

Special to the People of Alliance and Vicinity

to Show You Our Appreciation During the Past Year

The Imperial is going to put on a special added attraction daily the best obtainable photoplays on the market. Being impossible for me to give each and everyone of my patrons a Xmas present, the above attractions will be shown matinee and night at the regular admission regardless of cost.

STARTING TONIGHT
Dec. 7th. We take great pride in announcing the world's famous writer ZANE GREY'S latest novel.

"THE RIDERS OF THE DAWN"

Wednesday, Dec. 8th

Rex Beach Special

"IT'S A GREAT LIFE"

Thursday, Dec. 9th

Maurice Tourneur Production

"MY LADY'S GARTER"

RANDOM SHOTS

Whist! Scandal!

The Herald got a phone call, just as the paper went to press Friday morning, from a garageman. "Did you hear about the big scandal at the Lowry & Henry garage the other night?" We told him we had not. "You're a bunch of newspapermen," he said, "or else you're protecting them. If anything were to happen at our place, you'd print it fast enough." We pleaded for details, and he reluctantly passed them out. "They tell me," he said, "but you can see the chief of police and find out for yourself—that Chief Jeffers went over there about 3 a. m. yesterday morning, and down in the basement he found two tin Lizzies with Dodge Brothers."

Reminds us of the butcher who was arrested on complaint of one of his customers that he had seen him in the refrigerator with seven undressed chickens.

A woman came into the Rhein hardware the other morning. "I want a mousetrap, please—the biggest you have," she said to Jack Rhein. "And please hurry—I have just ten minutes to catch a train." Jack made a mental calculation, and replied regretfully: "I'm very sorry, madam, but we do not have a mousetrap big enough to catch a train."

Goat Glands, Perhaps.

Idealist (with newspaper)—"Just think of it! A couple got married a few days ago after a courtship which lasted fifty years."

Cynic—"I suppose the poor old man was too feeble to hold out any longer."

Iowa, they say, has a record breaking corn crop and a record number of marriages this year. All of which leads one paragrapher to wonder if there is anything significant in the heading of an editorial in a Des Moines paper: cmfw hrd hrldwdwww Moines paper: "Question of the hour: Will you have crib room?"

Teasing Papa!

Here's a story that we've been tempted to tell, names 'n everything, for the past two weeks. Our tender heart won't let us give the names right now, but there are circumstances under which we might be goaded to disclose them.

There's a couple who have been married only a year or so, and they're still very much in love, which is commendable, of course. They live in the same house with a couple who have been hitched for several years, and this latter couple has a small daughter. Daughter was visiting the first-mentioned couple the other morning, just as the young husband was ready to go to work. He wanted a good-bye kiss, and the young wife proceeded to be coy. She escaped from his embrace, and ran around the room. Hubby pursued, and after the proper amount of delay, the wife blushing allowed herself to be caught and kissed. She turned to the visiting daughter, still blushing, and having to say something, said this: "Does your mother tease your papa like that?"

"Oh, yes," said the little girl. "Yes, indeed. When papa come in, mamma will sit on his lap, and hug him, and kiss him—and just tease him awful. I think he likes to be teased, too!"

Some day, when we get up nerve enough, we're going to tell papa about it.

But not mamma. We value our E's, such as it is.

Today's Best Story.

Colonel Kelly says: "The Elmdale News is for it and advises young America to cut out the slang: Which reminds us of a story, a boiler plate one, we ran across somewhere. A mother and her son were visiting the circus. When they paused before the giraffe the boy took a good look at the long-necked animal and said, 'Ma, that's a hell of a looking animal, ain't it?' and the mother, quick to do her part for better speech, replied: 'Johnny, how often have I told you not to say 'ain't'!"

We suppose we've got it coming, but hanged if the suspense isn't awful, now that we haven't got the gripe to worry about.

At the worst, all we're out is a package of scrap.

And the most we could win would be a scrap for life.

Jim has some chips these days, but he don't play with that reckless abandon that was so characteristic of him last winter.

Indications are that we're going to have to buy a few cigars now and then, ourselves.

As D. says, it looks like a hard winter.

Remember that a share of the money received from the sale of Tuberculosis Christmas seals is available for use in Alliance. When you buy these seals you may be helping someone in this city.

Some men spend money for candy, flowers and theatre tickets, while others put their trust in bids on kitchen cabinets.

Having striking examples of each kind of devotion near at hand, we are laying low to see which plan gives the best results.

A boon for fat men has been invented lately, and as soon as we get the necessary cash we are going to invest. It's a combination suspenders and shirt holder, although it doesn't fit over the shoulder like the old-style gallus. Neither does it cost 50 cents, the sum we used to pay for that style of trousers supporters.

The thing is a light canvas belt, some three or four inches wide, which is sewed inside the trousers. It's a miniature corset, if a man be allowed to use that word. Only it doesn't lace up so tight. No matter how fat a man is—no matter how large his gallery—it will hold his trousers in place and give him a neat, dresy look worn by men who can carry themselves well aft without seeming overbalanced.

Another feature is a series of little rubber disks, an inch and a half across with little fingers sticking out—something like a face massage dings. These little pads are said to keep the shirt from crawling, something that is an enormous worry to a man after his equatorial line gets about so large.

A friend of ours has purchased one of the things, and we are watching to see how it goes. If he is still as enthusiastic about it three weeks from now, our money is as good as spent.

The pure food show, and the baby show which was its chief feature yes-

terday, brought out all the mothers in Alliance and most of the grandmothers. Out in front of the Lowry & Henry garage, and around the entrance to the roof garden, was the largest assortment of baby carriages that had ever been brought together in Alliance. A man tried to kid Link Lowry about it, but Link told him that they always parked their cars outside in nice weather.

The more money that is spent for governmental expenses, the less there will be left for other purposes, or the more you'll be taxed in proportion to what you get.

That's the way it usually works out.

Brad Minor has the record this week for high score in golf. He went through the fence five times and took eighteen swipes at the pill before he made the hole.

No broken clubs, however.

When the snow melts, we're going to challenge Brad for a game.

What's worrying us is whether we're in his class or if he's still in ours.

Stock hogs wanted by the Nebraska Land Company. 103-1f

An Alliance paper advertises two unfurnished rooms for rent for light housekeeping at only \$21.00 a month, and yet people here expect to find a modern bungalow to rent at that figure. Houses to rent are a scarce article in Superior, but we have not learned of anyone paying a rate that is unreasonable and as yet people are not compelled to live three and four families in a house, as they do in some progressive cities corresponding in size to Superior.—From "A Few Shirts Siftins," by Lee A. Richmond.

Stock hogs wanted by the Nebraska Land Company. 103-1f

Announcement

Dr. A. Clarence Schoch

Late assistant attending surgeon and instructor at the Chicago Polyclinic and Post-Graduate School; attending surgeon at the Henrotin Memorial Hospital, Chicago, Ill.,

Desires to Announce the Location of his office at the Rumer Building, Alliance, Nebraska.

Practice limited to General Surgery and Consultation.

Office Hours: 10—12 and 2—5

Sundays: 10—1

TURN OLD CLOTHES INTO CASH Highest cash prices paid for furniture, guns, watches, musical instruments, clothing. Workman & McLaughlin, Corner 2nd and Box Butte. 102-1f

My Xmas Present

MAKE her a gift of TIME—two hours a day saved from kitchen work—two hours daily to read, visit, enjoy life.

The Sechrist Pressure Cooker saves two hours cooking time a day in the average home, cooking in thirty-five or forty minutes roasts or fowls ordinarily requiring hours.

Sechrist Pressure Cooker

Cooks food more thoroughly because pressure forces 259 degrees of heat thru every cell and fibre. Because steam tight, it retains all juices and flavors. Also prevents food cooking away. Pays for itself in six months by food and fuel saving. Pressure cooking and canning is urged by government bulletins.

Is made of heavy, rolled plate aluminum, smooth, bright, easy to clean. Equipped complete with inset pans. A beautiful, sensible gift. Ask for free booklet with recipes.

Quick Service Electric Co

Start Dinner at 5:30—Serve at 6:10



ROCK SPRINGS COAL

Lay in a supply of coal before the severe snowy weather. We can make immediate delivery. We handle both lump and nut coal.

FLOUR AND FEED

We have in stock fresh Curtis Best Flour, White and Yellow Corn Meal, Graham Flour, also Shorts Bran, Mill Run Bran and other feed.

O'Bannon & Neuswanger

OPENING OF TOYLAND

Bring in the Kiddies and Let Them Look Through.

The Home of Household Gifts

This store is full of articles that will make useful, that bring pleasure and satisfaction every day in the year.

Furniture, Rugs, China, Stoves, Curtains, Etc.

House Furnishings **GLEN MILLER** House Furnishings

