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THIS WEEK ONLY—FOUR DAYS LEFT

## E. G. Laing

"Modern Clothes For Men"

It has always been the policy of this house to look beyond the cash drawer. It is fine to make money, but it is finer to make money and loyal friends at the same time.

### Mephisto Speaks

(By An Anonymous Writer)

Mephisto says that there are several things he cannot fathom, and still more that are impossible to him. Among the latter is: How can modern woman expect red-blooded man to keep from casting lascivious eyes at her, when she wears some of this make-believe clothing?

The other day he was going to the depot when a lady (apparently over forty) was coming from the depot. He dress hung about to her knees and the top of the waist came down below—well, enough said.

The point we want to make is that no real man could pass up a woman clad in such a way without taking a second look—that is, no red-blooded, healthy man.

Not long ago a daily paper carried the news item that a priest in a western refused to perform a wedding ceremony until the bride went back to put on more clothes.

Last week the Denver papers carried the account of an interview with one of the chief justices of the great state of New York, and he said, among other things, that the wave of crime could be attributed to the lack of clothing worn by modern women. So there!

An education from Chicago says that much of the immorality rampant in some of our educational institutes is the lack of clothing worn by the girl of today. So there, again!

The thing that struck Mephisto as funny is that these reports bore the signature of women reporters. He knows of at least one woman reporter whose hobby is the criticism of the lack of clothing worn by movie actors; when she says, to quote Billy Sunday (and he knows): "She didn't wear enough clothes to make an apron for a canary bird. Alas, if you don't believe I am quoting him correctly, read his sermon on 'Modern Society,' found in the book, 'Billy Sunday, the Man and Preacher,' by Brown.

Mephisto has nothing against the reformers, but he does get a pain in the neck when he reads of the women in society from this and that quarter criticizing the card scenes in the theaters. He believes in reasonable censorship, but not the kind some of your goody-goody folks are advocating. He likes a good picture, but he is sure that what would meet the plans and specifications of some of the howlers of the day would be worth very little, so far as entertainment and instruction are concerned.

Speaking of card playing—listen, you good women who are crying out against the gambling scenes in the pictures: Sh-h-h-h, I came across this piece in a certain paper last week and I'll copy it word for word from the Oklahoma paper in which it appeared: "The boys of this town have signed a pledge to quit gambling as soon as the women of the town cut out their social games, where the stakes are 'vases, dishes, loving cups and other wares.' Those boys claim they have just as much right to gamble as their mothers.

And this comes from a paper which also says that many of those mothers are members of some of the local churches, and some are W. C. T. U. members. In their fight to reform the mothers, the boys have the sympathy of Mephisto. If mothers in general would set the pace for their children there would be less need for a juvenile court.

Let me take it back and put it this way: It is the pace set by the mother and father that makes the youthful gambler.

A mother criticizes her daughter for dancing with every Tom, Dick and Harry, and then she hugs the same fellows right before the daughter—I mean, she dances with them. What is proper for the daughter ought to be proper for the mother, and vice versa.

Now, let's quit fooling. If we want reforms let us begin at home. Let the home be the great seat of reform, and you will have little trouble with the children away from home. I think our children are doing nicely, considering the little inducement they have

to do better, from the example set before them.

Listen, if the patient editor will allow, Mephisto begins next week giving you a description of someone he has met in Alliance. We will give you a dollar if you can guess whose character we describe. Get ready to guess. The subject next week will be "The Chameleon."

No, dear, the reason we write under the name of Mephisto is not because we are ashamed of our name, or fear the public. Some day we will spill the secret. Just now we are out for a lark under this name. If what we say makes you mad, well and good; and if you get just a little pleasure in reading what we write, we will feel that our efforts have not been in vain. MEPHISTO.

Diana beads are the latest at Thiele's. 41

### Has Certificates for Soldiers Naturalized in Camps During War

The following letter, received by W. C. Mounts, clerk of the district court, from M. R. Bevington, chief naturalization examiner with offices in St. Louis, is of interest to ex-service men who were naturalized during the war, but have not yet received their certificates:

"To the Clerks of Naturalization Courts:  
"1. For a time during the war against the Central Powers, by direction of the secretary of war, certificates of naturalization were not placed in the hands of those alien soldiers who were naturalized while in the military service. After the signing of the armistice, an effort was made to deliver these withheld certificates of naturalization.

"2. Some time ago, there were delivered to this office unclaimed certificates issued to soldiers stationed at the following military camps, cantonments, reservations, etc.: Camp Pike, Arkansas; Fort Logan H. Roots, Arkansas; Eberts Field, Arkansas; Scott Field, Illinois; Camp Dodge, Iowa; Fort Des Moines, Iowa; Camp Funston, Kansas; Fort Riley, Kansas; Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; Automobile Schools, Kansas City, Missouri; Fort Crook, Nebraska; Fort Omaha, Nebraska; Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma; Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Park Field, Tennessee and schools and universities having military units attached, in the states of Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

"3. Through the newspapers of your community, and any other means of publicity available, particularly American Legion posts, might I ask that you call attention to the fact that we have several thousand undelivered certificates of naturalization on hand in this office, covering cases of soldiers naturalized at the above named military posts during the war, and which were withheld by the war department? It is further asked that all those entitled to these certificates, communicate with us at once, the delivery of same can be made. In requesting any given certificate, the candidate should state when and where he was naturalized, and should give any additional information that may be needed to identify his case.

"4. Any help you can give us in this matter will be deeply appreciated. Former soldiers who may have been naturalized in camps and cantonments other than those above mentioned, and who have not as yet secured possession of their certificates of citizenship, should communicate direct with the chief naturalization examiner whose district includes the state in which the person concerned was naturalized."

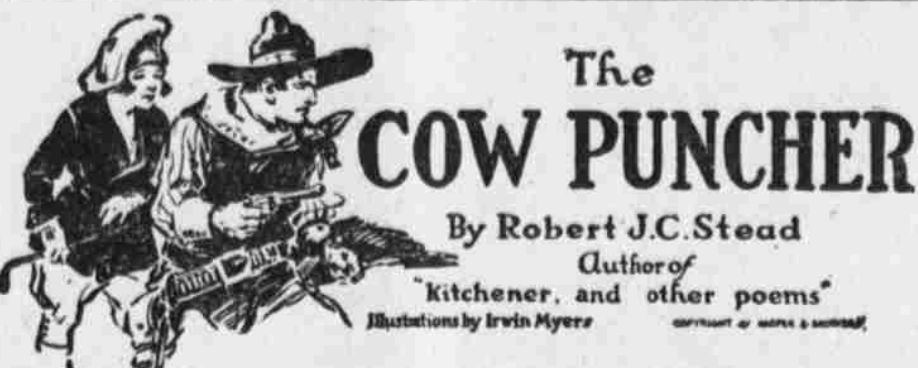
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Brooklyn specialist says pessimists lose their hair. Cheer up or go bald-headed!

Read The Herald's adv. columns.



## The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead

Author of "Kitchener, and other poems"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

For a moment he stood irresolute. He could only guess what Conward's plan had been, but that it had been diabolical and cowardly, and that it concerned Irene, he had no doubt. His impulse was to immediately confront Conward, force a confession, and deal with him as the occasion might seem to require. But his eye fell on the boy, with his shock of brown hair and wistful, half-frightened face.

"I'll go with you first," he said, with quick decision. Then to the girl, "Sorry I must turn you out, but this case is urgent."

"That's all right," she said. "I'm used to being turned out." And before he knew it she was in the street.

"All right, son," said Dave, taking up the matter now in hand. "What's your name—your first name?"

"Charlie."

"And your address?"

The boy mentioned a distant subdivision.

"That is out, isn't it? Well, we'll take the car. I guess I'd better call a doctor at once."

He went to the telephone and gave some directions. Then he and the boy walked to a garage and in a few moments were humming along the by-ways into the country. Dave had already become engrossed in his errand of mercy and his rage at Conward, if not forgotten, was temporarily dismissed from his mind.

He chatted with the boy.

"You go to school?"

"Not this year. Father has been too sick. Of course, these are holidays, and he says he'll be all right before they're over."

Dave smiled grimly. "The incurable optimism of it," he murmured to himself. Then outwardly: "Of course he will. We'll fix him up in no time with a good doctor and a good nurse."

They drove on through the calm night, leaving the city streets behind and following what was little more than a country trail. Here and there they bumped over pieces of graded street, infinitely rougher than the natural prairie; once Dave dropped his front wheels into a collapsing water trench; once he just grazed an isolated hydrant.

"And this is one of our 'choice residential subdivisions,'" said Dave to himself. "Fine business! Fine business!"

As the journey continued the sense of self-reproach which had been static in him for many months became more insistent. The intrusion of Conward into his mind sent the blood to his head, but at that moment his reflections were cut short by the boy.

"We'll have to get out here," he said. "The bridge is down."

Investigation proved him to be right. A bridge over a small stream had collapsed and was slowly disintegrating amid its own wreckage. Dave ran the car a little to one side of the road, locked the switch and walked on with the boy.

"Fine business!" Dave repeated to himself. "And this is how our big success was made. Well, the 'success' has vanished as quickly as it came. I suppose there is a law somewhere that is not mocked."

A large, heavy, wooden and very dishes and pieces of stale food; a stove cracked and greasy, and one or two bare boxes serving as articles of furniture. But it was to the bed Dave turned, and with another match bent over the shrunken form that lay almost concealed amid the coarse coverings. He brought his face down close, then straightened up and steadied himself for a moment.

"He'll soon be well, don't you think, mister? He said he would be well when the holidays—"

But Dave's expression stopped the boy, whose own face went suddenly wild with fear. "He is well now, Charlie," he said, as steadily as he could. "It is all holidays now for him."

The match had burned out and the room was in utter darkness. Dave heard the child drawing his feet across the floor, then suddenly whimpering like a thing that had been mortally hurt. He groped toward him, and at length his fingers found his shock of hair. He drew the boy slowly into his arms; then very, very tight. . . . After all, they were orphans together.

"You will come with me," he said at length. "I will see that you are provided for. The doctor will soon be here, or we will meet him on the way, and he will make the arrangements for—the arrangements that have to be made, you know."

They retraced their steps toward the town, meeting the doctor at the broken bridge. Dave exchanged a few words with him in low tones, and they passed on. Soon they were swinging again through the city streets. Even with the developments of the evening pressing heavily upon his mind Dave could not resist the temptation to stop and listen for a moment to bulletins being read through a megaphone.

"The Kaiser has stripped off his British regalia," said the announcer. "He says he will never again wear a British uniform."

A chuckle of derisive laughter ran through the mob; then someone struck up a well-known refrain—"What the h—do we care?" Up and down the street voices caught up the chorus. . . . Within a year the bones of many in that thoughtless crowd, bleaching on the fields of Flanders, showed how much they cared.

Dave drove direct to the Hardy home. After some delay Irene met him at the door, and Dave explained the situation in a few words. "We must take care of him, Reenie," he said. "I feel a personal responsibility."

"Of course we will take him," she answered. "He will live here until we have a—some place of our own." Her face was bright with something which must be tenderness. "Bring him upstairs. We will allot him a room and introduce him first to—the bathroom. And tomorrow we shall have an excursion downtown, and get some new clothes for Charlie—Elden."

As they moved up the stairs Conward, who had been in another room in conversation with Mrs. Hardy, followed them unseen. The evening had been interminable for Conward. For three hours he had awaited word that his victim had been trapped, and for three hours no word had come. If his plans had miscarried, if Dave had discovered the plot, well—And here at length was Dave, engrossed in a very different matter. Conward followed them up the stairs.

Irene and Dave chatted with the boy for a few moments, then Irene turned to some arrangements for his comfort and Dave started downstairs. In the passage he was met by Conward.

"What are you doing here?" Dave demanded, as he felt his head beginning to swim in anger.

Conward leered only the more of

sensitively, and walked down the stairs beside him. At the foot he coolly lit another cigarette. He held the match before him and calmly watched it burn out. Then he extended it toward Dave.

"You remember our wager, Elden. I present you with—a burned-out match."

"You liar!" cried Dave. "You infamous liar!"

"Ask her," Conward replied. "She will deny it, of course. All women do."

Dave felt his muscles tighten, and knew that in a moment he would tear his victim to pieces. As his clenched fist came to the side of his body it struck something hard. His revolver! He had forgotten; he was not in the habit of carrying it. In an instant he had Conward covered.

Dave did not press the trigger at once. He took a fierce delight in torturing the man who had wrecked his life.



He Took a Fierce Delight in Torturing the Man Who Had Wrecked His Life.

turing the man who had wrecked his life—even while he told himself he could not believe his boast. Now he watched the color fade from Conward's cheek; the eyes stand out in his face; the livid blotches more livid still; the cigarette drop from his nerveless lips.

"You are a brave man, Conward," he said, and there was the rasp of hate and contempt in his voice. "You are a very brave man."

Mrs. Hardy, sensing something wrong, came out from her sitting room. With a little cry she swooned away.

Conward tried to speak, but words stuck in his throat. With a dry tongue he licked his drier lips.

"Do you believe in hell, Conward?" Dave continued. "I've always had some doubt myself, but in thirty seconds—you'll know!"

Irene appeared on the stairway. For a moment her eyes refused to grasp the scene before them; Conward covering terror-stricken; Dave fierce, steely, implacable, with his revolver lined on Conward's brain. Through some strange whim of her mind her thought in that instant flew back to the bottles on the posts of the Elden ranch, and Dave breaking five out of six on the gallop. Then suddenly she became aware of one thing only. A tragedy was being enacted before her eyes.

"Oh, don't, Dave! Don't, don't shoot him!" she cried, flying down the remaining steps. Before Dave could grasp her purpose she was upon him, had clutched his revolver, had wrapped her arms about his. "Don't, don't, Dave!" she pleaded. "For my sake don't do that!"

Her words were tragically unfortunate. For a moment Dave stood as one paralyzed; then his heart dried up within him.

"So that's the way of it!" he said, as he broke her grip, and the horror in his own eyes would not let him read the sudden horror in hers. "All right; take it," and he placed the revolver in her hand. "You should know what to do with it." And before she could stop him he had walked out of the house.

She rushed to the gate, but already the roar of his motor was lost in the hum of the city's traffic.

### CHAPTER XIII.

When Dave sprang into his car he

gave the motor a full head and drove through the city streets in a fury of recklessness. His mind was numbed; it was incapable of assorting thoughts and placing them in proper relationship to one another. He was soon out of the city, roaring through the still autumn night with undiminished speed.

Over tortuous country roads, across sudden bridges, along slippery hillsides, through black bluffs of scrub land—in some strange way he tried to drown the uproar in his soul in the frenzy of the steel that quivered beneath him. On and on into the night. Bright stars gleamed overhead; a soft breeze pressed against his face; it was such a night as he had driven, a year ago, with Bert Morrison. Was that only a year ago? And what had happened? Where had he been? Oh, to bring the boy—Charlie, the boy. When was that? Under the calm heaven his mind was already attempting to establish a sequence, to set its outraged home again in order.

Suddenly the car skidded on a slippery hillside, turned from the road, plowed through a clump of scrub, ricocheted against a dark obstruction, poised a moment on two wheels, turned around, and stopped. The shock brought Dave to his senses. He sat on the running board and stared for a long while into the darkness.

"No use being a d—d fool, anyway, Dave," he said to himself at length. "I got it—where I didn't expect it—but I guess that's the way with everyone." He tried to philosophize; to get a fresh grip on himself. "Where are we, anyway?" he continued. "This country looks familiar." He got up again and walked about, finding his way back to the road. He went along it a little way. Vague impressions suggested that he should know the spot, and yet he could not identify it. Then, with a sudden shock, it came to him. It was the hillside on which Doctor Hardy had come to grief; the hillside on which he had first seen her bright face, her wonderful eyes. . . . A poignancy of grief engulfed him, sweeping away his cheap philosophies. Here she stood, young and clean and entrancing, thrust before him in an instant out of the wonderful days of the past. And would she always follow him thus? With an unutterable sinking he knew that was so—that the world was not big enough to hide him from Irene Hardy. There was no way out.

He started his motor, and even in his despair felt a thrill of pride as the faithful gears engaged and the car climbed back to its place on the trail. Was all faithfulness, then, in things of steel and iron, and none in flesh and blood? He followed the trail. Why stop now? The long-forgotten ranch buildings lay across the stream and behind the tongue of spruce trees, unless some waddling foothill fire had destroyed them. He forded the stream without difficulty. That was where he had carried her out. . . . He felt his way slowly along the old fence. That was where she had set up bottles for his marksmanship. . . . He stopped where the straggling gate should be and walked carefully into the yard. That was where she had first called him Dave. . . . Then he found the doorstep and sat down to wait.

When the sun was well up he arose and walked about. His lips were parched; he found himself nibbling them with his teeth, so he went to the stream. He was thirsty, but he drank only a mouthful; the water was flat and insipid. . . . The old cabin was in better repair than he would have thought. He sprung the door open. It was musty and strung with cobwebs. He did not go in but sat down and tried to think.

(Continued in Next Issue)

### PIANO FOR SALE

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