

Lloyd's Column

AN EXAMPLE FOR ALLIANCE

The crowds which rush into the streets of Alliance whenever the siren call of the fire whistle is heard should beware of the speeding fire truck as it rebounds after striking the spring breakers (surface storm sewers) at the street intersections. A small town in Arkansas is in a similar plight, according to the following clipping from the Helena, Arkansas, World:

Citizens are warned to keep off the streets when the new motor-driven hose wagon is making a run to a fire. The vehicle is capable of great speed, and the practice of running to the middle of the street to "see the fire wagon pass" should be discontinued from this time forward. Such practice will hereafter be attended by considerable danger to life and limb. Citizens should remain within doors, or at least refrain from running into the streets, when the new hose wagon is passing to a fire.

A Crowded Bed.

An Alliance insurance firm, during the last of the influenza epidemic, received a claim for sick benefit on a policy written by the firm, with the following explanation:

"I beg to advise you that I am now recovering from the flu. I took to my bed with it four weeks ago. Was followed by my wife, my daughter and the hired girl." Boy, take a bottle of soothing syrup to room 52.

"Hooverize? Why we don't know what it means," laughed Mr. Hoover himself shortly after his trip to Europe. "I think the real 'Hooverizer,' as you call it, was the Frenchman who lived on three francs a week. 'Eat eez simple, vaire simple,' he explained. 'Sunday I go to zee house of zee good friend and zere I done so extraordinary and eet so vaire much I eet no more till zee Wednesday. Zen I go to zee restaurant and zere I order zee tripe and zee onions. I abhorre zee tripe, and zee onions too, and togeezzer zey mak me so seek I have no zee appetite till ze Sunday come again. Et is vaire simple."

A boy was down and another boy was standing over him. A stranger came along and said to the boy who seemed to have had the worst of it: "If you are licked, you ought to say you have had enough." "That's all right, mister, but so long as I've the go in me to say I've had enough I'm not licked."

At a Washington reception a lady whispered in a shocked voice to Senator Nelson: "Look at that girl! I never saw such a décolleté blouse, and such a short skirt, and such transparent stockings. I'm shocked beyond words, for I always thought her a very quiet creature." "Perhaps," laughed Nelson, "she's one of those who believe and practice the good old saying that young girls should be seen and not heard."

Two Kentucky "pals" had met, after quite a period of separation. The following conversation ensued: "Colonel, I heah, suh, yed have laid in a new supply of liquor, an' I understand it is right high in price nowadays." "My deah majub, I—ah—paid jes' nine dollahs a quawt foh it, suh." "Aaint that a trifle expensive, colonel?" "Not as my estimation, sah. It is th' first time I have evuh had th' privilege of payin' somevveh near

th' figure I have always considered it wuth."

The curly-haired little sprite of the house came running to her father in the study, and, throwing her arms around his neck, whispering confidentially in his ear: "Oh, papa, it's raining!" Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters aside, so he said, rather sharply: "Well, let it rain." "Yess, papa. I was going to," was her quick response.

A citizen whose daughter is about to be married, and who has been trying to get a line on what the expense of the rather elaborate ceremony will be, approached a friend of his seeking information. "Morris," he said, "your oldest daughter was married about five years ago, wasn't she? Would you mind telling me about how much the wedding cost?" "Not at all, Sam," was the answer. "Altogether, about five thousand dollars a year."

They were on their honeymoon, and were spending it amidst the mountains of Colorado. Nearly every day they attempted to climb to a fresh height. "There!" exclaimed the wife, when she had finished panting, "we have tramped all this distance to admire this beautiful view, and we were forgotten the glasses!" "Never mind, darling," replied he, taking a small flask out of his pocket. "There's no one about. We can drink just as well out of the bottle!"

Sam had been a pretty sick stevedore, but he had been cheerful and was given extra attention at the hospital near Bordeaux. The nurse was especially insistent that Sam clean his teeth regularly, and brought him tooth powder, brush, and water every morning. One day about noon Sam asked for his tooth powder. The nurse scolded and asked him if he had not cleaned his teeth in the morning. "Yas'm," replied Sam, "but I jes wants my tooth powder." The nurse brought the powder, water, and brush. "I don't want the brush, miss," Sam expostulated. "I jes goin' to powder 'em."

An optimistic old Scotchman's favorite expression was, "It might have been waur." One day a friend said to him, "Tammas, I had an awful dream about ye last night. I dreamt ye were dead." "Aye, man Santy, that was bad indeed; but it might have been waur." "But it wis waur," went on the other. "I dreamt ye had gone to the bad place." "Losh me, Sandy! Me an elder in the kirk dead an' gone to the bad place. That was awfu', but — I t'micht have been waur." "Hoo could it have been waur than that?" asked Sandy, amazed. "Weel, y' ken, it might have been true."

The record in meanness is well established by the lady who called at the local shop in a country village in England and gave a small—very small—order for goods, including a ha'porth of cat's meat. The shopkeeper was muttering angry words to himself hour an hour later as he made up the order, when a flurried and breathless maid-servant dashed into the place. "H-h-have you sent off Mrs. Grableight's things, yet?" she gasped. "Just doing 'em," snapped the grocer, as he struggled with a sea of parcels. "Oh, thank goodness!" gasped the girl. "Then don't send the cat's meat. The cat's just caught a sparrow."

MANY MORE BIRTHS IN THE YEAR 1918

Report of Department of Health at Lincoln Shows 285 Births and 192 Deaths During Year.

The report of the Department of Health of the state of Nebraska for the year 1918, for Box Butte county, which has just been issued, shows that here were 285 births in 1918 as compared with 140 for the year 1917. The number of deaths occurring in Box Butte county for the year 1918, was 192, of which number influenza, with its complication—pneumonia, caused 78.

There were two pairs of twins born in the county in 1917 and only one pair in 1918. The name of the father was not reported in one case in 1917 and the same in 1918. The detailed birth report for the years 1917 and 1918 was as follows:

1918	
Total number of births	285
Male	152
Female	133
Native father	250
Native mother	262
Foreign father	34
Foreign mother	23
Pairs of twins	1
Sets of triplets	0

1917	
Total number of births	140
Male	83
Female	57
Native father	125
Native mother	128
Foreign father	14
Foreign mother	12
Pairs of twins	2
Sets of triplets	0

Some idea of the great number of different races in Europe may be obtained from the fact that in that geographical division there are nearly 600 different languages spoken.

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring Back its Color and Lustre with Grandma's Sage Tea Recipe.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

Bitter or Better Baking

A letter makes a great difference in a word. A word makes a great difference in baking powders.

If the little word "alum" appears on the label it may mean bitter baking.

If the word ROYAL stands out bold and strong, it surely means BETTER baking.

This is only one reason why it pays to use

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

Good Tire Judgment

Every time you buy United States Tires your judgment is backed by that of hundreds of thousands of experienced motorists,

- hundreds of thousands who use United States Tires continuously,
- hundreds of thousands who stand ready to endorse the economy and long, uninterrupted service of United States Tires.

We can provide you with United States Tires that will exactly meet your individual requirements.

There is a type for every need of price or use.

'Chain' 'Usco'

PRINCE ALBERT



YOU can't help cutting loose joy's remarks every time you flush your smokespot with Prince Albert—it hits you so fair and square. It's a scuttle full of joy's jimmy pipe sunshine and as satisfying as it is delightful every hour of the twenty-four!

It's never too late to hop into the Prince Albert pleasure-pasture! For, P. A. is trigger-ready to give you more tobacco fun than you ever had in your smokecareer. That's because it has the quality.

Quick as you know Prince Albert you'll write it down that P. A. did not bite your tongue or parch your throat. And, it never will! For, our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch. Try it for what ails your tongue!

Tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



C. Q. HEDGECOCK COURSEY-MOLLER CO. SCHAFFER BROS. STURGEON BROS. C. C. WILSON, Lakeside.

United States Tires are Good Tires