation of the fertilizer situation, the author states that the responsibilities of the Government in this respect have not yet been realized. Solution of the problems should grow out of a policy of anticipation, not out of a lagging accommodation to passing conditions. One of the most pressing problems is to gradually and normally stimulate the development of domestic sources of supply, not only that a repetition of the present situation will be impossible, but also that a more extensive peace-time production will be the outgrowth.

## TWENTY IN ONE

By EARL REED SILVERS.

When Dick Rowland left for his two weeks' vacation in the Catskills he resolved to have the best time in his rather uneventful young life. For three years he had labored for a big brokerage firm in one of New York's largest office buildings, and he was tired of working.

Sitting comfortably on the upper deck of the river steamer, he looked forward with the pleasantest anticipation to two weeks of unalloyed pleasure. The boat slipped out into the stream, and Dick, sighing contentedly, lighted his briar pipe and settled himself comfortably for the long ride, for the steamer was not due in Kingston until the early afternoon. He drew the prospectus of the Glenwood hotel from his pocket and glanced over it speculatively. He liked the picture of the hotel, with its glimpse of wooded lake and laughing girls, who looked down upon him from the steps of the spacious porch. And as he gazed, Dick Rowland made a resolution. During the next two weeks he promised himself that he would become acquainted with at least twenty girls in the Glenwood hotel.

Having decided this rather momentous question, he knocked the ashes from his pipe and strolled along the shaded deck of the boat. It was late in August, and the steamer was crowded with vacationists. In one corner he spied a man talking earnestly to a girl with black hair and crimson lips. Dick smiled happily; he would be doing the same thing himself before another day had passed. Idly he wandered from place to place. Everywhere were girls—thin ones, fat ones, happy ones, sad ones. But suddenly he stopped in his tracks, eyes staring. In a remote part of the steamer, sheltered by one of the overhead decks, he discovered the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She looked up suddenly and caught Dick's enraptured gaze. He blushed, mumbled something to himself and passed on.

Shortly after noon he wandered idly to the dining room. The tables were nearly all filled, but in one corner the head waiter discovered a vacant seat. He motioned Dick into it, and Dick's heart stood still. Directly opposite him sat the girl he had thought about for the past two hours. The colored gentlemen whose duty it was to preside over that corner of the room evidently believed that Dick and the girl were friends, for he served both of their orders together.

Ten minutes or so elapsed before Dick gained the courage to address a word to his companion. Even then his remark was most commonplace.

"May I trouble you to pass the salt?" he said.

She handed him the commodity in question, and Dick discovered the hint of a twinkle in her eye. He grew bolder.

"Is this your first trip up the river?" he asked.

"Oh, no." She smiled at him, frankly, easily. "I have been spending my vacation in the Catskills for the past three years."

"Are you on your vacation now?"

"Yes, just starting."

"So am I." Dick looked up hopefully. "I wonder if it could be possible that we are going to the same place."

"I hardly think so. The mountains are pretty large, you know."

"Yes, I know." He sank back, discouraged. The girl evidently did not want him to know where she was going. "I don't know very many girls in New York," he said, "and now that I've started on a vacation, I'm going to try to be friends with just as many as I possibly can. I'm going to the Glenwood hotel."

He drew the booklet from his pocket, turning to the picture which had made such an impression upon him earlier in the day. "There are twenty girls in that picture," he announced, "and I hope to know everyone of them."

She reached across the table and, taking the book, examined the photo closely. Finally she handed it back to him.

"Do you see the third girl from the corner?" she asked.

"Yes, why?"

"I know her."

"You do?" He spoke eagerly.

"What's her name?"

"Gladys Graydon."

"It's you," he gasped.

"Yes," she answered, enjoying his surprise. "I spent last summer at Glenwood."

"And are you going there now?" He leaned forward in his eagerness, his eyes shining.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm going there for two weeks."

"To think," he said finally, "that I'll be with you for two whole weeks!"

She smiled into his eyes.

"Oh, no! You are going to meet twenty girls. Don't you remember?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"Not this time," he announced.

"Since I've met you, it's a case of twenty girls in one."

And the smile she gave him in answer meant more than any twenty smiles he had ever seen.

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