

CHURCHES

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday was a red letter day in various ways. The second largest Bible school attendance of the year. Two capacity crowds, and five more additions to the church, making fifteen for this month so far, and seven were baptised at the evening services. Several more will submit to scriptural baptism next Sunday. The Easter song and music was the best we have heard for years. The choir and orchestra are certainly doing their utmost to make our services uplifting, as well as pleasant.

Scarcely a day goes by now that there is not at least one meeting at the church. If it is not religious it is the railmen or farmers. Wednesday a meeting is called for 6, 7 and 8 o'clock beside a meeting of the representatives of all the crafts and train service men in the afternoon to consider important questions.

A banquet of the Sunday school teachers and officers of the Sunday school will soon be announced. The pastor resumes his service at Angora Thursday, and Sunday several members of the B. Y. P. U. in company with Mrs. J. S. Corp will hold services at that point. This to be followed by a special series of meetings by the pastor.

Remember the prayer meeting tomorrow evening at eight. Practice of choir at 7.

B. J. MINORT, Pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

It was very pleasing to see the im-

FUN IN THE WANT-ADS.

(Fairbury News-Gazette.) Another advantage the fellow in the small town has over his brother in the city is running down the owner of a classified ad. In the small town when one puts a want ad in the paper and gives only his telephone number, the curious take down the phone book and run through the numbers until they find the right one. Thus they can tell who put in the blind ad and speculate as to why she is selling off her furniture and other things. This sharpens the instinct of the amateur detective and keeps neighborhood gossip from growing stale. The woman in the city is denied this joy as the telephone books are too large and the job too tedious.

mense audiences at the church both morning and evening, and the results of the day made everybody happy. The male quartet in the evening seemed to please and edify the audience. The sunrise prayer meeting was well attended and was followed by a breakfast at the church. This was the greatest day since the present minister has been in Alliance. Next Sunday will be another great day.

The Wednesday evening prayer meeting will be one of the best meetings of the church. The time is 7:30. The week of prayer as observed last week was very good and the leaders were especially well prepared with the program.

The district convention of Churches of Christ will be held at Bayard May 5 to 7. An excellent program for the entire field of church work will be given.

The choir practices will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Scotten, 702 Emerson on Thursday evening. J. B. Irwin is doing excellent work in leading the choir, which is furnishing helpful music at every service. A forward growth in prayer and efficiency is our desire.

S. J. EPLER, Minister.

METHODIST CHURCH.

The ladies aid will meet Wednesday afternoon at the church for a business meeting.

The choir will meet at the church Wednesday night at 7:30 for their weekly practice.

The new gymnasium schedule is as follows: Monday—4:20 to 5:40, grade boys' below Seventh grade. Instructor, Miskimen. 7 to 8:30, high school girls, instructor, Griffis.

Tuesday—4:20 to 5:40, grade girls below Seventh grade. 7:30 to 9 men's class. Instructor, F. C. Prince.

Thursday—6:30 to 7:45, Seventh and eighth grade girls. Instructor, Clay Ogie. 7:45 to 9, high school boys, instructor, Wible.

Friday—6:30 to 7:45, Seventh and Eighth grade boys; instructor, Young. 7:45 to 9, women's class.

M. C. SMITH, Pastor.

RAILROAD NOTES

Fireman William Ellis is off for one trip.

Fireman Robinson is laying off this week.

Master Mechanic J. B. Irwin and Boilermaker Foreman L. P. Dickinson, were in Seneca this week on company business.

Fireman Ogden is off on a short layoff on account of moving.

Fireman Willis is now able to be up and around.

Fireman Fink went to Casper today with inspection engine No. 366, for General Superintendent A. G. Smart.

UNPREPAREDNESS.

"Can you fight?"
"No!"
"Come on then, you scoundrel!"—Kasper (Stockholm)

Use Herald Want Ads for Results.

THE HELPFUL RECRUIT

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.
"Yes," returned the officer.
"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."—Mississippi Bulletin.

CHANGING COLOR SCHEME

"Father, are all Bolsheviks red?"
"No, my boy, some of them are pretty blue."

New Yorkers have subscribed \$65,000 to aid the war in Ireland, which seems to be less in need of aid than any other activity we know.—New York Tribune.

Spain is beginning to be glad that the interposition of the American Continent prevented Columbus from carrying out his intention of discovering India.—New York Tribune.

In this country about the only retired business man we have is the one who has gone to bed and is dreaming about what he has to do in the morning.—Cleveland Commercial.

A dog expert suggests that, since the prohibition enforcement agents are chasing bootleggers with airplanes, some of the rum hounds will have to be crossed with Skye terriers.—Kansas City Journal.

One puzzle confronting the British public is what they will call the House of Lords now that the ladies have been admitted.—Detroit Free Press.

Doc Cook wants a congressional medal for discovering the North Pole. If congress remains obscure, Doc might try for the Nobel fiction prize.—Toledo Blade.

Senator France was the only objector to the naval ratio treaty. Evidently the senator is trying hard to live up to his name.—New York Morning Telegraph.

On the West Alley Road

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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"Many a man plays his best game after he seems to have been bent on," remarked Florence Olney apropos of a discussion of the tea his champion of the day.

"And more lose heart—and nerve and skill," argued Bob Trimmer.

"I don't think much of that sort of man," Florence added.

Bob Trimmer was silent for a moment. "Do you girls figure out those things that way? I never thought girls went in for the psychology of anything."

Florence bowed to him in mock deference. "Oh, thank you! You lords of creation have an option on all serious thinking, have you?"

Bob nodded. "All serious, logical, thinking, yes," he said.

"Well, well," Florence waited a minute. "Well, well," she added, looking him over in exaggerated admiration. "What a privilege it is for one of us to come in contact with one of you!"

Obviously, Bob was out of sorts, and, obviously, the cause was a girl. Outside a blizzard was playing about in a frisky manner, making traveling less easy every moment.

"I should drive over to Bayside tonight, but—well, what's the use?" Bob finally said, more or less out of order.

"If it's of no use, why go?" asked Florence.

"It's a losing game I'm playing," he admitted doggedly.

Florence looked at him keenly. "Bob Trimmer—that from you?"

Bob walked to the window and looked out at the raging blizzard.

"I wonder if he's the sort that will let a snow storm keep him away?"



Bob Urged the Animal On.

he said, half to himself. His back was toward Florence.

"By he, I suppose you mean Fred Snyder—your rival for the love of Helen Moore?"

Bob turned quickly toward her. "How do you know so much about it?"

"Yes—how, indeed, with my poor feminine way of thinking?" she asked teasingly.

Bob laughed. "Trains will be stopped in an hour or so if this keeps up. Snyder lives in town. I know he has an engagement with her tonight."

"He won't be able to keep it, I fear," Florence ventured. "Why don't you try it?"

"Nothing would break through this drifting snow but a horse."

"Horses are not yet antiques," Florence ventured.

"Nor am I beaten—yet," Bob said suddenly. "Florence, I am not the sort that loses heart at the thought of defeat, am I? You're a good pal—tell me. Do you think she'd—"

But Florence having something else to do, was pushing him out of the door and watching him turn up his coat collar as he made his way down the patch that led to the street. He lived in the same block with her. They had grown up together.

An hour later, Florence, busy in an upstairs window making over a party dress, saw Bob Trimmer in an antiquated cutter and driving a strong-looking horse, pass the house. It was a long drive to Bayside and she wondered if he would be able to make it that night.

Bob, urging the horse along, managed to reach the top of Rocky Hill road and found the blizzard still raging. When he turned into West Alley road he felt that he would be slightly sheltered from the wind and would be able to make more headway.

"We're not beaten by a jugful—yet, are we, Dixie?" he said to the faith-

WITH THE YOUNGER SET

By HANNY



MOTHERS JUST DO NOT UNDERSTAND THAT'S ALL—

CHEERFUL THOUGH

"The Yanks are coming," hummed the dentist as he prepared for the extraction.—Octopus.

Prohibition is a heavy load, but the country is still able to stagger under it.—Washington Post.

Wet wash calls received before 8:30 will be returned by 2 p. m.—20 lbs. for \$1. Alliance Steam Laundry. 38-1f

Take care of your sense and your dollars will take care of you.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

ful horse jogging along and pulling heavy feet out of the snowdrifts. As they neared Bayside the drifts grew more and more difficult to penetrate, and at last Bob, feeling more like an explorer than a mad lover in a civilized community, decided that he would have to leave the cutter behind him and try the remainder of the trip on the back of the horse.

Almost blinded, he managed to remove the harness, all but the bridle, and to climb on the back of the horse. At last they turned into the street on which Helen Moore lived. It was after 9 o'clock and there was not a soul in sight. Bob had been hours making a trip he could have made in twenty-five minutes under different circumstances.

He was almost shamefaced as he rode under the big porch and holding onto the lines, dismounted and began to stamp the snow from his boots.

Immediately a porch light was turned on and a face appeared in the window. It was the face of Helen's father. He opened the door.

"Bob Trimmer—are you mad?" he asked.

Mr. Moore looked at the horse then back into Bob's scarlet face. "Helen," he called. Then he burst out laughing. "Well, well; this is regular moving picture lovmaking, Bob. But—where can we put the horse?"

"In the garage," ventured Bob.

"Oh—Bob Trimmer," cried Helen, entering the doorway and seeing the picture outside. "How—where—why—"

"Never mind about that now, my dear," said her father. "Let's get him in and have his steel attended to. You can wh—where—how later."

After they were comfortably seated by the big log fire and Bob had been fed as if he were an invalid and petted as if he were an actor of heroic drama, Helen ventured to ask him why he attempted such a trip on such a night.

"I knew you had an engagement with Snyder. I figured he would not be able to come and—I saw my chance. I have been discouraged about you—Helen. I was about to give up when—the blizzard, together with a remark of a friend about men often playing their best games after they were apparently beaten—gave me my cue. I decided to prove to you how nearly I shall try always to overcome any obstacle in order to be with you—to have you for my own always, dear."

Helen reached out her hand and put it in his. "You did not need to do this, Bob, to make me believe it. You need only ordinary courage, and you had failed to have even that of late. I was beginning to be afraid if you did not care if—Fred stepped into your place."

"If you could have seen me struggling for my very existence up on West Alley road between the cutter and the back of old Dixie the horse, you would never have doubted me, dear. During that few minutes, I learned that you are dearer to me than anything else in the world—that you are—my world. I love you."

Helen could not reply in words.

THE ORDER OF AUTHORITY

"Is your wife boss of the house hold?"

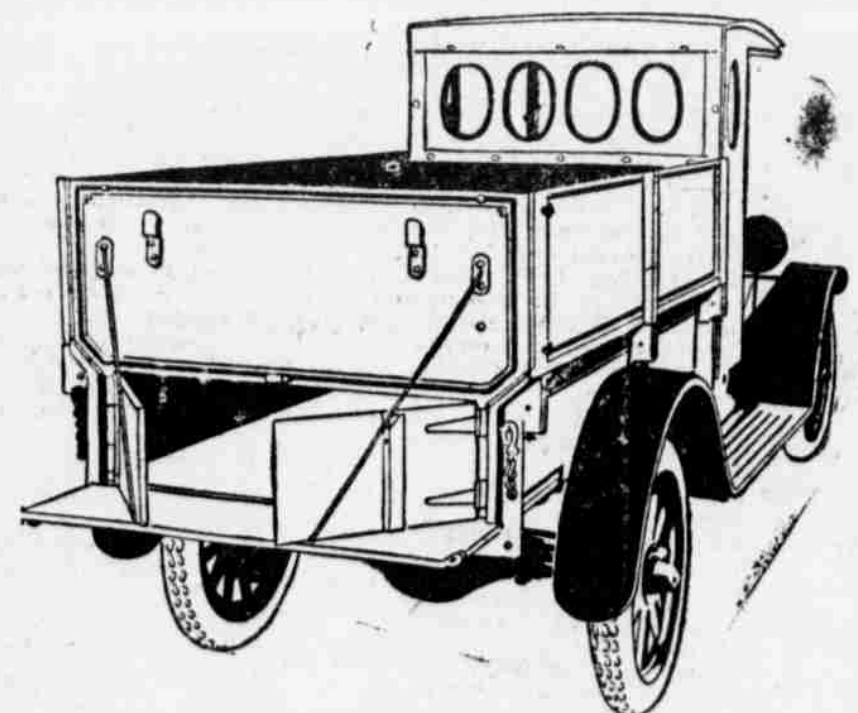
"She is," answered Mr. Meekton; "now that the hired girl has left."—Washington Star.

SEEING THINGS

Some one in America claims to have seen a blue caterpillar. There are bound to be these troubles so long as prohibition drives people to drink home made whisky.—London Opinion.

The greatest menace to civilization appears to be the civilized nations.—Sharon Herald.

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