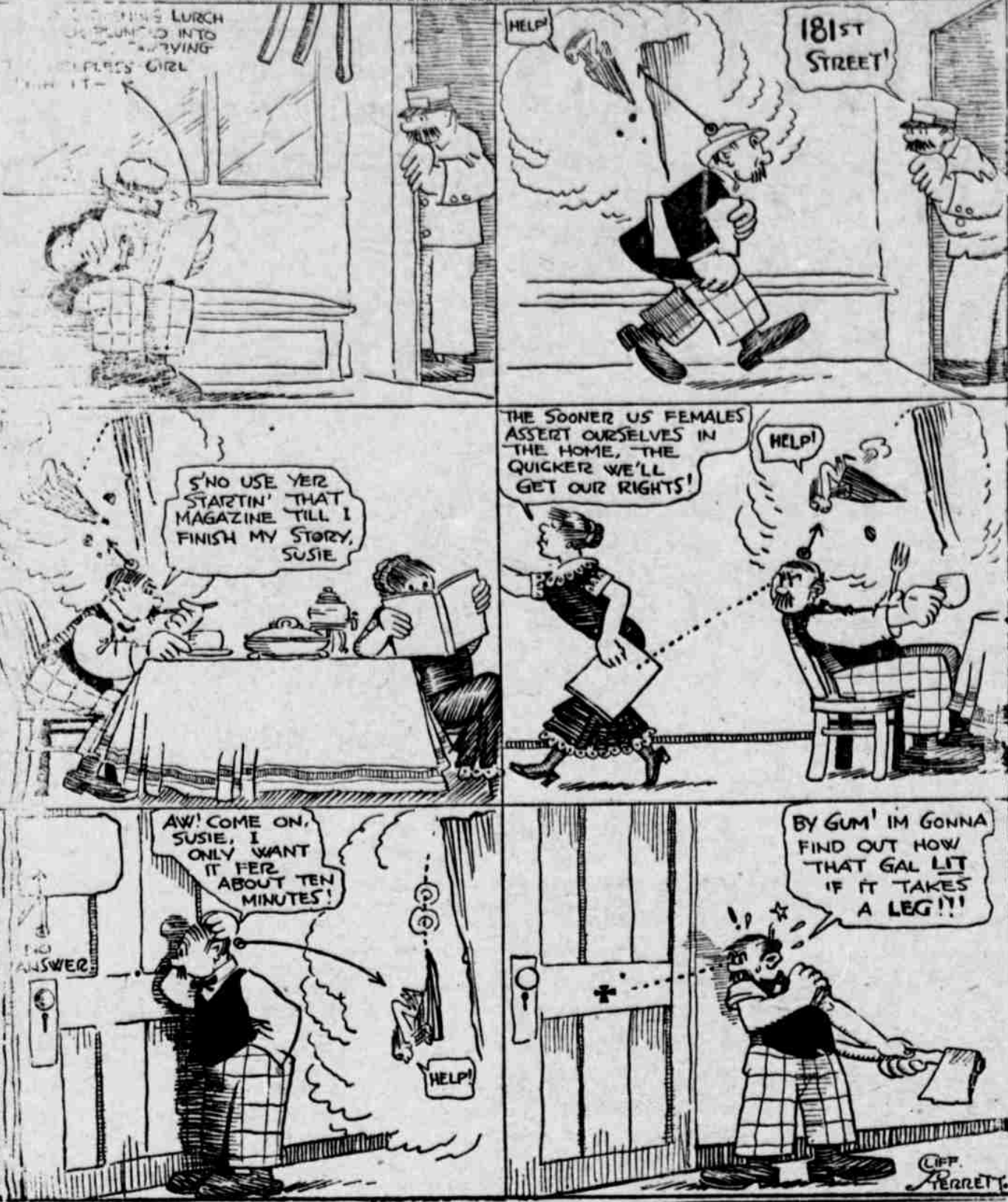


WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

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thing more valuable than a loving wife or his name engraved on a bronze tablet. Quite possibly he was running for his life.

He had been walking unconcernedly down a street crowded with idle strikers when some one with pointing finger had indicated him as "the man who done it." The hundred or so morose looking men, seeking for trouble and glad of an outlet for energy accumulated from several days without work, had started in pursuit.

There was no time to stop and explain that it was a case of mistaken identity. Bradley, as former superintendent of the largest woolen mill in the state, had handled men sufficiently to understand the strange vagaries of mob psychology. He recognized instinctively that his cue was flight first and explanations afterward.

So far he had eluded his pursuers. But an approaching murmur, undoubtedly hostile, warned him of the necessity for doing something else than standing in the center of a large treeless lawn. If he could only get inside the house. There was no time to ring the bell and wait on the possible delay of the people within.

Suddenly, easily accessible from the veranda roof, an open window upstairs caught his attention. He wasted no time in reflecting that he was about to assume the character of a second-story man, but climbed the veranda pillar, crawled through the window and closed it behind him. As he did so an evil-faced man parted the hedge

have known him all my life. Don't marry that man!"

Forestalling the exclamations he saw rising on the indignant lips of the aunt, and carrying away with him an unforgettable picture of the girl's lifted eyebrows and affronted look, Warren Bradley turned on his heel and left the house.

It was on the surf-washed beach at Santa Barbara that they met again. Warren, pacing the sands moodily, was wondering what the years held in store besides the golden fortune they seemed bent on bestowing.

Startled at the sound of his name spoken in soft contralto unwestern accents, he turned abruptly. Before him stood, as radiantly beautiful as he recalled her five years ago, Madeline Stoddard—or was she Mrs. Bristol?

"No," she said shaking her head in answer to his inquiry. "I didn't do it. I was furiously angry with you, but I made investigations. I didn't have far to go—my own lawyer told me. All that you had intimated was true. It let me out of a marriage I had contemplated, not from love. I can see now, but, oh, I guess from sheer boredom! Anyway, I owe you considerable gratitude. It is a debt I can never repay." She held out a slim hand.

Warren took it gently. "Never is a long time," he said with a smile. "I could tell you something which would seem more outrageous than what I told you before," he added.

Her eyes dropped, and somehow encouraged, Warren continued. "Would you mind my saying that, casual as our first meeting was, I have never been able to imagine any other woman decked as you were when I first saw you 'decked as a bride?' He paused, then added slowly, "Many, many hours I have spent wishing that I had met you in such a way as to give me the right to follow the usual line of procedure which leads through courtship to a proposal of marriage. If I dared, I should say now, 'Madeline, will you marry me?'"

Madeline did not answer for a moment. "I am all alone in the world," she said at last. "For years and years I have been perfectly conventional. I think, just once, I might—wait!" She held up a restraining hand. "I must confess, when you peremptorily took away the man I expected to marry, you put another in his place. I came West not unhoping that I might chance upon that man."

In the dusk that was enveloping them Warren held out his arms. "Madeline, Madeline, my darling!" he whispered.

Presently Madeline looked at him with a mischievous sparkle in her eye. "Just two episodes in our lives," she said. "Both very different. In one you forbade me to marry. In the other you beg me to!"

"There's yet another way in which they differ," smiled Warren tenderly. "This one is going to last forever!"



Quite Possibly He Was Running for His Life.

and looked through. Then the crowd swept by.

Obviously Warren might now descend by the way he had come in. Yet, once safely in, he shrank from being detected in the act of coming forth. Furthermore, there was no guarantee that the baffled mob would not swing back and plex him up on its return.

Deciding that to remain in the frying pan was preferable to jumping into the fire, he turned to hunt up the occupants of the house and tender his explanations.

The room in which he found himself was evidently a lady's bedroom, metamorphosed for the time being into the likeness of an anteroom of a modeste. Over the cretonned, cushioned chairs, across the bed, and even suspended from the mirrors above the dressing table were feminine garments of every description.

But Warren did not stop to admire the elaborate display. Finding the stairway, he descended and parted the heavy draperies which apparently curtained the living room. Three women uttered screams. The fourth, superbly decked in a bridal gown, paused in the act of slowly circling before a huge pier glass and looked at him in astonishment. Even as he told his story, Warren decided that she was the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

Two of the women were evidently seamstresses, the third her aunt. Mutual acquaintance was presently established without question. Also, it was suggested that he summon a taxicab and avoid any possible meeting with the incensed men.

As Warren turned to go, the aunt said as one who proclaims a fact which all the world should know, "We're all upset, because my niece is to be married tomorrow."

"Indeed," said Warren, mentally congratulating the wonderfully blessed bridegroom, "I wish her every happiness."

"To William R. Bristol!" added the aunt in evident pride.

William Bristol! That beautiful radiant girl! Why, he supposed everybody in town knew who and what Billy Bristol was. Could it be that

STRENUOUS KIND OF BATH

Finn First Thoroughly Opens Pores With Steam, and Then Takes a Reel in the Snow.

The Finn takes bathing as a serious rite and the bath-house is the first building erected on the farm. Generally, it is a rough building, 15 to 18 feet high, with a chimney-like vent in its peaked roof or a small window over the door for the same purpose. The door opens into a little room from which another door opens into the bath-house. In one corner of the main room is a wide fireplace built of large, round stones, compactly piled around a deep fire box. At the sides of the room there are three or four platforms of different heights.

On tub night, or day, a roaring fire is built and allowed to burn until the stones are superheated. It is then raked out and pails of water are thrown over the stones which fills the place with dense steam in which the entire family is soon enveloped. After stemming to his satisfaction a pail of water is thrown over the bather in the anteroom or he takes a vigorous roll in the snow, then a run to the house, clad only in the garment of cleanliness.

Proper Posture for Sleep.

Most people sleep on their right sides, though children up to the age of 14 sleep equally well on either side or in the supine position. Dr. E. H. C. Allen, writing in the Journal of Medical Sciences (Dublin), says we should all accustom ourselves to sleeping in any of these positions.

It is interesting to note that men of science have not discovered what sleep is. There are many theories, but none of these is satisfactory. But one needs not be a man of science to say that sleep is absolutely necessary and if it cannot be obtained by natural means we must resort to artificial.

Helpful Hint.

He (tenderly)—"It's a mistake for a man to go through life alone." She—"Why don't you get your mother to chaperone you?"—The Widow.

Excited people who gather about city shops and talk parlor bolshevism should not entertain the delusion that they constitute or even represent the United States.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans now regard bolshevism as a bad joke, and they object to having any joke—particularly a bad one—carried too far.

Two years ago I made a study of the heads of the one hundred leading industries of America, remarks Roger W. Babson in Independent. Those men are all multimillionaires and the leaders in their industry. Five per cent of them are the sons of bankers, 10 per cent of them are sons of merchants and manufacturers, 25 per cent of them are the sons of teachers, doctors and country lawyers and over 30 per cent of them are the sons of preachers whose salaries didn't average \$1,500 a year.

The price of sugar is a lump sum.

In this secluded spinsterly home there had never penetrated tales of the devious ways in which that dissolute man squandered his fabulous fortune? He hesitated. The two seamstresses had gone to another room whence issued the dull purr of a sewing machine. He looked gravely into the girl's clear eyes.

"Miss Stoddard," he began, "until a minute ago I did not know your name. I shall never see you again, for tomorrow I leave for the West. In a way, you have been the means of very possibly saving my life today. In return, I am going to be very presumptuous and advise you. As you value your future happiness, wait! I know the man you are planning to marry—I

County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, as: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is October 30, 1920 and for payment of debts is June 15, 1921; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on October 30th, 1920 at 2 o'clock P. M. to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. Dated June 15, 1920.

IRA E. TASH, County Judge.

SEAL
Burton & Reddish, Attys.
June 15-July 16, 1920.

Credit must be given Trotsky as an organizer. He is now applying to industry the same stern methods by which he whipped his armies into shape. With the aid of a new executive department of the soviet, the chief committee for general compulsory labor, he is conscripting the male population, organizing it on military lines into a labor army, and actually making the lazy Russians work at his speed for twelve hours a day, says San Francisco Chronicle. The discipline is said to be precisely the same as in his army; in other words, the firing squad is the magnet of his labor engine. What a joke it all is on the proletariat, that thought it was going to work how, when and as little as it pleased.

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The price of sugar is a lump sum.

EPISODE TWO

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Through the private hedge and across the lawn Warren Bradley sprinted with all the speed which had, in days gone by, made him a frequent victor in college meets. This time, however, he was running for some-

FOR SALE—AUTOMOBILE.
FOR SALE OR TRADE—Six Cylinder seven-passenger 1918 model Studebaker car in first class condition. For sale or will exchange for a roadster. L. H. HIGHLAND. 64 tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Frank D. Gilloran, deceased. Notice to all persons interested in the Estate of Frank D. Gilloran, deceased, is hereby given, that Sarah A. Gilloran, Administratrix of the said Estate will meet the creditors of the said Estate at the County Court Room in the City of Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, on the 11th day of October, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of hearing, adjusting, and allowing claims against the said Estate. All persons having claims or debts against the said estate must file the same in said court on or before the 9th day of October, 1920, or said Claims will be forever barred. Dated this 7th day of June, 1920.

IRA E. TASH, County Judge.

(SEAL)
LEE BAYNE, Atty.
June 8-July 9-Inc.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution issued by Ira E. Tash Judge of the County Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska, upon a judgment rendered in said court in favor of Charles S. Mooney, against J. E. Templeton, I have levied upon the following personal property taken as the property of the said J. E. Templeton, to-wit: One Majestic Range, One patent sink, One draining Board, One crumb table, One Dish Table, One Ice Box, One Counter, One Oil Stove with two burners, Five Dish Pans, Twenty-three table forks, Twenty-two desert spoons, Thirty-seven teaspoons, Forty-nine pie plates, Two muffin pans, One Oil Can, Two Stew Kettles, Four Kitchen Spoons, Three Ladles, One Rolling Pin, Two Flour Sieves, Two frying pans, One Apple Corer, One Hammer, Three Eight-inch plates, Two ten-quart pails, One Ladle, Two bake pans, Two brushes, One Bake Pan, and I will on the 24th day of July, 1920, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the building known as the Burlington Cafe, situated on Block Eleven (11) Lot Twenty-seven, original town now city of Alliance, in said county of Box Butte, sell said personal property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said execution, the amount due thereon in the aggregate being the sum of \$255.17 and \$10.75 costs and accruing cost.

J. W. MILLER, Sheriff of Box Butte County. Dated, July 8, 1920. 68

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of James H. Skinner, deceased, in County Court of Box Butte

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FOR RENT—Front bedroom, 721 Laramie. Phone 599. 62tf

THREE ROOMS to rent over Alliance Candy Store, at 210 1/2 Box Butte Ave. Inquire L. R. Rozell. 65p

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY

FIVE room Bungalow, all modern, close in; bargain. See Neb. Land Co. 64

FOR SALE—USED CARS

FOR SALE—Good used cars. A. H. Jones Company, Massac Temple Bldg. 64

FOR SALE—PLANTS

FINE PLANTS FOR SALE—Cabbage, tomato, sweet potatoes, 50c per 100 postpaid. Mid-West Plant House, North Platte, Neb. 62p

WANTED—HOUSE TO RENT

WANTED TO RENT—Five room modern house. Inquire DR. B. G. BAUMAN, Opera House Block. 61tf

WANTED—FARMS

ATTENTION—I want to hear from party having farm for sale; give price and description. L. W. Borah, Box 248, Champaign, Ill. 66-1f

WANTED—RAGS

WANTED—The Herald will pay 7c per pound for clean white rags, delivered at this office. 62

WANTED—HELP

MEN WANTED at the Greenhouse, 419 Missouri. 64

WANTED—Woman or girl with some experience in sewing in a cleaning establishment, 164 Cleaners. 65

FOUND

FOUND—Ladies dark brown gauntlet glove, for right hand. Owner may have same by calling at Herald office. 65

LOST

LOST—Black bill fold check book, containing Masonic card and other papers. Finder please leave at Herald. 64p

be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in (To be continued.)

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